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**THE CHICAGO
LITTLE THEATRE**







THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Quarterly

EDITED BY

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

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A Fragment About Synge

"SYNGE said once that the drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything. And contemning the plays that have one sort of propaganda or another, he spoke joyously of the best plays of Ben Jonson and Molière, that 'can no more go out of fashion than the blackberries on the hedges.' Being so little anxious to prescribe for the revolution in the soul of man, Synge is in danger of being underestimated by people who expect drama to be a 'criticism of life,' and want to leave the theatre saying: 'And the moral of that is' He takes no account of such shocking morality, such prurient idealism.

"Yet I do not feel that there is anything unreal, or unconcerned about the women and men in Synge's plays. In their lives, as in yours and mine, there are hard material conditions, and if they were wise with the wisdom of this 'age of reasons and purposes' they would give us pointers on the conservation of national resources, the municipalization of street railways, the sterilization of habitual criminals. But Synge has found little of wild and superb reality in these estimable topics. Instead, he writes a little play like *The Shadow of the Glen* that has not an opinion in it, nor a purpose in it, nothing but the emotions of everyday living, the thoughts of a woman on growing old, the gray lonesome thoughts of a fine woman married to a wheezy old man, the angry and painful thoughts of the old man, the words of a callow lover who thinks he owns the woman, the words of a tramp who paints for her, in words that sing with the beauty and illusion of freedom, the 'grand evening' of the happy wanderer, and the fine songs she'll be hearing when the sun goes up.

"You may read that play twenty times, and you will find that it wears like gold. It is a marvelous play with fierce humor, gallantry of image, pungent realism. Here is the wild and superb reality of our common nature, with nothing to show it off in the lonely farmer's cottage at the head of a long glen, where all one sees are 'the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog.'"—FRANCIS HACKETT, in *Horizons*.



"IN THE modern literature of towns, however, richness is found only in sonnets, or prose poems, or in one or two elaborate books that are far away from the profound and common interests of life. One has, on one side, Mallarmé and Huysmans producing this literature; and, on the other, Ibsen and Zola dealing with the reality of life in joyless and pallid words. On the stage one must have reality, and must have joy; and that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed, and people have grown sick of the false joy of the musical comedy that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality."—J. M. SYNGE, in the Preface to *The Playboy*.



Scene design by Robert Edmond Jones for "The Delaware" episode in Percy MacKaye's *Washington: The Man Who Made Us*, which is to be produced this season by Arthur Hopkins. (By courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf, publisher of the text.)

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Number 1

The Theatre and the New Civilization

By GORDON CRAIG

You ask me to write something that outlines the part which the Theatre might play in the new civilization.

"Might" is a favorite word in England; not of course that we connect it with "right," because it then would become too positive, and to be positive is not one of our failings, though to "get there" is not quite unknown to us.

But all that is Irish in me . . . and that's not very much . . . revolts against the meagreness of the word "might" as used in the sense that the "vague Mrs. Brown"¹ would use it.

Looking up this mild word "might" in the last edition of the Oxford Dictionary, I find that even they object to committing themselves. "See *may*" is all I find. And there I see:—

"Auxil. V. 3rd sing. *may*: (past *might*) expr. possibility, as *it may be true* (neg. *it cannot be*), *it may not be* (perhaps is not) *true, you may walk miles without seeing anyone, he may or might* (perhaps will) *lose his way, I was afraid he might* (perhaps would) *lose his way, afraid he might have* (perhaps had) *lost it.*"

But we should get no distance at this game; and indeed, if it is only a question of what the Theatre *might* do, what part the Theatre *might* play, then perhaps you ought to ask Mr. John Palmer, who is recommended by Mr. George J. Nathan² as "a bit too Britishly timid." I am not a bit like that, and you must take this into consideration when reading what follows.

As to "should," the Oxford Dictionary could have been printed in Dublin, for all it has to say on this word is "see *shall*." And as we all know what "shall" means without turning to any dictionary, and as the Irish part in me has swelled up big in the last quarter of an hour, I think I can tackle this question.

The part that the Theatre *shall* play in the new civilization will be very great indeed. And I will give you one good reason why.

Some of the men and the women have already appeared.

They have begun to liberate the Theatre.

¹ I presume you know your American classics.

² *Another Book on the Theatre*, Huebsch, 1915.

Liberation to the artist begins on the day he enslaves himself. This is more difficult to-day than it used to be because the tendency is to pre-liberate³ him, before he's had a chance to free himself. When an egg is poached it is liberated right enough . . . but farewell to all liberty as a chicken.

Liberation is one of the curses of humanity, and, except for ART, is the most talked-of word in the two hemispheres.

When pre-liberated most men are able to do much.

When an artist is pre-liberated he can do nothing.

This accounts for the quantity of bad work which has been done in the last century; the fine exceptions to this being produced by those who got themselves under.

Why the artist is obliged to enslave himself is that he has no master under whom he is obliged to serve. There are no masters because the whole idea of master and servant has gone out of fashion.

When we are young we of course join someone, but how can he be called a master? Because when we have been there six months we begin to teach him his business, and, as he is never a wealthy man, it is impossible for him to chain us up to the bench with dollars. Besides that would not be the thing to do. It is done every day; that's why it is not the thing to do. Of course he might chain us by what is called "affection." How many yards of *that* chain are there to be found? And after these two types of chain, the others are not worth talking about.

The old chain was quite different; and it is to be reforged so that art shall play its true part in the new civilization.

This chain can be called our Reverence for the Master.

I am not talking about our reverence for his white beard or his doddering step; or, if he be a younger man, for his agility on the *trottoir*; but our respect for what he can do at his job,⁴ for what he knows of it, and our confidence in what we shall help him to do.

In this way we reverence ourselves too.

I had the great good fortune for a few years of my life to serve under a master, but young people must remember this: that *I helped in making him a master by finding him one*. His name was Henry Irving.

Now, I know that many people used to talk of him as "old

³ "Pre-liberate." No such word says the Oxford Dictionary. Let us coin it then—there is room for it. I use it as "liberating prematurely."

⁴ High-brows, please excuse me the use of the word "job"; it dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

Irving" or "H. I." or some cheap and familiar name or other. I even remember speaking to several actors who failed to respond to my white-hot admiration of all his doings; on the other hand, there were numbers who competed with me, actually competed, for the right to go one further in their admiration.

I think that there has not been in this century another man who has so stirred us with a sense of what it is to be a master, and shown us the *need* of having one.

I have been an excellent slave to Henry Irving, and in return he gave me the key to the way out.

On getting my liberty, on coming through the door, I came flat against a precipice of highly polished glass in which I perceived my own face and figure. But, as I am not one to stand still even when the prospect is so alluring as this one was, by dint of puzzling it out I managed to crawl up the precipice and down the other side, because I discovered later that it was only my make-up glass; and on the other side I found the world precisely as it was before I entered into service—with this difference, that I had gone through my eight years' training, and, as you see, had learnt to scale a precipice, and in doing so to forget that my Ego counted.

In short, even if one serve for many years under a good master, the problem remains the same. *It is oneself that one has to get over.* But how difficult, how ten times more difficult, if one has not had any previous training!

What does that training consist of?

Chiefly of watching and listening, and thus *absorbing* the indefinable from the inscrutable; in Irving's case it was the Inscrutable itself.

The Theatre shall play a part in the new civilization because Irving was a master. That is one reason.

It shall play the part of demonstrating the preposterous claims of so-called "freedom."

It is you who use the word "new"—"the *new* civilization"—and it's for that reason that I talk of a new thing. We don't want the new age to be wrapped up in humbug, and liberty is the oldest humbug in the world. Ask good hearty Captain Marryat what liberty means. You find the answer in *Midshipman Easy*; or to be correct, I should say the two answers.

Or put yourself in the sea one day when it's rough, and ask the tides something about "liberty." Ask anything in Nature what liberty is; and if it be conceivable that Nature can laugh, Nature will certainly laugh then.

So to return to your question again : The part that the Theatre shall play in the new civilization depends upon the men and upon their perception that liberty is non-existent, and that there is only one slavery they need fear: themselves—that is, their egoism.

This remains true from the age of twenty to the end of their lives, the enemy appearing disguised every six or seven years in a new rig-out.⁵

It is because I look ahead as far as I can do that I do not write you things about dramatic pieces, scenic effects, actors, or über-marionnettes, and generally waste your time theorising or practicalising about the modern stage with its trap-door and other dangers.

If we are going to have "another civilization," and of course we are, we have got to begin at the beginning. Therefore we must start by considering the first essential. That first essential is men, and in two divisions: masters and servants.

The peoples or the states or the municipalities, etc., must quickly come to know who are the masters and who are the servants, what their credentials are; and must no longer be fooled by those who are interested in the argument that chalk is cheese.

When this first condition is established we may be perfectly sure that their work will not only be efficient but will affect the people honestly and healthily.

The reason why I am confining myself to this one point is that previous to the war our theatres had reached the lowest possible state, for the simple reason that everybody was obsessed with a passion for the discussion of unimportant details so that the question of the theatre, which was a simple one, became impossibly complicated. Take this as a little example. . . .

In my first production I happened to do a most ordinary thing: I removed the footlights. This led to an argument lasting five years; and it was only after a year or two that I began to perceive that removing footlights is one of those things which "isn't done." The talk didn't make me particularly self-conscious, but it might have done. . . . You see my point?

Another example. . . . Madame Duse comes on to the stage one evening with less powder on her face than Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The ten following years are given to a tremendous controversy about what is made out to be a tremendous revolution in theatrical art. "It isn't done," they say.

Everybody goes to the theatre, and, instead of understanding the touching beauty of the actress's performance, their minds

⁵ Once more, high-brows—"rig-out" dates back to 1594.

are obsessed by this paltry detail which, to her, was of the same importance as saying "how do you do" instead of "ow do you do" is to a lady or gentleman.

Madame Duse never did anything else. But, as the fools could not understand the beauty of her work, they had to search for and ferret out some little detail over which they could waste ten years, chattering in clubs and newspapers, and with a show of cleverness.

And even up to this day people calling themselves critics, people pretending to be fond of the Art of the Theatre, try to confuse us all by noting unimportant details and enlarging them out of all proportion, and speaking of them as essentials.

This is one of the chief reasons why the theatre has tumbled down. And on the day when busy-bodies make a living by writing rubbish about the work of their local carpenter, his tables will tumble down too.

Let them mind their business, and let a great many more men of common sense tell them to mind their business. Let all these unauthorized oracles cease from troubling, and do, oh, DO, let us get on with our work!

For years previous to the war men who could do work and do well when doing servant's work *pushed* forward and asserted their right to be masters. In Art a master does not reveal himself by his capacity to PUSH.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above article was suggested by an admirer of Gordon Craig who thought that the American public would welcome anything the greatest figure in the modern theatre might write on this subject. It was submitted to several more important magazines before it found its way into our hands. We are permitted to publish it on condition that we write something about the six editors who rejected it. In his letter Craig writes: "But don't expect me to believe that these editors represent America. . . . They represent one thing only—the humbug which is found all over the earth."

There's the point: most American editors do not represent America, or the future of the theatre or anything else—but only humbug . . . the humbug of traditional ideas, of giving the public what it wants, of a great determining middle class, of "best-selling" standards in literature. These businessmen-editors are as afraid of revolutionary ideas, and vision, and individualistic expression, as they are of the plague, or Bolshevism, or the plain truth. If they aren't personally afraid, they simply can't afford to be foolishly intelligent . . . not while they are going after the best-seller trade.

And so Craig, with his vision, his intense individualism, his egotism, his uncomfortable way of showing up the real truth about the theatre—never saying things in a middle-class way—is likely to whistle long, before the pages of the average American magazine are opened to him.

And then there is the fact that this is not one of his best articles . . . but we won't pursue that. To us there is justification for the whole thing in the one sentence: "*It is oneself that one has to get over.*"

The American Theatre and Reconstruction*

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I REGRET that I am not one of those who believe that human nature is going to be as profoundly and immediately altered by the war as some would have us hope. I should like to believe that as a result of the struggle the American theatre will spontaneously suffer a new birth, and American drama immediately become a vital factor in the lives of our people. But truth compels me to admit that I don't believe it. If, during the very stress of conflict, our theatre was shown to be a refuge from spiritual actualities, not an affirmation and deepening of them, it seems to me extremely unlikely that it will stand in a different and nobler relation, now the stress of conflict is relaxed. One has only to read Mr. Oliver Sayler's account, in the December *Bookman*, of the Russian theatre during the dark days of the revolution, an account showing vividly how all that was best and deepest in the national art survived, and upbore the people, and then compare the repertoires in Moscow last winter with those in New York or London, to realize acutely what a gulf yawns between the Saxon attitude toward the playhouse (if, as I suppose, we may still call America dominantly Saxon in temper), and the attitude of some other races. If, during our years of highest seriousness, we took our stage the lightest, it argues a radical disrespect for the stage, a radical divorce between life and art. A hungry Russian audience dodged machine gun bullets and shrapnel to enjoy Gorky's *Night Refuge* superbly acted at the Moscow Art Theatre. Well fed, we dodged, at the same time, nothing more deadly than a taxicab, to view the silliest and most blatantly chauvinistic of melodramas, for the most part badly acted, or the trivialities of musical comedy. The fact that we have avoided both the imperialistic and Bolshevik excesses of Russia, and that we have helped to conquer the German nation, whose theatre was, in every department, far ahead of ours, is not calculated to disturb our satisfaction, either. English and American soldiers go into battle joking, or singing "popular songs." That is not because they don't take war seriously, but because they don't take art seriously. The theatre is another of our jokes and popular songs. We produced Shakespeare and Purcell three hundred years ago, and that has satisfied us ever since.

*An address delivered before the New York Drama League on Dec. 10.

Yet if I thought, and I am sure if you thought, the matter was entirely racial, we should not be here in meeting assembled. Just as I don't believe that the recent Germanic madness was entirely racial, but the result of a social and governmental system, so I do not believe that our American attitude toward the theatre is wholly racial, but in part the outgrowth of a system which, itself no doubt a symptom of racial tendencies, has developed the worst side of our relations to art and smothered the possibilities of a better side. It is this system which, it seems to me, must be attacked; and until it is successfully attacked I believe all efforts toward the development of a more vital and socially serviceable national drama will be but tilting at windmills.

We have, in a word, carried the blessed old doctrine of *laissez-faire* to such a point that, with the single exception of Chicago, New York is the only city in a nation of one hundred million people, in a land thousands of miles from sea to sea, where it is possible, broadly speaking, any longer to enjoy good drama; we have made it profitable, if not, indeed, possible, to produce only those plays appealing immediately to the largest common denominator of intelligence and taste; and, worst of all, perhaps, we have permitted the cheap, easily accessible and still more easily understandable, motion pictures to wean from the theatre altogether a tremendous proportion of our population, and that proportion the less intelligent—or let us say, the less sophisticated. A majority of the American people—and, I believe, if the figures could be ascertained, a stupendous majority—are, at the present time, utterly beyond the reach of any influence the drama might exert.

It may, I fancy, be difficult for some of you, who live in New York, to grasp this fact. Here you have the latest plays to contemplate, and in considerable variety. There may be less of the best than you would like, yet in the course of a season or two Walter Hampden plays *Hamlet*, Mantell plays many of Shakespeare's plays at least understandingly, Shaw and Barrie, the two great figures of contemporary English drama, are represented, interesting French plays, new and old, are visible, the Book of Job is acted, the lyric stage is tuneful and merry with Mozart and Gilbert and Sullivan, and whatever is best in American drama, somewhere gets a hearing, or will soon again. There is drama on Grand Street, on East Fifteenth Street, in Greenwich Village, in Harlem, in the Bronx. By comparison, at least, the drama in New York is alive, and in a position to touch intimately and rouse the thoughts and emotions of many people, of many kinds.

But New York, unfortunately, is not America, infinitely less America than London is England or Paris, France. Outside of New York the theatrical situation has been growing progressively worse for many years, until to-day it would be quite possible to journey for an entire winter from coast to coast, stopping at various cities, and never have a chance to witness any theatrical entertainment above the level of a musical comedy or some popular play of the best-seller type which had outlived its Broadway vogue. In many cities of considerable size you might remain a fortnight, or longer, and have no chance to see even these. The city in New England near which I dwell, which once "booked", as the phrase is, twenty or thirty attractions a season, the best our theatre afforded, and which later experimented for two seasons with a stock company, now offers nothing but movies, though I believe *The Kiss Burglar* is to come there this week. Professor Phelps, in his recent book, *The Twentieth Century Theatre*, gives the programs in Boston playhouses during a typical week last season. It is sufficient to state that *Come Out of the Kitchen* and *Turn to the Right* were the most serious of the few dramatic offerings. And Boston is a city with, practically, more than a million inhabitants, not to mention its self-satisfaction.

You have all heard, many times, of the so-called Municipal Theatre in Northampton. I say "so-called" because the theatre was wished on the city, not built in response to any civic demand, and no municipal guarantee fund is available to relieve the director from his terror of the wolf on the door-mat. It sadly amuses this director—a young man of much artistic ability and high ideals—when visitors congratulate him on the close proximity of Smith College, with its more than two thousand intelligent girl students. The facts in Northampton are these:—the students at Smith College chiefly patronize the movies, and the surest way to keep them out of the Municipal Theatre is to produce a serious play, whether that serious play be a Shaw comedy or a Strindberg drama or a classic revival. (Under our present system, of course, new plays are not available for this house). Last season the play most popular with the college girls was *Quincy Adams Sawyer*! Stanley Houghton's *The Younger Generation* they ignored, and Strindberg's *Easter* they fled. On the other hand, in the six years of its life as a municipal playhouse, the proletariat of Northampton, the thousands of mill workers, have never darkened the doors of the theatre, except once or twice in summer, when such a sensational movie as *The Birth of a Nation* was installed. The workers of the city

regard the regular movie house as their theatre, and will have nothing to do with the playhouse on the hill. Thus it hangs between the two extremes (extremes which meet, be it noted, at the movies), and depends for its patronage almost entirely on the adult bourgeois class of the town. It is on this same class, everywhere, throughout the land, that the theatre now depends, when there is a theatre any more. The rising generation of all classes, fed on the movies till their poor little brains are incapable of concentrated attention, have deserted the spoken drama, and the workers, of all ages, have deserted it also. Where it exists, it has settled down to be a relaxation for the comfortable bourgeoisie, who wish to remain comfortable—which is to say, free from the annoying prod of thought, of new ideas.

But this is not all, nor perhaps the worst. Almost the worst, it seems to me, from the point of view of national unity—by which I do not mean, as some do, national conformity, but a unified attack by all the minds of the nation on the same problems, whether of politics or art—is the fact that a new play, however great its appeal may be, its importance, its power to stir, is inevitably now produced by one company only (or, at most, two companies, one for Chicago), and brought immediately into New York, where it remains, if successful, until its novelty is gone, its power to rouse interest and discussion evaporated. Then, practically a dead thing, it is sent out on the road, or leased at a high rental to such stock companies as can afford it. To all intents and purposes, New York and Chicago are the only cities in America which have now any training in dramatic appraisal, any vital interest in new manifestations of dramatic art, and, let the wilderness howl if it likes, they are consequently the only cities in America whose judgment of a new play is worth a moment's consideration. The trained capacity for dramatic judgment is to-day non-existent in the rest of America, outside, of course, of a few scattered groups here and there, or a lone critic wishing he could get a job in New York. The refusal of other cities to patronize a play which hasn't succeeded in New York is a tacit admission of this.

If a play on the Continent proves its worth in the theatre, if it is capable of arousing interest and inspiring thought and discussion, in less than a month it will be on the boards of fifty or a hundred theatres of the particular nation in whose language it is written, and in another month it will be translated and acted in scores of theatres more across the border. A national art consciousness, a national art unity, is the result, be-

cause the whole nation shares in the new national works of art, judges them, talks about them, is moved by them, *at the same time and while they are yet fresh and vital*. Such a condition is at present utterly impossible in America; and to the fact that it has so long been impossible I believe we can trace no little of our national indifference to vital drama, and our lack of a living relation to the theatre. Further, so long as it remains impossible, I believe any attempt, or any hope, to make the drama serve national needs in reconstruction will be vain, a beating of the air. And by national needs in reconstruction I hold not the least to be a living contact with beauty, with things of the imagination, of the spirit, of the creative mind, with the great art works of other nations as well as our own, with things serious and abstract as well as frivolous and materialistic. I hold that Cyrano de Bergerac fought with the French beside the Marne, and that, in reality, it was the long-drawn phrases of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence and the Biblical beauty and lofty fervor of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, absorbed in childhood, which carried our men through the Argonne, not the ragtime rhythms of *Over There*.

But you are gathered here less to hear criticisms of existing conditions, which by your very organization you recognize to be bad, than to hear, if possible, how to alter those conditions. The immediate task, as I see it, is threefold: to help in the development, maintenance and further spread everywhere of all seriously organized "little theatres," community dramatic movements, and other independent efforts which are put forth not primarily for the sake of pecuniary profit but for the service of the people by the ministration of what is best in dramatic art; second, to encourage every existing movement, and to increase the will toward such movements, which seeks to bring the spoken drama closer to the masses of the people, especially by cheapening its price and stimulating the spontaneous coöperation of the people themselves; and, finally, to bend every effort to arrange for simultaneous production of new, important, vital American plays, or plays of general interest and value, in as many, and as widely separated, communities as possible.

It is plain that any successful attempt at this last purpose must depend largely on our success with the first, if not also of the second. Until there is a considerable number of theatres which stand ready to produce a new play adequately, and return a royalty to the author somewhat commensurate with his present income from the single-company, long-run system, there is slight

chance of inducing a canny Barrie or a shrewd Shaw, to say nothing of our prosperous native dramatists, to release his play for simultaneous production. And it is of no value to try with anything but the best. Furthermore, so long as the play is presented, even simultaneously, only to a small, economically select, and, through their common interests, homogeneous class of people—such as our little theatres still too exclusively represent—its value to unify national consciousness and stimulate national thought and taste, remains relatively slight, although certainly worth while as a beginning.

And we already have enough little theatres, I believe, and other experimental playhouses, perhaps with certain progressive local stock companies coöperating, to begin the practice of simultaneous production with one-act plays, those pariahs of the commercial theatre which the dramatist, if he writes at all, has to write for the independent houses and the amateurs. I can already fancy some stirring one-act drama on a theme of vital contemporary interest, or a work of new and striking imaginative beauty, being played simultaneously on Grand Street, in Greenwich Village, in Bridgeport, Northampton, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, and perhaps fifty other cities, those who act it and those who witness it in each place keenly alive to the fact that others are acting and witnessing it all across the land, discussing it, reacting to its appeal. I believe that on the small scale already possible, this would be a result of almost incalculable value as an object-lesson for the future. And I am certain that the man who wrote that play would be proud, and would have put the very best of himself into it.

At present our dramatists do not address America; consciously or unconsciously, more often the former, they address Broadway. Nor, after seeing a new play produced elsewhere, and reading the local reviews thereof, can you greatly blame them, even if it were not a matter for them of the difference between probable poverty and possible affluence. But to address Broadway is not to make that intensely local, or parochial appeal which so often results in great art—the art of a Synge, for example. It is to make an appeal to an extremely mixed audience that demands the greatest common denominator of interest—which is always mediocrity. I have faith in the latent abilities of our dramatists, more faith than I have ever had before. I have faith in the hundreds of sincere artists in our theatres—much more faith, indeed, than I have in our audiences. But before they can address America, before they can give of their best and

truest, there must be the firm beginnings of a chain of theatres which can guarantee simultaneous production, witnessed by audiences vitally alive to the deeper claims of art.

The great upset of the future, perhaps the master change of all the changes in world reconstruction, will be a shift in Man's guiding motive, or incentive, in all his acts. Hitherto, this guiding motive, or incentive, has been acquisition—and it has spelled world disaster. Yet it is to-day, and will remain for some time, the incentive of too many men and too many nations. But the world has seen a great light, nonetheless, and we glimpse "the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves" to be a shift in our guiding motive from acquisition to dispensation, from selfishness to service. The greatest nation of the future will not be that with the largest army or the hugest foreign trade (in spite of the Defense Leagues and Chambers of Commerce), but the nation with the greatest tolerance of other nations and helpfulness to the world at large. The great man of the future will not be he who builds a railroad empire to swell his own fortune, but he who so runs a railroad that it gives the maximum of service to the maximum of people. And the great dramatist, perhaps, will not be he who addresses Broadway for three hundred nights, at ten per cent of the gross per night, but he who gives of his best thought, his deepest feeling, his profoundest convictions, to all the land, awake to receive them. He is the dramatist we desire in our work of reconstruction, and for his coming we must prepare, by building and strengthening all our struggling independent playhouses everywhere, by making communities dramatically alive, by encouraging municipal recognition of the drama in practical form, by counteracting the dreadful blight of the movies wherever possible, especially through neighborhood playhouses and people's theatres and amateur groups and the schools (every school should have, and some day will have, a little stage and teach Shakespeare in action, to which end I believe the Drama League branches should seek everywhere to elect at least one member to their local school board); and always by keeping in mind the ideal of simultaneous production, which is the ideal of a national art consciousness, the cultivation of a soil in which a national art can thrive.

I think I have said enough to convince some of you, at least, that we can manage to keep rather busy at our chosen task for several years to come. We have got to reconstruct the American theatre before the American drama can play any extended part in the larger work of national reconstruction.



Four Settings from Recent Productions.—All the designs shown here are by artists who have been identified with the insurgent rather than the regular theatres. They exhibit certain tendencies of the so-called "new stagecraft": the use of plastic instead of painted backgrounds, atmospheric lighting, and the achieving of decorative effect through skilful manipulation of line and mass rather than by applied ornament.

Above is a scene from *The Romance of the Rose* as produced by Irving Pichel at the Artists' Guild Theatre in St. Louis. Setting by Irving Pichel and Harland Frazer. Photograph by T. Kajiwara.



Setting by Rollo Peters for Act I of *Madame Sand*. (This arrangement was not followed when the production was brought to New York, on account of the physical limitations of the stage.)



Setting for Sam Hume's production of *The Golden Doom* at The Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit, designed by Katherine McEwen and George W. Stiles. Those interested in the technical problems of staging will find it of interest to compare this with other arrangements of the permanent setting at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, shown in the May 1917 issue of *Theatre Arts Magazine*. Photograph by Frank Scott Clark.



Design by Hermann Rosse for a dance-pantomime
produced at the little theatre of Mrs. William
Miller Graham, at Montecito, California.

Repertory and the Broadway Season

A Review of the New Plays in New York

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

PROGRESS in the American theatre is like progress in most other things—a strange mixture of fits and starts; a frog climbing three feet up the well's side one day and slipping back two feet the next; a double team in which first one horse and then the other does all the work. And perhaps this is too simple and doctrinaire a description.

The present Broadway season—the first half of it, at any rate—is a slippery time for frogs. It has brought forth only one thoroughly satisfactory production and only three or four others worth talking about. But perhaps the release from war will bring a release from other things beside war plays. Already Barrie's *Dear Brutus* is on the horizon and the Portmanteau Theatre promises some new Dunsany.

As usual, the double team of progress—the repertory idea and the new stagecraft—is putting more strain on the whiffle-tree than speed on the wagon. The future of the theatre unquestionably lies in the development of repertory theatres and companies, working in terms of the new directoral and scenic methods. The present season has shown three abortive attempts at a modified form of repertory linked with direction and settings commonplace or worse. As a contrast, the distinguished staging has been reserved for two plays put on for regular Broadway "runs."

One repertory venture, Iden Payne's at the Belmont, went to smash before it had a chance to show much of anything. Another, Norman Trevor's at the Comedy, began rather successfully with a revival of Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, and then added the purely popular comedy, *A Place in the Sun* by Cyril Harcourt. The acting of *An Ideal Husband* varied a bit with changes in the cast; but was satisfactory enough, and thoroughly distinguished on Mr. Trevor's part. The settings, lighting, and direction, however, were as dull as the Comedy Theatre itself is now charming in its new decorations. The other promise of repertory—the Coburns' at the Greenwich Village Theatre—evaporated in the glare of popular success.

The history of the Coburn case is worth attention. It demonstrates that popular success can be as fatal to repertory as failure. The Coburns began with excellent plans for a series of plays. In *The Better 'Ole*, a naïve and worthwhile little comedy

about the war, written by Bruce Bairnsfather, the cartoonist, and Captain Arthur Eliot, they found a splendid box-office success. It could—and should—have formed the backbone of New York's first profitable repertory theatre. With *The Better 'Ole* running four or five times a week, the Coburns could have paid the expenses of the theatre and created a potential audience for two or three less popular plays. Here was art's meal ticket. Unfortunately, the Coburns decided to "cash in" with the ticket speculators instead, and moved *The Better 'Ole* up-town to the Cort for a long run. There, however, the conventional scenery which the Coburns were somehow blind enough to waste money on, with Robert Jones just round the corner, was quite in its element.

It did have to stand the comparison, nevertheless, with one admirable, even extraordinary Broadway production, and one that has much to be said for it. The latter is *The Betrothal*, Maeterlinck's sequel to *The Blue Bird*. At its world première, Winthrop Ames demonstrated that one easel-artist with brains and style is worth a dozen ordinary scene-painters. Herbert Paus, whose posters and magazine covers are familiar to most Americans, has done some splendid work in many of the dozen scenes. He has plenty of color and a liking for simple things like open spaces and broad design. Where he has failed—and it is failure in relation to Craig, Appia, Urban, Jones, and not to Unitt and Wickes or Ernest Gros—is in a lack of thoroughgoing experience of the new method and its possibilities. He makes the mistake every now and then of painting some detail in the old perspective. And while he has recognized the possibilities of a forestage, portals, and draped instead of stretched canvas, he has worked out his inner frame a bit unfortunately. It is too small for some of the scenes behind it; and in the draperies of which it is made it lacks the solidity proper to its structural purpose.

It would be possible to say, too, that some of Mr. Paus's color, especially his greens, lavenders, and blues, is a bit "plushy." But so is the play. *The Betrothal* is full of "furbearing sentences" on love. It has a rich nap of drawing-room mysticism. It is well supplied with soft spots to sink into and ruminate on the not-too-violent phases of "modern thought." Without the virtues of *The Blue Bird* as extravaganza, *The Betrothal* makes Tytly's search for a mate a self-conscious exercise in eugenic phantasy. Excellent acting does much for the piece; but the slow tempo of the whole adds quilting to the plush.

Far otherwise, *Redemption*. In spite of a few inferior impersonations, Arthur Hopkins's version of Tolstoi's famous *Living Corpse* is the finest and most significant thing of the American theatre. As a play it is rich with human understanding wrung simply and directly from a dozen episodes. Tolstoi has thoughtlessly scrapped Pinero and Clayton Hamilton. He is merely intent on the essence of character. In the process he has opened up new possibilities in the conveyance of mood and character and situation.

Excellent as this is, Arthur Hopkins and Robert E. Jones have done as well in seizing these possibilities. The settings are simple, suggestive, beautiful. They are economical in means and in money. They are prodigal in spiritual coin. The atmosphere of lights and movement that they create about the extraordinarily vivid and tortured performance of John Barrymore marks high water in American production. The next step for Hopkins, for Jones and for Barrymore is a true repertory theatre. The box-office verdict on *Redemption*, and on Walter Hampden's occasional matinées of *Hamlet* next door, ought to be sign enough of the future of such an art theatre if—for once—it made its appearance under really first-rate management.



A Note on Style

"Style is the aim and keynote of the art of production. It seeks to divorce the theatre from nature, to make of the stage no longer a 'mirror' but a distinct realm of art, with its own independent rules and life. It is generally attained by simplification and elimination, presenting only the essence of the drama in hand and even this essence further unified by dominant 'motifs'—in scene or light or manner of performance—till a work of pure theatric imagination, of creation, not representation, results."—SAMUEL A. ELIOT JR., in the Preface to *Little Theatre Classics*.

Edmond Rostand: An Appreciation

BY BARRETT H. CLARK

THE death of Edmond Rostand signifies something more than the loss of a poet and dramatist of distinction; I am sure that to many of us it means a loss of a more personal nature. Rostand was not a writer of the self-effacing sort; he was a personality familiar to the whole world. For over twenty years his career was shrewdly and on the whole well exploited through the press, and his home and family, his habits and dress, were made known with unfailing regularity. His picturesque home, perched in the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, his flower-beds and rich gardens, were a fitting background for the existence of such a poet. There grew up about him in the public consciousness an almost legendary romance.

The performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in 1897 spread Rostand's fame to the corners of the earth. Before that time, he had written only four or five comparatively unimportant romantic plays, and I doubt whether *Les Romanesques* and *La Princesse Lointaine* would have enjoyed their present popularity had it not been for *Cyrano*.

Cyrano touched a chord in the heart of humanity; there was something universally appealing in that figure which seemed to embody all that was chivalrous and romantic in the French character. The celebrity of the play was due to neither the poetry nor the theatrical skill, but to the character of the central figure. The very magnificence and bravado of the man is disarming, his splendid indifference to the material world is captivating. *Cyrano* is the embodiment of our repressed ideals, those foolish ideals that we all cherish; *Cyrano* is our hero.

In *L'Aiglon*, which was produced three years later, the poet's "hero" is a pathetic weakling; his noble aspirations alone save him from contempt. Indeed he is no hero at all. The Duc de Reichstadt evokes nothing but pity, and perhaps a sense of the tragedy of his father, Napoleon. *L'Aiglon* lacks the sustained vigor and nonchalant freedom of the earlier play. It is a great failure.

Rostand, the fêted, the successful, the famous—and the youngest member of the French Academy—was one of those rare spirits who seem untouched by the advances of managers and the temptations of publishers. It was ten years before he offered his next play to the world, and the poems he wrote in the meanwhile might be collected between the covers of a thin volume.

Back in the early years of the new century it was whispered that Rostand was at work on a new play. Two or three years later it was given out that the play was to be called *Chantecler*, the characters in which were to be the inhabitants of a barnyard. Coquelin, who created the rôle of Cyrano, was to interpret Chantecler, the cock. When the play was announced to be near completion Coquelin died, and the poet set to work revising his text. Lucien Guitry was selected eventually as the only other actor capable of playing the part, and *Chantecler* was formally announced for production. But once again the performances were postponed: various reasons were offered, until press and public, wearied with waiting and eternal excuses, waxed impatient.

I well remember an ironical attack on Rostand, appearing in one of the Paris newspapers a few months before the première. The writer offered with profuse details what purported to be an interview with M. Rostand, who was described as refusing to allow his script to go to the manager until he had corrected the punctuation of two lines, a task which required a month's time.

Chantecler was at last performed at the Porte Saint-Martin in the winter of 1910. The expectations aroused by years of newspaper comment were bound to be dashed by the actual performance. *Chantecler* was, moreover, declared by the public and by most of the critics as too labored, too clever, and not a little obscure. That this poetic satire failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the public—even of the French public, to whom it was particularly addressed—is hardly surprising. I am inclined to think that Rostand spent too much time over it, and I should not wonder at learning that the first draft of the play, if there was one, is fresher and more spontaneous than the finished product. It is too replete with double and triple meanings, recondite allusions, involved and fantastic passages. It is too obviously the result of close thinking and long reflection. And yet it is full of a striking and pervading beauty, a beauty of language and of form, a beauty of thought and of sentiment. It is spiritually more profound than either *Cyrano de Bergerac* or *L'Aiglon*. But spiritual beauty and felicity of expression are not in themselves sufficient to save a play or to render it a lasting joy to the world. *Chantecler* may be read in the days to come, but it will never occupy the same place in the estimation of the world as *Cyrano*. *Cyrano* is youth and romance, and *Cyrano* may well last as long as there are lovers of that France that gave birth to D'Artagnan and his companions.

In the rather conventional world of the modern theatre, peopled by the set types of our rigid society and set within the framework of the modern play, Rostand's art is unique. Rostand was a noble exception. He kept aloof for the most part from the traditions, good and evil, of the theatre of his day; by so doing, he preserved a free spirit that dallied in the realms of gold, a spirit which extended beyond the frontiers of his own land, bringing that land closer to the hearts of the rest of the world.

And that is the reason, I think, why Rostand occupies a secure place in the hearts of everyone to whom romance is not yet dead.



About the Modern Theatre

"And all our experiences tend to the same object, which is—well—can I confess it to you without making you smile?—total renewing of the dramatic art, in the interpretation, in the scenic presentation, in the drama itself. Yes I dare to say it—in the life of the modern theatre, there is nothing living, nothing true, nothing authentic. I dare to say that as yet there is no such thing as the modern theatre, for everything there is false, vicious, lying. From top to bottom, it is an affectation, pure and simple. There have been three or four great dramatic epochs in human history. The modern epoch has not yet produced its form. Everyone talks of a rebirth. But no one, to my knowledge, has had the courage or the genius to work efficaciously for it, beginning by the beginning.

"Why? Because everyone allows himself to be corrupted by personal ambition and necessity of immediate success. It is easy to astonish and to beget a reputation for originality with gaudy and ephemeral theories; what is really difficult is patience, continued effort, self-sacrifice, to work obscurely, to construct slowly. And this alone bears fruit. It is easy to undermine the traditions of the past. What is difficult is to create a new tradition, a school, a style, something which has the right to live, and which can be continued. The essential thing is to be able to put aside egoism, to give oneself without hope of recompense, to get rid of the idea of success. In a word, one must have invincible faith, as well as the sense of community in work."—JACQUES COPEAU in an address before the New York Drama League.

Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier

By SAMUEL A. ELIOT JR.

WHEN in a recent article I ventured to call Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier "the most artistic theatre in the United States," I did so on the basis of its first four productions merely. The enthusiasm engendered by the opening performance and maintained through the productions of Molière, Mérimée, De Musset, and Shakespeare which followed was greater than that aroused in former years by the Irish Players or by Granville Barker's first production at Wallack's, and almost equal to that inspired by *Sumurun*, in the breasts of the few whose emotional interest in the art of the theatre was not secondary to their intellectual interest in the drama.

To the latter, the French Theatre is a new shrine only if they can understand the language; and few indeed among the many highbrows who read French plays with zest can follow them at ease upon the stage. The writer is of the majority in this, and hence is quite unable to criticize Mr. Copeau's first season from a literary or dramatic point of view, or to discuss the finer points of acting. He recognized merely the smoothness and precision of the company's voices and enunciation, parallel to their extraordinary featness and beauty of rhythmic action.

The latter quality was one of the predominant revelations of the wonderful opening performance. *Les Fourberies de Scapin* was played with a physical dexterity and fleetness turned art that was unmatched in the memory of most lovers of the new theatre. The simple, clear stage, open to its white-washed back wall, with the big Elizabethan-looking balcony and no wings (pale gray curtains along the side-walls of the stage serving to conceal the actors), and the deftly imagined combination of platforms and steps in the middle, formed an ideal background for the agile, picturesque farce so swiftly, exactly, *theatrically* played. One felt an unbroken theatric tradition—from Greek New Comedy, through Terence's *Phormio*, to the Italian Renaissance *commedia*, and so to Molière, remembering his provincial, hap-hazard stage experiences and spinning a comedy of intrigue and rascality that should require nothing but a platform and a few "hand props" for its effective acting. How the Comédie stages this farce is not known to me; but I wager 'tis not as Copeau. The freshness, the trail-blazing *style* scarcely aware of proscenium arch or footlights or any other barrier between spectator and

stage-play—with which he presented it as a lively, colorful, laughable *show* with never a suggestion of representing it as a French or Roman or any other kind of “transcript from life,” was a new revelation of the infectious, entrancing power of the pure art of the theatre.

The second Molière production, *La Jalousie du Barbouillé*, genuinely from Molière's “strolling” period, Italianate, obvious, slight, but primevally comical, was another success for frankly theatrical staging, another proof of Copeau's incomparable flair for the truly theatric, the independent, quintessential art of the non-literary drama. Accompanying it, was Prosper-Mérimée's Peruvian fantasy, *Le Caroché du Saint Sacrement*, primarily a character-study of courtesan and gouty governor, enchantingly acted by the two protagonists and even more enchantingly staged, again without any effort to “represent” but with clear and successful endeavor to suggest—to project the glamor of tropical gold and green, the heat, the splendor, the sensual exuberance,—and to smite the eye with the actress' gorgeous costume, pictorially the climax of the evening. In De Musset's *Barberine*, the third production, equally beautiful and theatric effects were attained. Thin, prolix, second-hand as the play seems, the visual charm of the simple scenes and costumes, the vocal melodies and romantic grace of the playing, kept the performance interesting. In spite of two modern little plays which meant nothing to the writer, Copeau's repertory seemed by this time the most artistic and enlightening, to his limited knowledge, in the country.

The fourth production was the ambitious and long-awaited *Nuit des Rois*—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; and this, of course, the writer understood with brain as well as sense, and can criticize in more detail. To interpret world classics in terms of national taste and tradition is a fascinating task for any artist of the theatre. New York had lately seen a German Shakespeare at the Irving Place Theatre, and the English Shakespeare of Sir Herbert Tree's productions, and now to them was added a French *Twelfth Night*; very far removed from either. Related to the German in its preference for scenic simplicity and its reversion to Shakespeare's own theatric conventions, it was, in all matters of the spirit within the garb, the very contrary of the Germans' robust and sanguine Shakespeare. Nor was it English: rather far closer to the American delight in speed and grace than to the heavy humor of England's classic tradition. The native genius of Shakespeare is indeed distant from the habits of French appreciation. One can imagine *Coriolanus* in the style of Cor-

neille and *King Richard II* in the manner of Racine, and, with a stretch, *The Merry Wives* rewritten by Molière. *Love's Labour's Lost* and *All's Well* might receive more favor on the French stage than on our own. But there the catalog ends. The northern tragedies and still more our dear "high comedies" lie quite outside the French tradition. But it was one of these latter that Copeau produced, with such illuminating consequences.

The production was, of course, an artistic unit, permeated with Copeau's precise and agile personality; but to the Shakespearean student it seemed unbalanced, because the romantic part of the story was beautifully and illusively pronounced while the comic parts were slighted with an alien, unconvincing bashfulness. The play was given uncut (French being so fleet on the tongue) and in Shakespeare's own order of scenes, which much enhanced Sebastian's importance. As a result the most poignant, new and happy thrill of the production was felt at Sebastian's final entrance and amazed reunion with his sister. But at that very moment was also revealed the most prominent fault in the performance, for brother and sister stood the width of the stage apart, not even approaching each other with their questions and proofs, and incredibly (in two so young) not falling on each other's necks in ecstasy at the recovery! Their rapture was restrained, made artificial—and the great moment passed. And this over-refinement of restraint was what watered the blood of the comic scenes throughout, and left an unShakespearean taste of mere theatrical mummery in one's mouth at the end.

Sir Toby, English body and soul, was made French. That was understandable; it was even interesting, with hints of Rabelais. Fabian was French, and imparted a nimble verve to his small part that no English or German player could simulate. But Malvolio, the Puritan, was, alas, also French—and a mere buffoon, no more no less. Clad in gray instead of black, he lacked authority. Wanting height, he wanted dignity. Without seriousness, he lost the satiric austerity that props and makes believable the steward's supreme self-love. His wrath seemed pretense, his ambition mere flightiness, his humiliation cruel trickery on one too witless to protect himself. There was no conflict betwixt him and Sir Toby, therefore no dramatic spine to the comic plot. François Gournac is a truly excellent actor, and had a clear, roundbodied characterization in mind; but it was a thin, grayish, essentially farcical characterization, without the meat of Shakespeare's respectful satire. Is the Puritan too remote a conception for the French?

The same feebleness distinguished Louis Jouvet's Sir Andrew. Jouvet, too, is a first-rate character actor, and he has developed a familiar but amusing presentation of the silly ass. But there was no profundity to his silliness, none of those glimpses into the inane gulfs within us that some great Shakespearean comedians have granted us. His face was merely vacant, not that picture of what might be called the Platonic *idea* of a Fool which some Sir Andrews have painted. Feste, too, was a mere tenor of a jester, without wisdom. The result was a *superficial* "feel" to all the comic scenes, almost painful to the illusioned lover of *Twelfth Night*.

The mechanics of the staging, ingenious though they were, only enhanced this impression of unsubstantiality. At the rear of the stage, on pillars, in the true Elizabethan style, was that nice, decorative balcony. But what for? It was hardly used at all, and then only, as a rule, to show characters who came down (sometimes keeping the stage waiting) before commencing to act. Should not Malvolio discover the letter up on that balcony? Or, better, should he not be spied on thence, where the audience's grace must not incessantly be asked to overlook the certainty of Malvolio's hearing and seeing his tormentors? And when Olivia first woos and entrances Sebastian, should not the lad climb passionately up the trellis and embrace her there aloft? A balcony should be an asset to the actor, not merely to the scenic artist.

To this want of stage-director's resourcefulness to match stage-architect's ingenuity, add a curious want of consistency in locale—so that the permanent set which usually represented Olivia's Courtyard became once (and only once) in a twinkling Orsino's Court—and a still stranger failure to perceive artistic inconsistencies like Antonio's ugly green coat in an otherwise well-costumed production, and the two knights' frail little Japanese lanterns lighting them when they were carousing robustiously,—and the disappointment many theatre-lovers felt at the Vieux Colombier's sole excursion into non-French drama may be forgiven.

Romain Rolland has said that the French are the last people in the world to appreciate foreign classic drama; so it is not a matter for astonishment that the genius who recreates Molière produced only an artificial, timid farcicality when he essayed Elizabethan fun. Reining in the exuberance of Sir Toby, he also toned down the free spontaneity of Sebastian, the wistful indignation of Antonio, and the basic sobriety of Malvolio. The

German producer turns romance into sentimentality and comedy into clowning; ever emphasizing the strong, vital, theatric elements of Shakespearean farce as Copeau has stressed those elements of Molière. The conservative English producer is grave, not to say reverent, whenever Shakespeare will permit him to be, and solemnly droll when he cannot be drolly solemn; Shakespeare's humor is bred in his blood and he can no longer wax noisy with it. But the French producer heightens and clarifies the romance with sheer beauty, while shrinking from the coarseness, turbulence, and intermittent profound insight, of the comic interludes. A shy, superficial, *thinly*-theatrical production is the most unShakespearean thing in the world, and this production of *La Nuit des Rois* was hardly more instinct with the stage vigor of Shakespearean comedy than De Musset's *Barberine* resembled *Cymbeline*.

After these four productions, the writer's acquaintance with the Vieux Colombier grew less constant. The outstanding productions of 1918 were Copeau's adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazoff*, and the final *L'Avare*. I recall less vividly *La Nouvelle Idole*, a modern realistic play apparently well and simply done, but without sensuous appeal and therefore dark to me, and an amusing farce-comedy of about 1880 made bright by M. Jouvet's repetitions of the word "troubadour"; and Molière's *Amour Médecin* done in the same vivid, rapid manner as the first two farces, but somehow making nobody laugh outright except at the vocal contortions of the doctors; the plot and situations being, I suppose, too locally satirical and unfamiliar to evoke immediate risible response. *L'Avare* also suffered, first in being a comedy of manners with a spun-out and most improbable plot, and second, like *L'Amour Médecin*, in the remoteness of its milieu and satire from actuality in the consciousness of the audience. As a French classic it was worth doing and well done, but Copeau has not tried Corneille and Racine, and some of Molière's more elaborate literary plays are almost as difficult as their tragedies to make actual before a modern audience. Plautus would carry better than Ben Jonson to-day, and Molière in farce and intrigue is more immortal on the stage than Molière in satire and character-study—however the littéraires may protest.

Les Frères Karamazoff was the only "success," in the popular understanding of the word, of the French Theatre's first season. It was of necessity very long and hence uneven, especially to one who could not follow the speeches. The third and fifth acts are the triumphs that one remembers, separated by a very poor,

unillusive fourth act. The play was of course representational, reproducing the world of the novel, and not a primarily or consistently theatric work of art; but the remarkable two-story setting of the Karamazoff house, the mightily effective use of the stairs, the dusky atmosphere and lighting, and the glorious acting of Gournac, Jouvet, and Copeau himself, contributed to create a unique and powerful theatrical effect. Thus may be seen how a genuine artist of the theatre can translate even a Russian novel into terms of the stage, making it both illusive with its own literary atmosphere and puissance, and also striking as a spectacle, an enthralling drama.

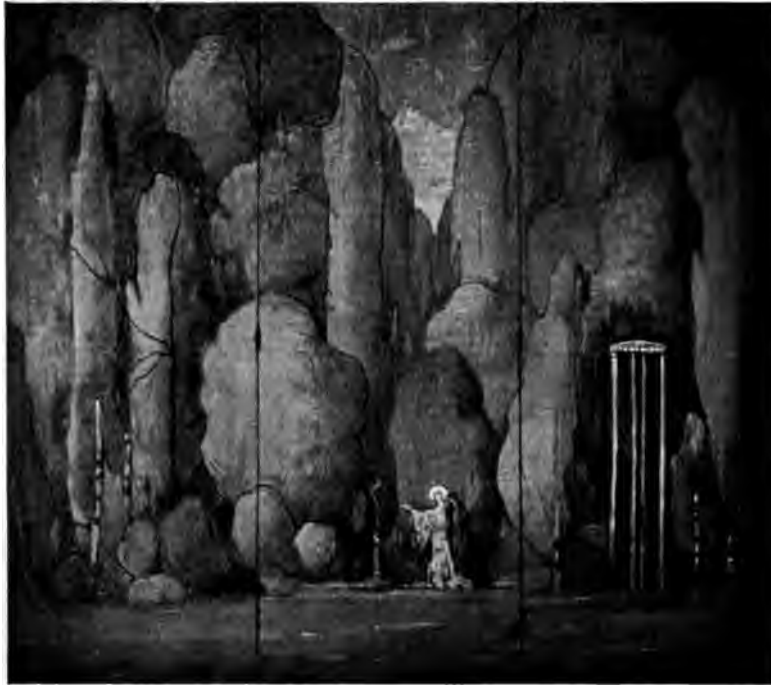
It is, however, in the domain of "pure theatre" that Copeau's special province lies and the French Theatre's greatest influence must be felt. Almost alone among extant theaters in this country, the Vieux Colombier is pioneering and experimenting with a definite goal in mind. That goal, I suppose, is broadly the elaboration of a new theatre and the evocation of a new drama: more especially the popularization of a simplified, stylized, "presentational" method of staging, and the encouragement of playwrights who wish to create for such a stage.

Except the classics (*written* for a "presentational" theatre) there is almost no drama suited to exemplifications of the new art of the theater at hand,—and classics (especially, perhaps, French classics) are often too profoundly out of touch with our lives to serve in popularizing the presentational method. A new, imaginative or scrupulously selective and theatric drama must be brought into being. The naturalistic, psychological school is near to death, in Schnitzler and Shaw, and the new method of poetic, theatric realism is barely awake in such strange plays as Claudel's *L'Echange*, and some of Andrejev, while Verhaeren and Hofmannsthal and Benelli breathe their individual, modern passions into classic forms. Somewhere will come a synthesis of the two currents, in some sturdier Synge. If he writes French, Copeau is ready for him. If he is American, we in Copeau's footsteps must get ready and prepare *our* theatres to "present" vividly, simply, with style and with art. So Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is not merely the most artistic theatre now in the United States; it is potentially the forebear of many English-speaking theatres inspired with the same purposes, directed (we can only hope with equal genius) toward the same ultimate goal.





Four Stage Designs by John Wenger.
Above is the original sketch for the setting of *Efficiency* as produced by the Greenwich Village Players.



A three-panel screen painted by John Wenger as part of a stage setting. The coloring of the original is notably rich, the screen being designed to provide the one intense color note in a scene otherwise neutral in coloring.



A garden scene designed by John Wenger.



John Wenger is a Russian artist who has been in America several years. His experience as a stage designer in this country has been largely in the little theatres—particularly with the East-West Players and the Greenwich Village Players. Recently, however, he was commissioned to design the settings for *Petrushka*, to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in February. He has also been carrying on interesting experiments with sets and colored lights, in "scenic interludes" at the Rivoli Theatre, New York. The design shown above is typical of the imaginative quality and bigness of conception which characterize most of his work.

Instead of a Theatre

By W. B. YEATS

A COUPLE of years ago I was sitting in my stall at the Court Theatre in London watching one of my own plays, *The King's Threshold*. In front of me were three people, seemingly a husband and wife and a woman friend. The husband was bored; he yawned and stretched himself and shifted in his seat as I watched him with distress. I was inclined to be angry, but reminded myself that music, where there are no satisfying audible words, bores me as much, for I have no ear, or only a very primitive one. Presently, when the little princesses came upon the stage in their red clothes, the woman friend, who had seemed also a little bored, said, "They do things very well," and became attentive. The distinguished painter who had designed the clothes at any rate was able to interest her. The wife, who had sat motionless from the first, said, when the curtain had fallen and the applause—was it politeness or enthusiasm?—had come to an end, "I would not have missed it for the world." She was perhaps a reader of my poetry, who had persuaded the others to come, and she had found a pleasure in the combination of words and speech—a pleasure the book did not give her. Yet when I think of my play I do not call her to the mind's eye, or even her friend who found the long red gloves of the little princesses amusing, but always that bored man. And the worst of it is that I could not pay my players, or the seamstress, or the owner of the building, unless I could draw to my plays those who prefer light amusement, or who have no ear for verse and literature, and fortunately they are all very polite.

Being sensitive, and not knowing how to escape the chance of sitting behind the wrong people, I have begun to shrink from sending my muses where they are but half welcome, and even in Dublin, where the pit has a liking for poetry, I have no longer the appetite to carry me through the daily rehearsals. Yet I need a theatre. I believe myself to be a dramatist; I desire to show events and not merely to tell of them; two of my best friends were won for me by my plays; and I seem to myself most alive at the moment when a roomfull of people have the one lofty emotion. My blunder has been that I did not discover in my youth that my theatre must be the ancient theatre made by unrolling a carpet, or marking out a place with a stick, or setting a screen against a wall. Certainly those

who care for my kind of poetry must be numerous enough, if I can bring them together, to pay half a dozen players who can bring all their properties in a cab and perform in their leisure moments.

I have found my first model—and in literature if we would not be parvenus we must have a model—in the “Nō” stage of aristocratic Japan. I have described in the introduction to Mr. Pound’s *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* (Cuala Press) what had seemed to me important on that most subtle stage. I do not think of my discovery as mere economy. It has been a great gain to get rid of scenery and substitute for a crude landscape painted upon canvas three performers who, sitting against a screen covered with some one unchangeable pattern, or against the wall of a room, describe landscape or event, and accompany movement with drum or gong, or deepen the emotion of the words with zither or flute. Painted scenery, after all, is unnecessary to my friends and to myself, for our imagination, kept living by the arts, can imagine a mountain covered with thorn-trees in a drawing-room without any great trouble, and we have many quarrels with even the best scene-painting. Then, too, the masks forced upon us by the absence of any special lighting and by the nearness of the audience, who surrounded the players upon three sides, do not seem to us eccentric. We are accustomed to faces of bronze and of marble, and what could be more suitable than that Cuchulain, let us say, a half-supernatural legendary person, should show to us a face not made before the looking-glass by some leading player—there, too, we have many quarrels—but moulded by some distinguished artist? We are a learned people, and we remember how the Roman Theatre, when it became more intellectual, abandoned “make-up” and used the mask instead, and that the most famous artists of Japan modelled masks that are still in use after hundreds of years. It would be a stirring adventure for a poet and an artist working together to create once more heroic or grotesque types that, keeping always an appropriate distance from life, would seem images of those profound emotions that exist only in solitude and in silence. Nor has anyone told me after a performance that they have missed a changing facial expression, for the mask seems to change with the light that falls upon it, and besides, the poetical and tragic art, as every producer knows, is mainly in those movements that are of the entire body.

At the Hawk’s Well was performed for the first time in April 1916 in a friend’s drawing-room, and only those who cared for

literature were invited. It was played upon the floor, and the players came in by the same door as the audience, and the audience and the players and I myself were pleased. A few days later it was revived in Lady Islington's big drawing-room in Chesterfield Gardens, for the benefit of a war charity. There was a platform jutting out from the wall, and some three hundred fashionable people, including Queen Alexandra, were round the platform on three sides, and once more my muses were but half welcome. I remember, however, with a little pleasure, that we found a newspaper photographer planting his camera in a dressing-room and explained to him that as fifty people could pay our expenses we did not invite the Press, and that flashlight photographs were not desirable for their own sake. He was incredulous and persistent, and it was nearly ten minutes before Dulac persuaded him to go away. What a relief, after directing a theatre so many years—for I am one of the two directors of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin—to think no more of pictures, unless Dulac or some other distinguished man has made them, and not at all of those paragraphs which are written by young men, perhaps themselves intelligent, who must applaud the common taste or starve.

Perhaps I shall turn to something else now that our Japanese dancer Ito, whose minute intensity of movement in the dance of the Hawk so well suited our small room and private art, has been hired by a New York theatre, or perhaps I shall find another dancer. I am certain, however, that whether I grow tired or not—and one does grow tired of always quarrying the stone for one's statue—I have found out the only way the subtler forms of literature can find dramatic expression. Shakespeare's art was public—now resounding and declamatory, now lyrical and subtle, but always public; because poetry was a part of the general life of his people, who had been trained by the church to listen to difficult words and sang, instead of the songs of the music-halls, many songs that are still beautiful. A man who had sung "Barbara Allan" in his own house would not, as I have heard the gallery at the Lyceum Theatre, receive the love-speeches of Juliet with an ironical chirruping. We must recognize the change as the painters did when, finding no longer palaces and churches to decorate, they made framed pictures to hang upon a wall. Whatever we lost in mass and in power we should discover in elegance and in subtlety. Our lyrical and our narrative poetry alike have used their freedom and approached nearer, as Pater said all the arts would if they were.

able, to "the condition of music," and if our modern poetical drama has failed it is mainly because, always dominated by the example of Shakespeare, it would restore an irrevocable past.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are reprinting this suggestive essay by W. B. Yeats by courteous permission of the editors of *To-day*, London, and of *Harper's Basar*, New York.



Sketches of Oriental Theatres

By HERMANN ROSSE

INTRODUCTIONS to the host, food and talking in the porch, a ten-foot screen and a lamp, wrought like a phoenix, the rippling singing touching music of the gamelan band. Against the screen, leather dolls of precious colors and gold, throw their shadows. Scene on scene of legend and epic are acted on that screen, while everyone moves irreverently. These Chinese do not care.

Beyond are the rows of eager faces. Uninvited outside in the night, under the stars, a glimpse of Javanese, eagerly watching, patiently squatting. Masses of people living, in dreams, the greatness of the hero ages of their ancestors, of Yacatra, the vanquished.



In the island of Java there is a theatre similiar in aim and methods to the Japanese Nō, and like the Japanese and Chinese theatre, the Javanese "Wajang Wong," as it is called, has a history closely related to that of the marionette, leather abstractions of sculptured marionettes being emulated in costume and gesture by princes of the blood.

All Mohammedan countries have their shadow-plays, and the Javanese have developed a shade theatre of unique character. The marionettes, puppets wonderfully carved and colored to represent Hindoo gods and goddesses, monsters, heroes and demigods, were translated into cut leather figures, gradually transformed into abstractions of human form, to satisfy the new creed. In turn these marionettes have influenced the ordinary stage, with the most amazing results.

The master of ceremony, the man behind the puppets, comes nearer to the ideal stage director than anyone in the theatre today. Not only does he improvise as well as recite the plays, he also fashions his marionettes, directs the orchestra and moves the figures during the performance. No wonder that the Javanese

regard him as a semi-magician. The only part which he only directs, and does not actually create, is the ceremonial dance at the beginning of each performance, acted by some dancing girls in old Javanese dress.

In the human theatre, the better performances are acted by men only. Like the shadow-theatre productions, these also take the nature of a festival, the actors in costume and gesture imitating the impersonal movements of the even more popular marionettes.

Imagine a group of members of the royal family of one of those Javanese states, especially trained for the purpose, acting wonderful legends in marionette fashion, with cadenced movements arranging themselves in ballet-like groupings, and you get some idea of the beauty of these performances.

The plays of the Wajang are all as old as our race. Scenes from the Mahâ-Bhârata or Ramayana form the main theme, only the jokes adding some modern touches.

Where the Nô cycle lasts at most about eight hours, the Wajang stretches itself sometimes through weeks, incidents of various mood being acted in series.

The backbone of the artistic effect of these performances is successful grouping, but periods of almost immobility during long conversations change with those of violent action in the symbolic fights, which often are most beautifully balanced pieces of acting. I have seen Ardjuna stand like a statue for at least five minutes, his godlike tiara and pierced wings shining in the light, in striking contrast with his brightly painted skin, his bow bent, his arrow pointed at the monster, seemingly powerless, his fierceness unavailing against the ice-like self-possession of the hero. The latter stood only partly turned, always in the same pose, his attendants waiting, like statues of bronze, while the orchestra screamed out in one of the wildest war tunes. Some of the actors are painted, there being a conventional grime for most characters, and some dancers wear masks of beautiful colors. There are curious monsters and the most symbolic stage properties—or property, I could almost say, for hardly ever is there more than one grandly elaborated piece of scenery. Shaped like a leaf, it takes the center of the stage and acts for everything,—a mountain, a tree, and so forth, as directed by the play.

The Wajang Wong is generally acted in the open air with the accompaniment of chime bands and Indian violins. The actors are stripped to the waist in old Hindoo fashion. With their wings of gold leather and beautiful batik skirts and silken scarfs, they really do resemble gods of old and half-human princesses.

In movement and costume this type of drama is nobly conventionalized; so much so, even, that it is tolerated by the faith, which prohibits all sembling of things under the water, in the air, or on the earth.

The ruins of the Indian Empire reflect in the costumes of the Wajang Wong. In these movements, language, music, lives the soul of ancient India. A formalism tempered by vital indigenous artistry, transformed into something wonderfully beautiful through the attempt to conform with the Mohammedan creed.

It is aristocratic art produced by actors of royal blood for the people, thousands watching each performance.

It is old, very old, this aristocratic art. But it is vital because it is understood; also it is beautiful. It even is wonderful in its commercial imitations run by the Chinese speculator on a box-office-receipt basis.



By far the most elaborately equipped type of theatre in Japan is the popular Shibai or Kabuki. Of this theatre, as of all oriental drama, it has been said that it began with two women dancing in imitation of sacred marionettes. A reminiscence of its prototype may then be found in the way the actors, now almost exclusively men, dance at the beginning of each performance. It is far more elaborately equipped, this theatre of the people, with its revolving stage, its circus paraphernalia, its flower walks, its flowing batikked curtain advertisements, its black-dominoed stagehands and its half-hidden choirs and orchestra, than the Nō theatre, which has no scenery, the choir giving poetic descriptions of the setting. Instead of the Nō's descriptions of scenery of travel, the travelling in the Kabuki theatre is actually shown. The character moves over the circular revolving stage, which slowly turns, while the actor mounts the practicable mountains thereon. We see him walk and walk, ending by spreading his perambulation over the flower walks, to return once more to the revolving stage, where, under cover of a tissue-paper snowstorm, the house of his destination has appeared between the hills. All that saves such ingenuous tricks artistically is the styleful rendering; but that no doubt is much more evident to a foreigner than to a Japanese, who is versed in the particular mannerism of the local style. Yet even to him the mounting must appear quite stylistic.

Nearly all constructional parts are shown plainly. A gateway, for instance, simply stands on a base, the stagehands, dressed in black, are always in evidence, and so on. Nearly all interiors

are shown like the interiors in old manuscripts and tapestries, simply in section. As to backgrounds, etc., the Japanese decorator is no mean artist.

The theatre is always equipped with a revolving stage, which is used as much on the principle of the chariot races in music halls as on the constructive principle of using this machinery for securing a quick succession of scenes. Of curtains there are many, and it is a charming sight to see them moved across the stage, one after the other, carrying advertisements in batik or tie and dye on white cotton.

The auditorium of the Japanese theatre is wide in relation to its depth. It belongs to what might be called the intimate type of theatre—that is, there is a conscious attempt to mix actors and public. A curious effect, in the eyes of a westerner, is due to the relative height of gangways and seats. With us, of course, the top of the seat is higher than the gangway and lower again by the height of a seated person than the stage level. In Japan the gangways and stage floor are on the same level, the boxes with seats being sunk below the level by the height of a seated person.

The theatre is devoid of unnecessary architectural items. Everything is simple, unostentatious wood construction. There is no enormous arch with permanent imitation drapery, for instance, as in our theatres. Instead there is a simple opening, wider than it is high, in about the same proportion as the available opening on our stages. The curtain is swung from the sides and is not raised and lowered, as with us. On each side there is a grilled compartment for the choir and band. There generally is a gallery.

What strikes one first of all in the popular Japanese theatre is omnipresent style—in printing, in advertisement, in equipment of audience and *mise-en-scène* and acting. Not only is this demonstration of style part of the traditions of feudal times, but it also is part of the everyday life of the masses, up-to-date and alive, a truly national style, like our mediæval Gothic or our Rococo.

The Kabuki theatre is the popular theatre, par excellence, but the Nō theatre and the story-teller's theatre exist there, side by side. Musically aided by a simple wooden instrument, the story-teller's sole accessory is his fan, his setting a pair of lanterns or two candles. Seated before a low table, he makes but few movements. In the story-teller's art the appeal is almost wholly literary; in the Kabuki it is almost wholly spectacular.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second and concluding installment of *Sketches of Oriental Theatres*. A series of impressions of European theatres, by Mr. Rosse, will appear in later issues.

Eurhythmics for the Theatre

By ELIZABETH S. ALLEN

FOLLOWERS of commercial drama have said in criticism of the Little Theatre movement that, although it has encouraged and stimulated experiments in play-writing, and has brought artistry and stylization to the setting of these plays, it has fallen far below the standards and has added nothing to the ideals of the professional theatre in the field of acting. One cannot excuse this lack by saying that unpaid actors can never be systematically trained. Amateurs who find time for stage work have often tried in vain to train themselves for the work they love. No method whatever is offered them except a few casual rehearsals, and performances where they face a sympathetic audience three or four times a month.

It has been left for the more progressive 'regular' directors, such as Arthur Hopkins, Stuart Walker, and Winthrop Ames, to push ahead the ideals of production with the most pliable 'regular' actors they could find. Professional and amateur theatres are alike in this: their dramatic schools are kindergartens; they demand no grace and meaning of movement either for individuals or for groups.

And yet in America, during the last decade, the vibrations of a new art touching on this field have been felt through the world of culture. I mean the natural dance in its various forms indigenous here—of Isadora Duncan, Florence Fleming Noyes, and the many other exponents of interpretative dance. Rhythmics of this kind have aimed, it is true, rather toward the dance spectacle than the theatre itself,—that is so far the peculiarity of the American manner. But back of its various manifestations moves the spirit of a new idea: the development of bodily control through rhythm, uniting for the purposes of self-expression the three channels of personality—mind, will, and body.

The Jaques-Dalcroze system differs from these others in being a preparation for dance schools themselves, as well as for other arts of expression. The Eurhythmic School was born in French Switzerland, home of art; made available by Germany, expert in system; and advertised by England. In 1915 Miss Suzanna Ferriere, a pupil of Monsieur Jaques-Dalcroze, brought it to New York. There remains for America to use it.

The methods of the School are scientifically based on musical rhythm. Emil Jaques-Dalcroze was himself a musician and

professor of Harmony at the Geneva Conservatoire. Like many other teachers he found a general lack of rhythmic and time-sense in his pupils, which seemed to him the salient cause of their lack of inspiration. In trying to develop this sense in his pupils, he discovered that bodily reaction naturally follows a sensitivity to rhythm. In the method of the conductor, who translates written notes through his body into directed sound, lies the seed of Eurhythmics. But here the exponent leads, not a corps of musicians, but the parts of his own body into harmony. No special bodily grace is needed; no dance forms are taught. The pupil is simply freed from the bondage of physical repression by being taught to use his body as he would use his voice. Gradually the subconscious rhythmic sense of the artist asserts itself naturally and simply.

Always, artists find that to express what they create they must be trained in rhythmic movement, response to mental suggestion, and synthesis of parts. M. Dalcroze has explained this clearly in his essay* on *Rhythm in Education*:

"The object of my method is, in the first instance, to create by the help of rhythm a rapid and regular current of communication between brain and body. . . . It is a question of eliminating in every muscular movement, by the help of the will, the untimely intervention of muscles useless for the movement in question, and thus developing attention, consciousness and will-power. Next must be created an automatic technique for all those muscular movements that do not need the help of the consciousness, so that the latter may be reserved for those forms of expression which are purely intelligent. Thanks to the coördination of the nerve-centres, to the formation and development of the greatest possible number of motor habits, my method assures the freest possible play to subconscious expression. The creation in the organism of a rapid and easy means of communication between thought and its means of expression by movements allows the personality free play, giving it character, strength, and life to an extraordinary degree."

The branch of the method called Rhythmic Gymnastics consists of two parts, united in practice—which may be called exercises of control and exercises of interpretation. For control, the pupil is taught time-beating and walking in response to commands of the teacher who plays the simple rhythms to be

*Quotations are from *The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze*, edited by M. E. Sadler: London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1917.

followed by the pupil. At a sudden command, without interruption of the music, the pupils must change from backward to forward movements, from one time to another, or with syncopation of one movement. Such exercises, which form the main part of Rhythmic Gymnastics as taught in English and French schools, develop coördination of mind and body.

In exercises of interpretation and plastic work, the rhythms played by the teacher are realized by the pupil with expression. Time is indicated by movements of the arms, and time values—i.e. note duration—by movements of the feet and body. But within these motions, made possible by the control exercises just described, the pupil must also follow the shading of the music—the changes from staccato to legato, crescendos and diminuendos, accelerandos and ritenutos.

The Conservatory at Geneva, where M. Dalcroze first taught, would not adopt his system. So in 1911 he accepted the gift of a school at Hellerau, near Dresden, where he devoted his time to the training of Eurhythmic teachers. From this centre his idea spread over Europe. Several public exhibitions were given, a particularly successful experiment being the presentation of Gluck's *Orpheus* with a rhythmic chorus.

At the outbreak of war Jaques-Dalcroze, severing connections with Germany, moved his school back to Geneva.

In Dresden, however, the seeds he had planted have taken permanent root in the opera-schools. The German artists were particularly interested in Eurhythmic training for lyric operas. They approach thus the ideal of Wagner—to unite music and gesture for expression of dramatic emotion. Sound, word-meaning and visible movement may be rhythmically synthesized in the grand choral effects which Wagner has conceived. As M. Dalcroze declares, "the absolute ignorance regarding plastic expression which characterizes the lyric actors of our time is a real profanation of scenic musical art. Not only are singers allowed to walk and gesticulate on the stage without paying any attention to the time, but also no shade of expression, dynamic or motor, of the orchestra, finds in their gesture adequate realization." This explains the agony artistic people feel who are forced not only to gaze at an operatic 'hero' whose physical form is repellent, but at a lusty chorus, as well, who wander on and off the stage like a flock of sheep, picturesque, perhaps, at any static moment, but never rhythmically alive.

The theatre of poem-dramas is no less dependent upon rhythmic action. Poetry is closely akin to music and to dancing. Rhythm

binds them all. The beautiful group movements of the Florence Fleming Noyes dancers in the outdoor pageant *Caliban*, running like a golden thread through the pattern of the spectacle, rendered the poetic spiritualism which the symbol of the drama calls for.

Like poetic plays, the new form evolved by Vachel Lindsay, which he calls the "poem game," depends on the expression of verse rhythm through bodily action. Miss Eleanor Dougherty, who danced the *Chinese Nightingale* to the chanting of Mr. Lindsay, is herself a student of Dalcroze Eurhythmics.

Rhythm as a dramatic force acts directly on the most fundamental emotions of mankind. It breathes through the composition of a Whistler painting; it enlivens the form of a Rodin sculpture; it vibrates through a musical air or the pose of a ballet première. Continuous rhythmic motion is as different from mere gesture as poetry is from prose. And although a realistic modern play may need little poetry, the meaning even of such a work will be emphasized by rhythmic movement, even as prose becomes significant and vital when subtly cadenced.

The thread of a rhythmic continuity may unite any group of actors for the realization of a dramatic piece. Such was the effect—of a remarkable emotional unity—made by the play *Bushido*, as produced by the Washington Square Players in 1916. Restraint, formalism, ritual, hiding tender humanity, was the theme of the play, consistently interpreted by the restrained and simple movements of the actors. This play was staged by M. Ito, a Japanese, and a graduate of the Dalcroze school in Hellerau.

In France, progressive theatres have adopted a Rhythmic course for the training of actors. It has been found especially available for repertory theatres. At the *Théâtre Antoine*, where realistic drama of the modern school is produced, Paulet Thèvenaz, who is now a teacher at the New York Dalcroze school, trained the actors for several years. M. Thèvenaz also taught members of the Russian Ballet during one season. But these dancers, stiffened as they were by the rigid exercises of their ballet training, could not be taught the simple reactions to rhythm, which are the bases of natural dance. Their idea of music has become that of a series of unconnected emphatic moments, into which their poses will fit. For the dance of the future, not of the past, rhythm is being discovered.

It is to be hoped that Americans will not limit their interest in Eurhythmics to an application of it to education, as the English have for the most part done. Valuable work has, however, been done in this field by M. Tlacido de Montoliu, who was called

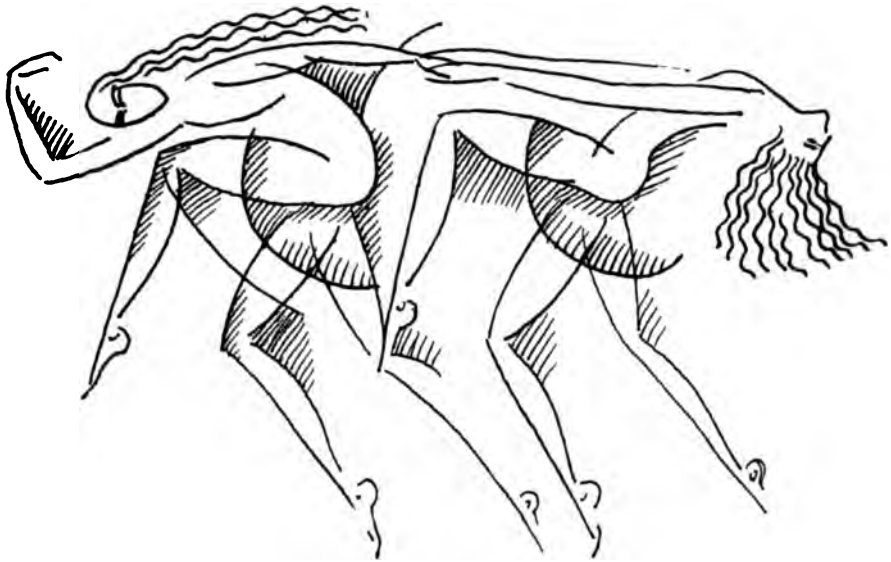
to work at the Bryn Mawr experimental school, a few years before the founding of the New York branch of the Dalcroze Institute. M. de Montoliu and his wife have given several exhibitions themselves in New York.

For his New York *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, Jacques Copeau procured a teacher of Eurhythmics. During the course of the busy program last winter the actors had little time for a systematic study of this work, but the following summer, while the company prepared for its coming season's activities at Mr. Otto Kahn's estate at Morristown, N. J., they undertook a thorough and careful training. Already some of the actors have studied individually. Lucien Weber, who played the clown of *Twelfth Night* with such grace and rhythm that his performance seemed a prolonged and various dance, is one of these. The Dalcroze teacher at the Theatre, Miss Jessmin Howarth, has been observing rehearsals with an eye to gesture and physical interpretation. She says that M. Copeau, the director, has disciplined himself so perfectly in art that he instinctively coordinates mind, emotion, and gesture for the interpretation of a part. But often the actors try in vain to follow his direction. Though they may perfectly understand his idea, they have insufficient control of mind over body to translate this idea into synthesized motion. They can only imitate, then, the visual gesture. Again, a matter of physical inhibition may baffle the actor. Miss Howarth tells how one man who was supposed to be listening acutely to a conversation on the other side of the stage, insisted on bending away from the action instead of toward it, thereby breaking the unity of the scene. When told to lean the other way he tried, but could only do so awkwardly. Instinct told him to bend away; he had to obey. But though he listened never so hard, he failed to convey the idea of listening.

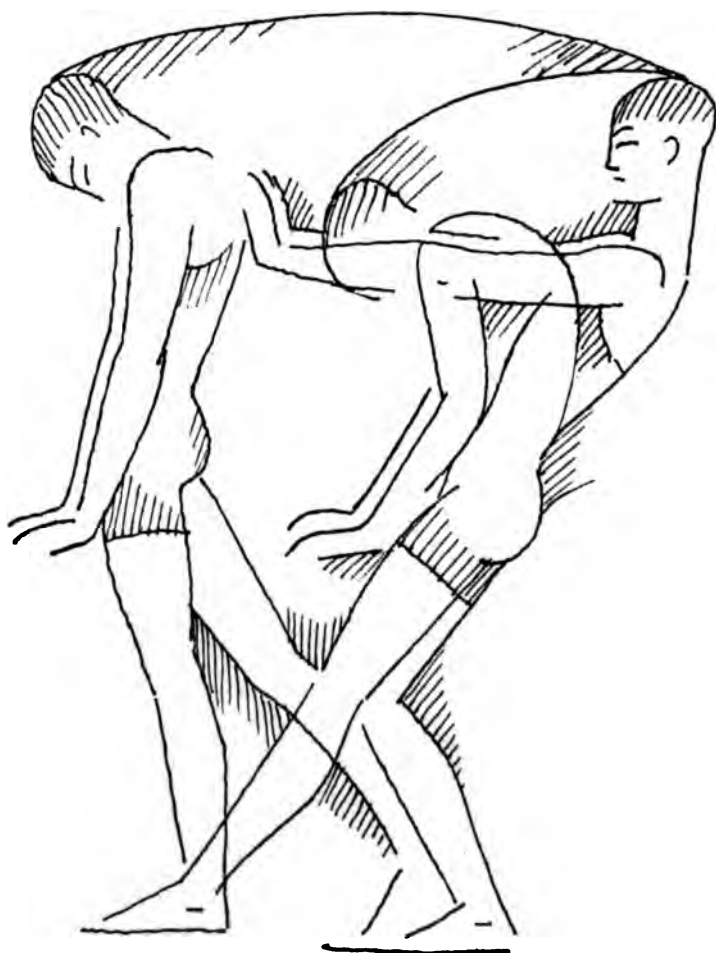
But French artists, who take their work more seriously than themselves, are always willing to strive together toward a given effect. In stage presentation Copeau tries to develop the action as a unified dramatic whole, rather than a series of incidents.

Realistic drama is not the less art for being a transcription of life. The actors, then, should do something more than imitate life, and more than move gracefully about the stage; they should cooperate together towards an effective rendering of the dramatic theme in their bodies as well as their words.

Needless to say, only a permanent company can consistently train their actors in Rhythmic Gymnastics. Such permanent companies the little theatres should provide.



Drawings Illustrating the Spirit of Dalcroze Eurhythmics.—The essence of eurhythmics is the expression of musical feeling through movement, through bodily rhythm. It is impossible to illustrate this thoroughly in static pictures. But in the drawings on this and the next three pages, the spirit of rhythmic dance is remarkably suggested. We are indebted to M. Paulet Thèvenaz of the New York School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics for making these drawings especially for *Theatre Arts Magazine*.







*Moonshine**

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

Characters

LUKE HAZY, Moonshiner.
A REVENUE OFFICER.

SCENE: *Hut of a moonshiner in the mountain wilds of North Carolina. Door back left. Window back right center. Old deal table right center. Kitchen chair at either side of table, not close to it. Old cupboard in left corner. Rude stone fireplace left side. On back wall near door is a rough pencil sketch of a man hanging from a tree.*

At rise of curtain a commotion is heard outside of hut.

LUKE

[*Off stage*]

It's alright, boys. . . . Jist leave him to me. . . . Git in there, Mister Revenue.

[*REVENUE, a Northerner in city attire, without hat, clothes dusty, is pushed through doorway. LUKE, a lanky, ill-dressed Southerner, following closes door. REVENUE's hands are tied behind him.*]

You must excuse the boys for makin' a demonstration over you, Mr. Revenue, but you see they don't come across you fellers very frequent, and they allas gits excited.

REVENUE

I appreciate that I'm welcome.

LUKE

Deed you is, and I'm just agoin' to untie your hands long nuff fer you to take a sociable drink.

[*Goes to stranger, feels in all pockets for weapons*]

Reckon yer travelin' peaceable.

[*Unties hands*]

Won't yer sit down?

REVENUE

[*Drawing over chair and sitting*]

Thank you.

[*Rubs wrists to get back circulation*]

LUKE

[*Going over to cupboard and taking out jug*]

Yessa, Mister, the boys ain't seen one o' you fellers fer near

* All rights reserved.

two years. Began to think you wus goin' to neglect us. I wus hopin' you might be Jim Dunn. Have a drink?

REVENUE

[Starts slightly at mention of Jim Dunn]

No, thank you, your make is too strong for me.

LUKE

It hain't no luck to drink alone when you git company. Better have some.

REVENUE

Very well, my friend, I suffer willingly.

[Drinks a little and chokes]

LUKE

[Draining cup]

I reckon ye all don't like the flavor of liquor that hain't been stamped.

REVENUE

It's not so bad.

LUKE

The last Revenue that sit in that chair got drunk on my make.

REVENUE

That wouldn't be difficult.

LUKE

No, but it wuz awkward.

REVENUE

Why?

LUKE

I had to wait till he sobered up before I give him his ticket. I didn't feel like sendin' him to Heaven drunk. He'd a found it awkward climbin' that golden ladder.

REVENUE

Thoughtful executioner.

LUKE

So you see mebbe you kin delay things a little by dallyin' with the lickier.

REVENUE

[Picking up cup, getting it as far as his lips, slowly puts it down]

The price is too great.

LUKE

I'm mighty sorry you ain't Jim Dunn. But I reckon you ain't. You don't answer his likeness.

REVENUE

Who's Jim Dunn?

LUKE

You ought to know who Jim Dunn is. He's just about the worst one of your revenue critters that ever hit these parts. He's got four of the boys in jail. We got a little reception all ready for him. See that?

[Pointing to sketch on back wall]

REVENUE

[Looking at sketch]

Yes.

LUKE

That's Jim Dunn.

REVENUE

[Rising, examining picture]

Doesn't look much like anyone.

LUKE

Well, that's what Jim Dunn'll look like when we git 'im. I'm mighty sorry you hain't Jim Dunn.

REVENUE

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

LUKE

[Turning to cupboard and filling pipe]

Oh, it's all right. I reckon one Revenue's about as good as another, after all.

REVENUE

Are you sure I'm a revenue officer?

LUKE

[Rising]

Well, since we ketched ye climin' trees an' snoopin' round the stills, I reckon we won't take no chances that you hain't.

REVENUE

Oh.

LUKE

Say, mebbe you'd like a seggar. Here's one I been savin' fer quite a spell back, thinkin' mebbe I'd have company some day.

[Brings out dried-up cigar, hands it to him]

REVENUE

No, thank you.

LUKE

It hain't no luck to smoke alone when ye got company.

[Striking match and holding it to REVENUE]

Ye better smoke.

[REVENUE bites off end and mouth is filled with dust, spits]

out dust. LUKE *holds match to cigar. With difficulty* REVENUE *lights it.*

That's as good a five-cent cigar as ye can git in Henderson.

REVENUE

[After two puffs, makes wry face, throws cigar on table]

You make death very easy, Mister.

LUKE

Luke's my name. Yer kin call me Luke. Make you feel as though you had a friend near you at the end—Luke Hazy.

REVENUE

[Starting as though interested, rising]

Not the Luke Hazy that cleaned out the Crosby family?

LUKE

[Startled]

How'd you hear about it?

REVENUE

Hear about it? Why, your name's been in every newspaper in the United States. Every time you killed another Crosby the whole feud was told all over again. Why, I've seen your picture in the papers twenty times.

LUKE

Hain't never had one took.

REVENUE

That don't stop them from printing it. Don't you ever read the newspapers?

LUKE

Me read? I hain't read nothin' fer thirty years. Reckon I couldn't read two lines in a hour.

REVENUE

You've missed a lot of information about yourself.

LUKE

How many Crosby's did they say I killed?

REVENUE

I think the last report said you had just removed the twelfth.

LUKE

It's a lie! I only killed six . . . that's all they wuz—growed up. I'm a-waitin' fer one now that's only thirteen.

REVENUE

When'll he be ripe?

LUKE

Jes as soon as he comes a-lookin' fer me.

REVENUE

Will he come?

LUKE

He'll come if he's a Crosby.

REVENUE

A brave family?

LUKE

They don't make 'em any braver—they'd be first-rate folks if they wuzn't Crosby's.

REVENUE

If you feel that way why did you start fighting them?

LUKE

I never started no fight. My grandad had some misanderstandin' with their grandad. I don't know jes what it wuz about, but I reckon my grandad wuz right, and I'll see it through.

REVENUE

You must think a lot of your grandfather.

LUKE

Never seen 'im, but it ain't no luck goin' agin yer own kin. Won't ye have a drink?

REVENUE

No—no—thank you.

LUKE

Well, Mr. Revenue, I reckon we might as well have this over.

REVENUE

What?

LUKE

Well, you won't get drunk, and I can't be put to the trouble o' havin' somebody guard you.

REVENUE

That'll not be necessary.

LUKE

Oh, I know yer like this yer place now, but this evenin' you might take it into yer head to walk out.

REVENUE

I'll not walk out unless you make me.

LUKE

Tain't like I'll let yer, but I wouldn't blame yer none if yu tried.

REVENUE

But I'll not.

LUKE

[*Rising*]

Say, Mistah Revenue, I wonder if you know what you're up against?

REVENUE

What do you mean?

LUKE

I mean I gotta kill you.

REVENUE

[Rising, pauses]

Well, that let's me out.

LUKE

What do yu mean?

REVENUE

I mean that I've been trying to commit suicide for the last two months, but I haven't had the nerve.

LUKE

[Startled]

Suicide?

REVENUE

Yes. Now that you're willing to kill me, the problem is solved.

LUKE

Why, what d'ye want to commit suicide fer?

REVENUE

I just want to stop living, that's all.

LUKE

Well, yu must have a reason.

REVENUE

No special reason—I find life dull and I'd like to get out of it.

LUKE

Dull?

REVENUE

Yes—I hate to go to bed—I hate to get up—I don't care for food—I can't drink liquor—I find people either malicious or dull—I see by the fate of my acquaintances, both men and women, that love is a farce. I have seen fame and preference come to those who least deserved them, while the whole world kicked and cuffed the worthy ones. The craftiest schemer gets the most money and glory, while the fair-minded dealer is humiliated in the bankruptcy court. In the name of the law every crime it committed; in the name of religion every vice is indulged; in the name of education greatest ignorance is rampant.

LUKE

I don't git all of that, but I reckon you're some put out.

REVENUE

I am. The world's a failure. . . .what's more, its a farce. I

don't like it but I can't change it, so I'm just aching for a chance to get out of it. . . .

[*Approaching LUKE*]

And you, my dear friend, are going to present me the opportunity.

LUKE

Yes, I reckon you'll get your wish now.

REVENUE

Good . . . if you only knew how I've tried to get killed.

LUKE

Well, why didn't you kill yerself?

REVENUE

I was afraid.

LUKE

Afreed o' what—hurtin' yourself?

REVENUE

No, afraid of the consequences.

LUKE

Whad d'ye mean?

REVENUE -

Do you believe in another life after this one?

LUKE

I kan't say ez I ever give it much thought.

REVENUE

Well, don't—because if you do you'll never kill another Crosby . . . not even a revenue officer.

LUKE

Tain't that bad, is it?

REVENUE

Worse. Twenty times I've had a revolver to my head—crazy to die—and then as my finger pressed the trigger I'd get a terrible dread—a dread that I was plunging into worse terrors than this world ever knew. If killing were the end it would be easy, but what if it's only the beginning of something worse?

LUKE

Well you gotta take some chances.

REVENUE

I'll not take that one. You know, Mr. Luke, life was given to us by someone who probably never intended that we should take it, and that someone has something ready for people who destroy his property. That's what frightens me.

LUKE

You do too much worryin' to be a regular suicide.

REVENUE

Yes I do. That's why I changed my plan.

LUKE

What plan?

REVENUE

My plan for dying.

LUKE

Oh, then you didn't give up the idea?

REVENUE

No, indeed—I'm still determined to die, but I'm going to make someone else responsible.

LUKE

Oh—so you hain't willing to pay fer yer own funeral music?

REVENUE

No, sir—I'll furnish the passenger, but someone else must buy the ticket. You see when I finally decided I'd be killed I immediately exposed myself to every danger I knew.

LUKE

How?

REVENUE

In a thousand ways. . . .

[Pause]

Did you ever see an automobile?

LUKE

No.

REVENUE

They go faster than steam engines, and they don't *stay* on tracks. Did you ever hear of Fifth Avenue, New York?

LUKE

No.

REVENUE

Fifth Avenue is jammed with automobiles, eight deep all day long. People being killed every day. I crossed Fifth Avenue a thousand times a day, every day for weeks, never once trying to get out of the way, and always praying I'd be hit.

LUKE

And couldn't yu git hit?

REVENUE

[In disgust]

No. Automobiles only hit people who try to get out of the way.

[Pause]

When that failed I frequented the lowest dives on the Bowery, flashing a roll of money and wearing diamonds, hoping they'd kill me for them. They stole the money and diamonds, but never touched me.

LUKE

Couldn't you pick a fight?

REVENUE

I'm coming to that. You know up North they believe that a man can be killed in the South for calling another man a liar.

LUKE

That's right.

REVENUE

It is, is it? Well, I've called men liars from Washington to Atlanta, and I'm here to tell you about it.

LUKE

They must a took pity on ye.

REVENUE

Do you know Two Gun Jake that keeps the dive down in Henderson.

LUKE

I should think I do. . . . Jake's killed enough of 'em.

REVENUE

He's a bad man, ain't he?

LUKE

He's no trifier.

REVENUE

I wound up in Jake's place two nights ago, pretending to be drunk. Jake was cursing niggers.

LUKE

He's allus doin' that.

REVENUE

So I elbowed my way up to the bar and announced that I was an expert in the discovery of nigger blood . . . could tell a nigger who was 63-64ths white.

LUKE

Ye kin?

REVENUE

No, I can't, but I made them believe it. I then offered to look them over and tell them if they had any nigger blood in them. A few of them sneaked away, but the rest stood for it. I passed them all until I got to Two Gun Jake. I examined his eyeballs, looked at his finger-nails, and said, "You're a nigger."

LUKE

An' what did Jake do?

REVENUE

He turned pale, took me into the back room, he said: "Honest to God, Mister, can ye see nigger blood in me?" I said: "Yes." "There's no mistake about it?" "Not a bit," I answered. "Good God," he said, "I always suspected it." Then he pulled out his gun. . . .

LUKE

Eh . . . eh?

REVENUE

And shot *himself*.

LUKE

Jake shot hisself! . . . is he dead?

REVENUE

I don't know—I was too disgusted to wait. I wandered around until I thought of you moonshiners. . . . scrambled around in the mountains until I found your still. I *sat* on it and waited until you boys showed up, and here I am, and you're going to kill me.

LUKE

[*Pause*]

Ah, so ye want us to do yer killin' fer ye, do ye?

REVENUE

You're my last hope. If I fail this time I may as well give it up.

LUKE

[*Takes out revolver, turns sidewise and secretly removes cartridges from chamber. Rises*]

What wuz that noise?

[*Lays revolver on table and steps outside of door. REVENUE looks at revolver apparently without interest*]

[*LUKE cautiously enters doorway and expresses surprise at seeing REVENUE making no attempt to secure revolver. Feigning excitement goes to table, picks up gun*]

LUKE

I reckon I'm gettin' careless, leavin' a gun layin' around here that-a-way. Djd'n't you see it?

REVENUE

Yes.

LUKE

Well, why didn't ye grab it?

REVENUE

What for?

LUKE

To git the drop on me.

REVENUE

Can't you understand what I've been telling you, Mister? I don't *want* the drop on you.

LUKE

Well, doggone if I don't delieve yer tellin' me the truth. Thought I'd just see what ye'd do. Ye see I emptied it first.

[*Opens up gun*]

REVENUE

That wasn't necessary.

LUKE

Well, I reckon ye better git along out o' here, Mister.

REVENUE

You don't mean your'e weakening?

LUKE

I ain't got no call to do your killin' fer you. If ye hain't sport enough to do it yerself, I reckon ye kin go on sufferin'.

REVENUE

But I told you why I don't want to do it. One murder more or less means nothing to you. You don't care anything about the hereafter.

LUKE

Mebbe I don't, but there ain't no use my takin' any more chances than I have to. And what's more, Mister, from what you been tellin' me I reckon there's a charm on you, and I ain't goin' to take no chances goin' agin charms.

REVENUE

So *you're* going to go back on me?

LUKE

Yes sirree.

REVENUE

Well, maybe some of the other boys will be willing. I'll wait till they come.

LUKE

The other boys ain't goin' to see you. You're a leavin' this yer place right now—now! It won't do no good. You may as well go peaceable, ye ain't got no right to expect us to bear yer burdens.

REVENUE

Damn it all! I've spoiled it again.

LUKE

I reckon you better make up yer mind to go on livin'.

REVENUE

That looks like the only way out.

LUKE

Come on, I'll let you ride my horse to town. It's the only one we got, so yu can leave it at Two Gun Jake's, and one o' the boys'll go git it, or I reckon I'll go over myself and see if Jake made a job of it.

REVENUE

I suppose it's no use arguing with you.

LUKE

Not a bit. Come on, you.

REVENUE

Well, I'd like to leave my address so if you ever come to New York you can look me up.

LUKE

Tain't likely I'll ever come to New York.

REVENUE

Well, I'll leave it, anyhow. Have you a piece of paper?

LUKE

Paper what you write on? Never had none, Mister.

REVENUE

[Looking about room, sees Jim Dunn's picture on wall, goes to it, takes it down]

If you don't mind, I'll put it on the back of Jim Dunn's picture.

[Placing picture on table, begins to print]

I'll print it for you, so it'll be easy to read. My address is here, so if you change your mind you can send for me.

LUKE

Tain't likely—come on.

[Both go to doorway—LUKE extends hand, REVENUE takes it]

Good-bye, Mister—cheer up . . . there's the horse.

REVENUE

Good-by.

[Shaking LUKE's hand]

LUKE

Don't be so glum, Mister. Lemme hear you laff jist onct before yu go.

[REVENUE begins to laugh weakly]

Aw, come on, laff out with it hearty.

[REVENUE laughs louder]

Heartier yit.

[REVENUE is now shouting his laughter, and is heard laughing until hoof beats of his horse die down in the distance.]

[LUKE watches for a moment, then returns to table—takes a drink—picks up picture—turns it around several times before getting it right—then begins to study. In attempting to make out the name he slowly traces in the air with his index finger a capital 'J'—then mutters "J-J-J", then describes a letter 'I'—muttering "I-I-I", then a letter 'M'—muttering "M-M-M, J-I-M—J-I-M—JIM." In the same way describes and mutters D-U-N-N]

LUKE

Jim Dunn! By God!

[He rushes to corner, grabs shot-gun, runs to doorway, raises gun in direction stranger has gone—looks intently—then slowly lets gun fall to his side, and scans the distance with his hand shadowing his eyes—steps inside—slowly puts gun in corner—seats himself at table]

Jim Dunn!—and he begged me to kill 'im!!

The New Dramatic Books

THE THIRTY-SIX DRAMATIC SITUATIONS, by George Polti, translated by Lucille Ray. This is one of the curiosities of the literature of dramatic craftsmanship. It is no less than an attempt to separate and pigeon-hole the emotions of humankind, and thus the elements of dramatic effectiveness. Like most books dealing with things spiritual in terms of mechanics, it will prove a mine for the mere plot-constructor, a danger to the beginning and not-too-original writer, and a possible source of suggestive thought and experiment for the dramatist who has both experience and imagination. It is a book that all playwrights should read—but a book not to be taken too seriously. (Ridgewood, N. J.: The Editor Company. \$1.50.)

PROBLEMS OF THE ACTOR, by Louis Calvert, is one of the best of books attempting to analyze the actor's art. But that statement is a commentary on the poverty of the literature of acting, rather than a high recommendation of Mr. Calvert's half-critical half-biographical study. There is much of common sense here, much of truth about the actor's resources and methods, and not a little of pleasant anecdote. But the author's judgment lacks the weight of authority, and he reveals himself as without vision of any art of the theatre beyond what past generations of actors have known. It is distinctly the work of a man whose attitude remains that of the part-actor. Of course every student of the stage should read it—we recommend it for that; but when will some actor give us a book as stimulating, original and informative as those appearing occasionally in the fields of architecture, sculpture, and painting, or even in other departments of theatre art? (New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.60.)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: HIS LIFE AND WORKS, by Archibald Henderson. This is the much-talked-about "authorized" biography of Shaw, which was published several years ago at a prohibitive price—and now offered in popular edition uniform with the plays. The volume seems not so well-written as several others by the same author, and as a biographical study it lacks atmosphere—is even scrappy. But with such a subject no one could fail to challenge attention and be engaging. It seems certain to remain the "standard" work in its field so long as Shaw lives, which we hope will be many, many years. So we advise that you go buy it. (New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.)

AN ESSAY ON COMEDY, by George Meredith. There are few essays in the language that we can recommend with more assurance than this "Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit." Those who attempt definitions of "Comedy" almost invariably return to Meredith's phrases "thoughtful laughter" and "to kindle the mind through laughter." But the essay is so self-sufficient that we are somewhat irritated by the copious notes, introduction and analysis with which an industrious professor has befogged the original text—with the result that the whole is printed in uncomfortably small type. We much prefer the original edition. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.)

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, by Sheldon Cheney. This is the first book dealing with the open-air playhouse comprehensively, in its historical as well as its contemporary aspects, and with regard to its structural features as well as its dramatic uses. It is written for the architect and the producer rather than for the student of drama, and is illustrated with forty plates and numerous diagrams. The reviewer considers it a worth-while book—or he wouldn't have written it. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$3.00.)

EUROPEAN DRAMATISTS, by Archibald Henderson. This new edition of Archibald Henderson's essays reminds us that America has one critic who is at once scholarly and alive to the newest forces in world life and in the

theatre. These thoughtful studies cover the work of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Wilde, Shaw, Barker, Schnitzler; and in this edition there is a new essay on Strindberg. We know no better introduction to the major figures in modern European drama. (Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. \$2.00.)



The Newly Published Plays

THE ADMIRABLE CRIGHTON, QUALITY STREET, and WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie. The event of the quarter in dramatic publication has been the appearance of these first three volumes of a uniform edition of Barrie's plays. In all our dramatic libraries there has been a distressing gap where the Barrie set should have been, and we have often wondered why the texts were not made available. We welcome them with delight. In a later issue we will present, in an article of some length, an estimate of Barrie's genius as revealed in the printed plays. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each volume, \$1.00.)

COLLECTED PLAYS OF JOHN MASEFIELD. By reprinting in a single volume all the plays of Masefield which have appeared, over a period of ten years, his publishers have made a book that must take a major place in any library of modern drama. Here are four one-act plays—including the favorite *Campan Wander*—followed by *The Tragedy of Nan*, one of the finest things of its sort in the language. Included also are the full-length plays, *The Faithful* and *Pompey the Great*, and finally the one-acts, *Philip the King* and *Good Friday*. Few authors have succeeded so well as Masefield in combining true realism with imaginative and poetic elements—and in that combination, some of us believe, lies the future of drama. And so we hail this book with delight. A companion volume brings together the author's equally interesting poems. Unlike many "collected" editions, this one is excellently printed, without crowding. (New York: The Macmillan Company. Each volume, \$2.75; or \$5.00 per set.)

FIVE SOMEWHAT HISTORICAL PLAYS, by Philip Moeller. The publisher who bound these plays in lurid green boards with raw yellow labels, and then wrapped the volume in a discreet pink jacket, quite caught the mood of Philip Moeller's genius. Behind his dramatic inversions of historical episodes, with their insinuating wit and literary distinction, lies a lurid Paganism—a brilliant disregard for traditions and a gorgeous irreverence. But—like the yellow labels—here and there bits of vulgarity and insincerity add an unhealthy complexion to the brew. We felt this most in *Sisters of Susannah*, but there are traces of it in *Helena's Husband* and *Pokey*. In *The Little Supper*, a play new to us, we find the author achieving a much cleaner success—although the subject of a king doubting his mistress offers a much wider scope for vulgarity. Here Moeller has shown that an American can write a naughty comedy with detachment and a relish for the subtler human values. The other play in the volume is *The Road House in Arden*, the most imaginative and perhaps the best thing Moeller has written. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.)

THE HARLEQUINADE, by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. This play is called by its authors "an excursion"—which is perhaps as accurate a description as is possible. It contains something of fantasy—at times very tender and lovely—and something of satire on the modern theatre, more crudely imagined and expressed. And through it all runs an allegory of the history of the stage, in the adventures of gods turned Columbine, Harlequin and clown. It is all delicate and pleasing, and quite welcome in this day of too-stern realities. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.25.)

Galsworthy on Sincerity

SINCERITY in the theatre and commercial success are not necessarily, but they are generally, opposed. It is more or less a happy accident when they coincide. This grim truth cannot be blinked. Not till the heavens fall will the majority of the public demand sincerity. And all that they who care for sincerity can hope for is that the supply of sincere drama will gradually increase the demand for it—gradually lessen the majority which has no use for that disturbing quality. The burden of this struggle is on the shoulders of the dramatists. It is useless and unworthy for them to complain that the public will not stand sincerity, that they cannot get sincere plays acted, and so forth. If they have not the backbone to produce what they feel they ought to produce, without regard to what the public wants, then goodbye to progress of any kind. If they are of the crew who cannot see any good in a fight unless they know it is going to end in victory ; if they expect the millennium with every spring—they will advance nothing. Their job is to set their teeth, do their work in their own way, without thinking much about the result, and not at all about reward, except from their own consciences. Those who want sincerity will always be the few, but they may well be more numerous than now ; and to increase their number is worth a struggle. That struggle was the much-sneered-at, much-talked-of so-called "new" movement in our British drama.—*Another Sheaf.*





Design by Joseph Urban for interior
Scene in *S. Elizabeth*, as produced at
the Metropolitan Opera House.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

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*The Constant Lover**

A Comedy of Youth in One Act

By ST. JOHN HANKIN

"As of old when the world's heart was lighter."

Characters:

EVELYN RIVERS (18 or 20).

CECIL HARBURTON (25).

Before the curtain rises the orchestra will play the Woodland Music (cuckoo) from "Hansel and Gretel," and possibly some of the Greig Pastoral Music from "Peer Gynt," or some Gabriel Fauré.

SCENE: *A glade in a wood, with a great beech-tree, the branches of which overhang the stage, the brilliant sunlight filtering through them. The sky where it can be seen through the branches is a cloudless blue.*

When the curtain rises CECIL HARBURTON is discovered sitting on the ground under the tree, leaning his back against its trunk and reading a book. He wears a straw hat and the lightest of grey flannel suits. The chattering of innumerable small birds is heard while the curtain is still down, and this grows louder as it rises, and we find ourselves in the wood. Presently a wood pigeon cooes in the distance. Then a thrush begins to sing in the tree above CECIL'S head and is answered by another. After a moment CECIL looks up.

CECIL. By Jove, that's jolly! [*Listens for a moment, then returns to his book. Suddenly a cuckoo begins to call insistently. After a moment or two he looks up again.*] Cuckoo, too! Bravo! [*Again he returns to his book.*]

[*A moment later EVELYN RIVERS enters. She also wears the lightest of summer dresses, as it is a cloudless day in May. On her head is a shady straw hat. As she approaches the tree a twig snaps under her foot and CECIL looks up. He jumps to his feet, closing book, and advances to her eagerly, holding out his right hand, keeping the book in his left.*]

CECIL [*reproachfully*]. Here you are at last!

EVELYN. At last?

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are publishing this play with the double purpose of making it accessible to Little Theatres and other producing groups, and of stimulating a wider reading of St. John Hankin's plays. The text is reprinted by courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley, publisher of *The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin*, and owner of the American publication rights. All rights are reserved.

CECIL. Yes. You're awfully late. [*Looks at watch.*]

EVELYN. Am I?

CECIL. You know you are. I expected you at three.

EVELYN. Why? I never said I'd come at three. Indeed, I never *said* I'd come at all.

CECIL. No. But it's always been three.

EVELYN. Has it?

CECIL. And now it's half-past. I consider I've been cheated out of a whole half-hour.

EVELYN. I couldn't help it. Mother kept me. She wanted the roses done in the drawing-room.

CECIL. How stupid of Mrs. Rivers!

EVELYN. Mr. Harburton!

CECIL. What's the matter?

EVELYN. I don't think you *ought* to call my mother stupid.

CECIL. Why not—if she is stupid? Most parents are stupid, by the way. I've noticed it before. Mrs. Rivers ought to have thought of the roses earlier. The morning is the proper time to gather roses. Didn't you tell her that?

EVELYN. I'm afraid I couldn't very well. You see it was really I who ought to have thought of the roses! I always do them. But this morning I forgot.

CECIL. I see. [*Turning towards the tree.*] Well, sit down, now you are here. Isn't it a glorious day?

EVELYN [*hesitating*]. I don't believe I *ought* to sit down.

CECIL [*turns to her*]. Why not? There's no particular virtue about standing, is there? I hate standing. So let's sit down and be comfortable.

[*She sits, so does he. She sits on the bank under the tree, to the left of it. He sits below the bank to the right of it.*]

EVELYN. But *ought* I to be sitting here with you? That's what I mean. It's—not as if I really *knew* you, is it?

CECIL. Not *know* me?

[*The chatter of birds dies away.*]

EVELYN. Not properly—we've never even been introduced. We just met quite by chance here in the wood.

CECIL. Yes. [*Ecstatically.*] What a glorious chance!

EVELYN. Still, I'm sure mother wouldn't approve.

CECIL. And you say Mrs. Rivers isn't stupid?

EVELYN [*laughing*]. I expect most people would agree with her. Most people would say you oughtn't to have spoken to a girl you didn't know like that.

CECIL. Oh, come, I only asked my way back to the inn.

EVELYN. There was no harm in asking your way, of course. But then we began talking of other things. And then we sat down under this tree. And we've sat talking under this tree every afternoon since. And that was a week ago.

CECIL. Well, it's such an awfully jolly tree.

EVELYN. I don't know *what* mother would say if she heard of it.

CECIL. Would it be something unpleasant?

EVELYN [*ruefully*]. I'm afraid it would.

CECIL. How fortunate you don't know it then.

EVELYN [*pondering*]. Still, if I really *oughtn't* to be here. . . . Do you think I *oughtn't* to be here?

CECIL. I don't think I should go into that if I were you. Sensible people think of what they want to do, not of what they *ought* to do, otherwise they get confused. And then of course they do the wrong thing.

EVELYN. But if I do what I *oughtn't*, I generally find I'm sorry for it afterwards.

CECIL. Not half so sorry as you would have been if you hadn't done it. In this world the things one regrets are the things one hasn't done. For instance, if I hadn't spoken to you a week ago here in the wood, I should have regretted it all my life.

EVELYN. Would you? [*He nods.*] Really and truly?

CECIL [*nods*]. Really and truly.

[*He lays his hand on hers for a moment, she lets it rest there. Cuckoo calls loudly once or twice—she draws her hand away.*]

EVELYN. There's the cuckoo.

[*CECIL rises and sits on the bank by her side, leaning against tree.*]

CECIL. Yes. Isn't he jolly? Don't you love cuckoos?

EVELYN. They *are* rather nice.

CECIL. Aren't they! And such clever beggars. Most birds are fools—like most people. As soon as they're grown up they go and get married, and then the rest of their lives are spent in bringing up herds of children and wondering how on earth to pay their school-bills. Your cuckoo sees the folly of all that. No school-bills for *her*! No nursing the baby! She just flits from hedgerow to hedgerow flirting with other cuckoos. And when she lays an egg she lays it in someone else's nest, which saves all the trouble of housekeeping. Oh, a wise bird!

EVELYN [*pouting, looking away from him*]. I don't know that I *do* like cuckoos so much after all. They sound to me rather selfish.

CECIL. Yes. But so sensible! The duck's a wise bird too in her way. [*She turns to him.*] But *her* way's different from the cuckoo's. [*Matter-of-fact.*] She always *treads* on *her* eggs.

EVELYN. Clumsy creature!

CECIL. Not a bit. She does it on purpose. You see, it's much less trouble than *sitting* on them. As soon as she's laid an egg she raises one foot absent-mindedly and gives a warning quack. Whereupon the farmer rushes up, takes it away, and puts it under some wretched hen, who has to do the setting for her. I call that genius!

EVELYN. Genius!

CECIL. Yes. Genius is the infinite capacity for making other people take pains.

EVELYN. How can you say that?

CECIL. I didn't. Carlyle did.

EVELYN. I don't believe he said anything of the kind. And I don't believe ducks are clever one bit. They don't look clever.

CECIL. That's part of their cleverness. In this world if one *is* wise one should look like a fool. It puts people off their guard. That's what the duck does.

EVELYN. Well, I think ducks are horrid, and cuckoos too. And I believe most birds *like* bringing up their chickens and feeding them and looking after them.

CECIL. They do. That's the extraordinary part of it. They spend their whole lives building nests and laying eggs and hatching them. And when the chickens come out the father has to fuss round finding worms. And the nests are abominably over-crowded and the babies are perpetually squalling, and that drives the husband to the public-house, and it's all as uncomfortable as the Devil—

EVELYN. Mr. Harburton!

CECIL. Well, *I* shouldn't like it. In fact, I call it fatuous. . . .

[EVELYN is leaning forward pondering this philosophy with a slightly puckered brow—a slight pause.]

I say, *you* don't look a bit comfortable like that. Lean back against the tree. It's a first-rate tree. That's why I chose it.

EVELYN [*tries and fails*]. I can't. My hat gets in the way.

CECIL. Take it off, then.

EVELYN. I think I will. [*Does so.*] That's better.

[*Leans back luxuriously against the trunk; puts her hat down on bank beside her.*]

CECIL. Much better. [*Looks at her with frank admiration.*] By Jove, *you* do look jolly without your hat!

EVELYN. Do I?

CECIL. Yes. Your hair's such a jolly color. I noticed it the first time I saw you. You had your hat off then, you know. You were walking through the wood fanning yourself with it. And directly I caught sight of you the sun came out and simply flooded your hair with light. And there was the loveliest pink flush on your cheeks, and your eyes were soft and shining—

EVELYN [*troubled*]. Mr. Harburton, you mustn't say things to me like that.

CECIL. Mustn't I? Why not? Don't you like being told you look jolly!

EVELYN [*naïvely*]. I do *like* it, of course. But *ought* you . . . ?

CECIL [*groans*]. Oh, it's *that* again.

EVELYN. I mean it's not *right* for men to say those things to girls.

CECIL. I don't see that—if they're true. You *are* pretty and your eyes *are* soft and your cheeks—why they're flushing at this moment! [*Triumphantly.*] Why shouldn't I say it?

EVELYN. Please! . . .

[*She stops, and her eyes fill with tears.*]

CECIL [*much concerned*]. Miss Rivers, what's the matter? Why, I believe you're crying!

EVELYN [*sniffing suspiciously*]. I'm . . . not.

CECIL. You are, I can see the tears. Have I said anything to hurt you? What is it? Tell me.

[*Much concerned.*]

EVELYN [*recovering herself by an effort*]. It's nothing. Nothing really. I'm all right now. Only you won't say things to me like that again, will you? Promise.

[*Taking out handkerchief.*]

CECIL. I promise . . . if you really wish it. And now dry your eyes and let's be good children. That's what my nurse used to say when my sister and I quarreled. Shall I dry them for you?

[*Takes her handkerchief and does so tenderly. Takes away handkerchief.*]

EVELYN [*with a little gulp*]. Thank you. How absurd you are!

[*Puts it away.*]

CECIL. Thank you!

[*EVELYN moves down, sitting at the bottom of bank, a little below him.*]

EVELYN. Did you often quarrel with your sister?

CECIL. Perpetually. And my brothers. Didn't you?

EVELYN. I never had any.

CECIL. Poor little kid. You must have been rather lonely.

EVELYN [*matter-of-fact*]. There was always Reggie.

CECIL. Reggie?

EVELYN. My cousin, Reggie Townsend. He lived with us when we were children. His parents were in India.

CECIL [*matter-of-fact*]. So he used to quarrel with you instead.

EVELYN [*shocked*]. Oh no! We *never* quarreled. At least, Reggie never did. I did sometimes.

CECIL. How dull! There's no good in quarreling if people won't quarrel back.

EVELYN. I don't think there's *any good* in quarreling at all.

CECIL. Oh yes, there is. There's the making it up again.

EVELYN. Was that why you used to quarrel with your sister?

CECIL. I expect so, though I didn't know it, of course—then. I used to tease her awfully, I remember, and pull her hair. She had awfully jolly hair. Like yours—oh! I forgot, I mustn't say that. Used you to pull Reggie's hair?

EVELYN [*laughing*]. I'm afraid I did sometimes.

CECIL. I was sure of it. How long was he with you?

EVELYN. Till he went to Winchester. And of course he used to be with us in the holidays after that. And he comes to us now whenever he can get away for a few days. He's in his uncle's office in the city. He'll be a partner some day.

CECIL. Poor chap!

EVELYN. Poor chap! Mother says he's very *fortunate*.

CECIL. She would. Parents always think it very fortunate when young men have to go to an office every day. I know mine do.

EVELYN. Do you go to an office every day?

CECIL. No.

EVELYN [*with dignity*]. Then I don't think you can know much about it, can you?

CECIL [*carelessly*]. I know too much. That's why I don't go.

EVELYN. What *do* you do?

CECIL. I don't do anything. I'm at the Bar.

EVELYN. If you're at the Bar, why are you down here instead of up in London working.

CECIL. Because if I were in London I might possibly get a brief. It's not likely, but it's possible. And if I got a brief I should have to be mugging in chambers, or wrangling in a stuffy court, instead of sitting under a tree in the shade with you.

EVELYN. But ought you to waste your time like that?

CECIL [*genuinely shocked*]. Waste my time! To sit under a tree—a really nice tree like this—talking to you. You call that *wasting time*!

EVELYN. Isn't it?

CECIL. No! To sit in a frowsy office adding up figures when the sky's blue and the weather's heavenly, *that's* wasting time. The only real way in which one can waste time is not to enjoy it, to spend one's day blinking at a ledger and never notice how beautiful the world is, and how good it is to be alive. To be only making money when one might be making love, *that is* wasting time!

EVELYN. How earnestly you say that!

[*CECIL leans forward—close to her.*]

CECIL. Isn't it true?

EVELYN [*troubled*]. Perhaps it is.

[*Looks away from him.*]

CECIL. You know it is. Everyone knows it. Only people won't admit it. [*Leaning towards her and looking into her eyes.*] You know it at this moment.

EVELYN [*returning his gaze slowly*]. I think I do.

[*For a long moment they look into each other's eyes. Then he takes her two hands, draws her slowly towards him and kisses her gently on the lips.*]

CECIL. Ah!

[*Sigh of satisfaction. He releases her hands and leans back against the tree again.*]

EVELYN [*sadly*]. Oh, Mr. Harburton, you *oughtn't* to have done that!

CECIL. Why not?

EVELYN. Because. . . . [*Hesitates.*] Because you *oughtn't*. . . . Because men *oughtn't* to kiss girls.

CECIL [*scandalized*]. Oughtn't to kiss girls! What nonsense! What on earth were girls made for if not to be kissed?

EVELYN. I mean they *oughtn't*. . . . unless. . . . [*Looking away.*]

CECIL [*puzzled*]. Unless?

EVELYN [*looking down*]. Unless they *love* them.

CECIL [*relieved*]. But I *do* love you. Of course I love you. That's why I kissed you.

[*A thrush is heard calling in the distance.*]

EVELYN. Really?

[*CECIL nods. EVELYN sighs contentedly.*]

That makes it all right then.

CECIL. I should think it did. And as it's all right I may kiss you again, mayn't I?

EVELYN [*shyly*]. If you like.

CECIL. You darling! [*Takes her in his arms and kisses her long and tenderly.*] Lean your head on my shoulder, you'll find it awfully comfort-

able. [*He leans back against the tree. She does so.*] There! Is that all right?

EVELYN. Quite. [*Sigh of contentment.*]

CECIL. How pretty your hair is! I always thought your hair lovely. And it's as soft as silk. I always knew it would be like silk. [*Strokes it.*] Do you like me to stroke your hair?

EVELYN. Yes!

CECIL. Sensible girl! [*Pause; he laughs happily.*] I say, what am I to call you? Do you know, I don't even know your Christian name yet?

EVELYN. Don't you?

CECIL. No. You've never told me. What is it? Mine's Cecil.

EVELYN. Mine's Evelyn.

CECIL. Evelyn? Oh, I don't like Evelyn. It's rather a *stodgy* sort of name. I think I shall call you Eve. Does anyone else call you Eve?

EVELYN. No.

CECIL. Then I shall certainly call you Eve. After the first woman man ever loved. May I?

EVELYN. If you like,—Cecil.

CECIL. That's settled then. [*He kisses her again. Pause of utter happiness, during which he settles her head more comfortably on his shoulder, and puts his arm round her.*] Isn't it heavenly to be in love?

EVELYN. Heavenly!

CECIL. There's nothing like it in the whole world. Love is the most beautiful thing in the whole world! Say so.

EVELYN. Love is the most beautiful thing in the whole world.

CECIL. Good girl! There's a reward for saying it right. [*Kisses her. Pause of complete happiness for both.*]

EVELYN [*meditatively*]. I'm afraid Reggie won't be pleased.

[*The chatter of sparrows is heard.*]

CECIL [*indifferently*]. Won't he?

EVELYN [*shakes her head*]. No. You see, Reggie's in love with me too. He always has been in love with me, for years and years. [*Sighs.*] Poor Reggie!

CECIL. On the contrary. Happy Reggie!

EVELYN [*astonished*]. What do you mean?

CECIL. To have been in love with you years and years. *I've* only been in love with you a week. . . . I've only known you a week.

EVELYN. I'm afraid Reggie didn't look at it like that.

CECIL [*nods*]. No brains.

EVELYN. You see, I always refused *him*.

CECIL. Exactly. And he always went on loving you. What more could the silly fellow want?

EVELYN [*shyly, looking up at him*]. He *wanted* me to accept him, I suppose.

[*The bird chatter dies away.*]

CECIL. Ah! . . . Reggie ought to read Keat's "Ode to a Grecian Urn." . . . I say, what jolly eyes you've got! I noticed them the moment we met here in the wood. That was why I spoke to you.

EVELYN [*demurely*]. I thought it was to ask your way back to the inn.

CECIL. That was an excuse. I knew the way as well as you did. I'd only just come from there. But when I saw you with the sunshine on your pretty soft hair and lighting up your pretty soft eyes, I said I *must* speak to her. And I did. Are you glad I spoke to you?

EVELYN. Yes.

CECIL. Glad and glad?

EVELYN. Yes.

CECIL. Good girl! [*Leans over and kisses her cheek.*]

EVELYN. [*Sigh of contentment; sits up.*] And now we must go and tell mother.

CECIL [*with a comic groan*]. Need we?

EVELYN [*brightly*]. Of course.

CECIL [*sigh*]. Well, if *you* think so.

EVELYN [*laughing*]. You don't seem to look forward to it much.

CECIL. I don't. That's the part I always hate.

EVELYN. *Always?*

[*Starts forward and looks at him, puzzled.*]

CECIL [*quite unconsciously*]. Yes. The going to the parents and all that. Parents really are the most preposterous people. They've no feeling for *romance* whatever. You meet a girl in a wood. It's May. The sun's shining. There's not a cloud in the sky. She's adorably pretty. You fall in love. Everything heavenly! Then—why, I can't imagine—she wants you to tell her mother. Well, you do tell her mother. And her mother at once begins to ask you what your profession is, and how much you earn, and how much money you have that you don't earn—and that spoils it all.

EVELYN [*bewildered*]. But I don't understand. You talk as if you had actually done all this before.

CECIL. So I have. Lots of times.

EVELYN. Oh!

[*Jumps up from the ground and faces him, her eyes flashing with rage.*]

CECIL. I say, don't get up. It's not time to go yet. It's only four. Sit down again.

EVELYN [*struggling for words*]. Do you mean to say you've been in love with girls before? *Other* girls?

CECIL [*apparently genuinely astonished at the question*]. Of course I have.

EVELYN. And been engaged to them?

CECIL. Not engaged. I've never been engaged so far. But I've been in love over and over again. . . .

[*EVELYN stamps her foot with rage—turning away from him.*]

My dear girl, what *is* the matter? You look quite cross. [*Rises.*]

EVELYN [*furiously*]. And you're not even *ashamed* of it?

CECIL [*roused to sit up by this question.*] Ashamed of it? Ashamed of being in love? How can you say such a thing! Of course I'm not ashamed. What's the good of being alive at all if one isn't to be in love? I'm perpetually in love. In fact, I'm hardly ever out of love—with somebody.

EVELYN [*still furious*]. Then if you're in love, why don't you get engaged? A man has no business to make love to a girl and not be engaged to her. It's not right.

CECIL [*reasoning with her*]. That's the parents' fault. I told you parents were preposterous people. They won't allow me to get engaged.

EVELYN. Why not?

CECIL. Oh, for different reasons. They say I'm not *serious* enough. Or that I don't work enough. Or that I haven't got enough money. Or else they simply say they "don't think I'm fitted to make their daughter happy." Anyhow, they won't sanction an engagement. They all agree about *that*. Your mother would be just the same. . . .

[*Impatient exclamation from EVELYN.*]

I don't blame her. I don't say she's not right. I don't say they haven't all been right. In fact, I believe they *have* been right. I'm not explaining how it is.

EVELYN [*savagely*]. I see how it is. You don't really want to be married.

CECIL. Of course I don't *want* to be married. Nobody does unless he's perfectly idiotic. One wants to be in love. Being in love's splendid. And I dare say being engaged isn't bad—though I've had no experience of that so far. But being married must be simply hateful.

EVELYN [*boiling with rage*]. Nonsense! How can it be hateful to be married if it's splendid to be in love?

[*The cuckoo is heard.*]

CECIL. Have you forgotten the cuckoo?

EVELYN. Oh!!!

CECIL. No ties, no responsibilities, no ghastly little villa with children bellowing in the nursery. Just life in the open hedgerow. Life and love. Happy cuckoo!

EVELYN [*furious*]. I think cuckoos detestable. They're mean, horrid, *disgusting* birds.

CECIL. No. No. I can't have you abusing cuckoos. They're particular friends of mine. In fact, I'm a sort of cuckoo myself.

EVELYN [*turning on him*]. Oh, I hate you! I hate you! [*Stamps her foot.*]

CECIL [*with quiet conviction*]. You don't.

EVELYN. I do!

CECIL [*shaking his head*]. You don't. [*Quite gravely.*] One never really hates the people one has once loved.

[*He looks into her eyes. For a moment or two she returns his gaze fiercely. Then her eyes fall and they fill with tears.*]

EVELYN [*half crying*]. How horrid you are to say that!

CECIL. Why?

EVELYN. Because it's true, I suppose. Oh, I'm so unhappy! [*Begins to cry.*]

CECIL [*genuinely distressed*]. Eve! You're crying. You mustn't do that. I can't bear seeing people cry. [*Lays hand on her shoulder.*]

EVELYN [*shaking it off*]. Don't. I can't bear you to touch me. After falling in love with one girl after another like that. When I thought you were only in love with me.

CECIL. So I am only in love with you—now.

EVELYN [*tearfully*]. But I thought you'd never been in love with any one else. And I let you call me Eve because you said she was the first woman man ever loved.

CECIL. But I never said she was the only one, did I? [*Argumentatively.*] And one can't *help* being in love with people when one *is* in love, can one? I couldn't *help* falling in love with you, for instance, the moment I saw you. You looked simply splendid. It was such a splendid day too. *Of course* I fell in love with you.

EVELYN [*slightly appeased by this compliment, drying her eyes*]. But you seem to fall in love with such a lot of people.

CECIL. I do. [*Mischievously.*] But ought *you* to throw stones at me? After all, being in love with more than one person is no worse than having more than one person in love with you. How about Reggie?

EVELYN. Reggie?

[*The sparrows' chatter starts again.*]

CECIL [*nods*]. Reggie's in love with you, isn't he? So am I. And both at once too! I'm only in love with one person at a time.

EVELYN [*rebelliously*]. I can't help Reggie being in love with me.

CECIL. And I can't help *my* being in love with you. That's just my point. I knew you'd see it.

EVELYN. I don't see it at all. Reggie is quite different from you. Reggie's love is true and constant. . . .

CECIL. Well, I'm a *constant* lover if you come to that.

EVELYN. You aren't. You know you aren't.

CECIL. Yes, I am. A constant lover is a lover who is constantly in love.

EVELYN. Only with the same person.

CECIL. It doesn't say so. It only says constant.

EVELYN [*half-laughing*]. How ridiculous you are! [*Turns away.*]

CECIL [*sigh of relief*]. That's right. Now you're good-tempered again.

EVELYN. I'm not.

CECIL. What a story!

EVELYN. I'm not. I'm very, *very* angry.

CECIL. That's impossible. You can't possibly be angry and laugh at the same time, can you? No one can. And you *did* laugh. You're doing it now.

[*She does so unwillingly.*]

So don't let's quarrel any more. It's absurd to quarrel on such a fine day, isn't it? Let's make it up, and be lovers again.

[*The sparrows' chatter dies away.*]

EVELYN [*shaking her head*]. No.

CECIL. Please!

EVELYN [*shaking her head*]. No.

CECIL. Well, you're very foolish. Love isn't a thing to throw away. It's too precious for that. Love is the most beautiful thing in the whole world. You said so yourself not ten minutes ago.

EVELYN. I didn't. You said it. [*Looking down.*]

CECIL. But you said it after me. [*Gently and gravely.*] Eve, dear, don't be silly. Let's be in love while we can. Youth is the time to be in love, isn't it? Soon you and I will be dull and stupid and midd'e-aged like all the other tedious people. And then it will be too late. Youth passes so quickly. Don't let's waste a second of it. They say the May-fly only lives for one day. He is born in the morn'ing. All the afternoon he flutters over the river in the sunshine, dodging the trout and flirting with other May-flies. And at

evening he dies. Think of the poor May-fly who happens to be born on a wet day! The tragedy of it!

EVELYN [*softly*]. Poor May-fly.

CECIL. There! You're sorry for the May-fly, you see. You're only angry with me.

EVELYN. Because you're not a May-fly.

CECIL. Yes, I am. A sort of May-fly.

EVELYN [*with a suspicion of tears in her voice*]. You aren't. How can you be? Besides, you said you were a cuckoo just now.

CECIL. I suppose I'm a cuckoo-May-fly. For I *hate* wet days. And if you're going to cry again, it might just as well be wet, mightn't it? So do dry your eyes like a good girl. Let me do it for you. [*Does it with her handkerchief.*] . . .

[*She laughs ruefully.*]

There, that's better. And now we're going to be good children again, aren't we?

EVELYN [*giving in*]. Yes.

CECIL [*holding out his hand*]. And you'll kiss me and be friends?

EVELYN. We'll be friends, of course. [*Sadly.*] But you must never kiss me again.

CECIL. What a shame! Why not?

EVELYN. Because you mustn't.

CECIL [*cheerfully*]. Well, you'll sit down again anyhow, won't you?—just to show we've made it up. [*Moves toward tree.*]

EVELYN [*shakes head*]. No.

CECIL [*disappointed; turns*]. Ah! . . . Then you haven't really made it up.

EVELYN. Yes, I have. [*Picks up her hat.*] But I must go now. Reggie's coming down by the five o'clock train, and I want to be at the station to meet him. [*Holds out her hand*]. Good-bye, Mr. Harburton.

CECIL [*taking her hand*]. Eve! You're going to accept Reggie. [*Pause.*]

EVELYN [*half to herself*]. I wonder.

CECIL. And he'll have to tell your mother?

EVELYN. Of course.

CECIL [*drops her hand*]. Poor Reggie! So *his* romance ends too!

EVELYN. It won't. If I marry Reggie I shall make him very happy.

CECIL. Very likely. Marriage may be happiness, but I'm hanged if it's romance!

EVELYN. Oh!

[*Exclamation of impatience. She turns away and exits. CECIL watches her departure with a smile, half-amused, half-pained, till she is long out of sight. Then with half a sigh he turns back to his tree.*]

CECIL [*reseating himself*]. Poor Reggie!

[*Reopens his book and settles himself to read again. A cuckoo hoots loudly from a distant thicket and is answered by another. CECIL looks up from his book to listen as the curtain falls.*]

CURTAIN.

The Plays of St. John Hankin

By MARION TUCKER

FROM the time of the Elizabethan dramatists almost up to the present, that is, between 1640 and 1890, scarcely a dozen plays were produced in England that "possessed the saving grace of style." These dozen form a permanent contribution both to literature and to the stage. The thousands of others written within the same period are now neither acted nor generally read. Such has been the disastrous result of the divorce between the "drama" and "literature." Within the past quarter-century, however, half a dozen men in England have written, and have successfully produced upon the stage, plays that unite the two after their separation of almost three centuries. Of this small group St. John Hankin is one of the most significant and interesting figures. His plays are becoming recognized as the work of a highly original and gifted dramatist, who was an artist in the strict sense; that is, one who did a thing worth doing and did it well, and who always worked within his own limitations and the limitations of his art.

Within the seven years before his death, in 1909, Hankin wrote the five full-length and two one-act comedies of manners that form his "theatre." Of these *The Cassilis Engagement* is the best known, and is perhaps the best "acting" play; but *The Last of the DeMullins* is more thoughtful; and *The Charity that Began at Home* is superior in humor and subtle satire. Of his two one-act plays, *The Constant Lover*, reprinted in the present issue of this magazine, is as airy, polished, and altogether delightful a trifle as may be found in recent drama in English.

Hankin knew the life of the country houses of Dorset and Leicestershire as Wilde knew his London drawing-rooms, and, except in the case of his *Two Mr. Wetherbys*, found there his *milieu* and his characters. He thus states his method: "I select an episode in the life of one of my characters or a group of characters, when something of importance to their future has to be decided, and I ring up my curtain. Having shown how it was decided, and why it was so decided, I ring it down again. The episode is over, and with it the play. The end is 'inconclusive' in that it proves nothing. Why should it?" Yet for all this, Hankin is a dramatist of ideas. Each of his plays embodies one, never obtruded, but worked out inevitably through the action. He has only a circumscribed vision of life, but he sees

life clearly, uses his reason upon it, and exposes its mistakes, follies, and shams all the more convincingly in that he never sets up a thesis or points a moral. His *dramatis personæ* are not puppets but real persons, living their own proper lives. If they do not attain that absolute life born only of the great dramatist, if they fail to show us anything new or startling in human nature, they are yet real enough for us to come upon them with the pleasure of recognition. Perhaps Mrs. Eversleigh, Lady Remenham, and their like, come dangerously near to being "the embodiment of a single trait" (like Wilde's Lady Bracknell, *et al.*), but even they have within them the germs of character; while Janet DeMullin, Ethel Borridge, Eustace Jackson, and many others, have the solid and rounded substance of three dimensions; and, to show what Hankin could attain at his best, there is that absolute and perfect creation, Mrs. Jackson. It is to be noted that this same Mrs. Jackson is born of a real tenderness only too unusual in Hankin's treatment of character. In this very lack of moving passion, even of legitimate sentiment, lies one of his sharply defined limitations. Even such scenes of tempered sentiment as that between Ethel and Geoffrey in Act III of *The Cassilis Engagement* are rare in his work. And it must be admitted, also, that in general his people lack great emotions of any kind that might enable them to dominate their environment—for Janet DeMullin is a signal exception.

But Hankin's dialogue may be praised unreservedly. It is as far removed from the unnatural "literary" speech of much of the drama of even his own period as it is from the diffuse, aimless, disjointed speech of real life. It is what the dialogue of the realistic play should be: the talk of real life condensed, clarified, rendered pregnant, pointed, and significant. Such speech is not nature, but it sounds natural; it is not life—it is art. The subtle humor of his dialogue, at times its clear-cut decision and force, are quite unsurpassed in modern English comedy. It is witty, too, in season, but not with the wit of mere paradox or perverted maxim, irrespective of character or occasion. A trace of Wilde may be found in Lady Farringford in *The Return of the Prodigal*, but this method was afterwards abandoned for a wit less striking, perhaps, but of finer art, a wit reduced to its proper place in the dialogue, and blending with the other elements to give the effect of utter sincerity and naturalness.

Perhaps Hankin was inferior to Wilde in a "sense for the theatre," for climaxes, for "curtains," and so forth. Or perhaps his more sincere art refused to sacrifice truth to mere theatricalism.

Certainly he rejected worn-out stage conventions. His plays in general lack the momentum that makes one eager to know what will happen next, and his "curtains" are, as a rule, almost too quiet for mere theatrical effect. Yet he was capable of devising as strong a curtain as may be found in modern English comedy: e. g., the close of Act I of *The Cassilis Engagement*; and, for the quintessence of high comedy in its most dramatic moments, the climaxes in the third act of this same play and of *The Charity that Began at Home* take their place with the "screen scene" of *The School for Scandal* and with the best of Wilde.

"It is the dramatist's business to represent life, not to argue about it," says Hankin. Well, he does not indeed argue about it, but neither does he represent it; he does far more: he recreates it in terms of his own personality. The drama may be, as is often asserted, the most objective of the arts, but if it indeed be an art, it must bear the stamp of the artist's personality. Hankin's very sincerity—his finest quality—compels him to show his own conception of life. Surely this is more than mere representation, more than holding the mirror up to nature, as do the camera and the talking-machine; it is genuine creation. He gives his characters certain qualities, and they work out their own salvation. Their own traits have moulded the action of the play, and the end must be the logical outcome of that action. Except in the case of *The Two Mr. Wetherbys* Hankin makes no concession to false sentiment. His endings are not unpleasant, ugly, or painful, for they are true comedy; but they are relentless in their logic. His persons—and they are, remember, in the main, very real persons—could not have acted otherwise, their stories could have come to no other end, except by a violation of their own personalities. If all this is to Hankin's credit as an artist, it no less helps to explain his failure so far to please the taste of the average playgoer, who demands of the theatre distorted character, false sentiment, utter negation of logic, insincerity, and claptrap.

Hankin's plays are rather a promise than a fulfilment. Better plays, perhaps, even of their kind, may come in time. But in these subtle, sincere and highly finished comedies we have at least that union between the drama and good style which the English stage has lacked for centuries. They act well, and they read well, for they are beautifully written; and, for all their limitations, they seem about as sure of a permanent place in dramatic literature as any body of plays of their generation.

Notes on the Endowed Theatre

Extracts from the Essays of ST. JOHN HANKIN

THERE is only one weak point about the intellectual drama as at present supplied to London. *It does not pay.* It is immensely praised. Cultured people talk about it, write about it, discuss it. Banquets are given in its honour. But nobody buys any seats. . . . And if the cultured playgoer will not support the cultured drama in the only practical way, namely, by paying at the door, how is the cultured theatre to get along?

Commonplace people will say it must be contented not to get along. If cultured people will not pay for their pleasures like uncultured people, they must go without them. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. If people want a thing they must pay for it. And so on. But this sort of proverbial philosophy is hopelessly antiquated. Nowadays we know that if a man does not eat, he cannot possibly be expected to have the energy to work, and therefore, the first thing to be done is to feed the brute. While all really modern social legislation goes on the assumption that people must be supplied with the necessities and the amenities of civilized existence, whether they can pay for them or not. Picture galleries, bands in the park, parks for the bands, free breakfasts before education, free luncheon after education, free education in between—obviously the step from this to free performances of Ibsen's plays, and Mr. Barker's plays, and my plays, and Mr. Galsworthy's plays, is a short one. . . .

Even at an endowed theatre the fate of a play will depend in the end on the verdict of the public, but here it will be on the public's deliberate and considered judgment, not upon its momentary whim. The endowed theatre puts up a play for a few performances. It is not necessary that it should create an immediate *furor* and fill the theatre for a year. All that is required is that it should have a success with the more critical public who form its early audiences. If they like it, the piece goes into the general repertoire and is revived from time to time as that critical approval spreads to wider circles and the demand for further performances makes itself heard among the general public. This is the only way in which the best work ever can succeed on the stage. . . .

If we are not to get an endowment for the theatre out of the Government, there remains the possibility of getting one from some one or more rich men, and this, I own, seems to me more

likely. Indeed, it is a standing source of wonder to me that such a theatre has not been started already. It would be such a very much more interesting hobby than most of those on which millionaires seem to lavish their money at present. . . . The number of wealthy men who have ruined themselves and their friends over keeping racehorses is prodigious. People will finance air-ships and polar excursions and new religions. There is nothing too fatuous or too dull, apparently, for millionaires to spend their money on. The one thing to which it never occurs to them to open their purses is the drama. . . .

I confess I cannot understand it. For, considered merely as a game, the running of a repertory theatre in London (if you did not want to make money out of it) would be enthralling. There is a special and peculiar excitement about being present at the production of a play with which you are connected, whether as author or manager, or merely as "backer" or "patron," which can hardly be exaggerated. The glamour of the enterprise, its extreme flukiness, the utter impossibility of telling, even from the final rehearsal, whether a play will succeed or fail with an audience give it a fascination not to be found in any other branch of sport. . . .

The danger of this utter brainlessness of the theatre of to-day is that educated people will stop going to it altogether from sheer boredom. They will not consent to spend their money and endure fatigue in order to see the old situation indifferently handled in the same old way by playwrights who quite obviously despise both their work and their audiences. That is why it is so unwise of the managers not to support the idea of a national theatre. . . .

The managerial policy should be to support everything which promotes interest in the drama or attracts new classes of playgoers in the theatre. The fools will go to the theatre in any circumstances. The problem is to attract the clever people. And though the plays which an endowed theatre would foster would not be the kind of plays which, at present at least, it would pay the ordinary manager to produce, they would undoubtedly create an interest in the theatre in a class which at present never darkens its doors.



The Exhibition of American Stage Designs at the Bourgeois Galleries

PREFATORY NOTE

IT WAS more than a year ago that a few people interested in the so-called "new movement in the theatre" met in New York to formulate plans for an exhibition of models, sketches and photographs of stage settings. They felt that it would be of interest to the public, and of service to the artists concerned, to show comprehensively the progress of modern stagecraft in this country. After many delays their plans have matured in the exhibition of stage designs being held at the Bourgeois Galleries during April.

Most of the earlier stagecraft exhibitions in America had been devoted largely to the European revolutionaries—to Craig, Appia, Bakst and the Germans—with only a few anæmic imitations to show that Americans were interested; or else the shows were one-man affairs. But by the middle of last season, with Rollo Peters, John Wenger, Lee Simonson, and Maxwell Armfield meriting recognition with the three pioneers in New York, and with the names of Sam Hume, Raymond Johnson, Hermann Rosse and Norman-Bel Geddes coming insistently out of the West, the time seemed ripe for showing graphically and collectively what had been accomplished. The present exhibition includes, without serious exception, designs by every artist who has contributed either extensively or with noteworthy talent to the current of the new staging in America.

In connection with the exhibition it was suggested that each artist prepare a brief statement, outlining his attitude toward the stage or his belief about the future of theatre art. These statements, together with Kenneth Macgowan's interpretative essay, occupy the following thirty pages, and are appearing both in the official exhibition catalogue and in *Theatre Arts Magazine*.

The committee which has arranged the exhibition is composed of Helen Freeman, Kenneth Macgowan and Sheldon Cheney. Two of the original members, Lee Simonson and H. K. Moderwell, resigned when they were called away from New York last summer. The committee has consulted continually with Mr. Stephan Bourgeois, and it has had occasional meetings with those stage designers who are resident in New York. With this aid it has prepared an exhibition which is probably as representative and as complete as is possible when an art is young.

S. C.

The New Path of the Theatre

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

ARE we to emerge from the war into a new theatre? Are we to harvest in the playhouse, as we are harvesting in other fields of art, the rich seedings of Europe many years neglected? Will we find ourselves in that theatre of beauty and expressiveness towards which Russia and Germany and in less degree France and England were moving in 1914?

One thing is certain: if we go anywhere, we shall go far. If we take steps to reorganize our theatrical machine, to make it sensitive and yet strong, self-reliant and self-expressive, we can create theatrical art of a rare fulness. For we build upon a full and alive past. We build upon a past that is only yesterday and yet—by the intervention of the war—has taken on many of the rounded and summed-up qualities of tradition. More, we are building on an international past in the theatre, even as we are building towards an international future in affairs of state.

Behind the modern art of stage production loom two immense figures of theory—Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia. Craig, an Englishman writing in English, gave us the great outlines of inspiration, filled in with the brilliant and provocative art of his pencil. Appia, an Italian-Swiss writing in French, supplied an abstract philosophy and a concrete method. Two nations—Germany and Russia—took up the task of realizing these ideas and prescriptions. Through state and city theatres, through group playhouses, where study, experiment and thoughtful accomplishment were not impossible, modern theatrical art rounded from theories into—productions. From Germany rose the fame of Max Reinhardt, obscuring for us the splendid work of a dozen other producers like Schlenter, Linnebach, Hagemann. From Russia came the ballet of Bakst obscuring only less completely the theatre of Stanislawski. In Ireland, the Abbey theatre opened its eyes to the vision. Barker saw in London, and minor men and playhouses in the English provinces. Rouché, of the Théâtre des Arts, showed Paris that which made him director of the Opéra for the fated fall of 1914. And in France occurred that most remarkable birth of a literally new theatre, the Vieux Colombier of the critic-player Jacques Copeau. At this point, the Great War wrote “finis”. Russia under the Soviets has reopened the scroll. America under the Shuberts may yet write upon it.

Without the theories, progress for them or progress for us would have been impossible. Without their accomplishment, progress for us would be only a thing to dream of. For under the Shuberts—which is only an impolite and impolitic way of saying under the Broadway system of piecemeal production—America could never study, experiment and accomplish as the old world did in those German and Russian producing theatres where groups of artists worked constantly together. Fortunately that work has been done for us. Of course we need more experiment, and we need and are getting the theatres where that is possible; yet, now that we have models to work from, even our Broadway system can reproduce and to some extent develop the types of production given us by the recent and international past before the war. It had even begun to do so while Europe fought.

Indeed, America is at the point where criticism should begin to take the place of indiscriminate enthusiasm. The exhibition of sketches and models at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York and the essays by native stage artists to which this is, in a certain sense, an introduction, demonstrate how far things have already moved. We need not fear to injure our cause by criticism. We are more likely now to kill it with kindness. There was a time when the faintest buds of the footlights had to be nourished with applause. We hailed much extremely bad work. Perhaps it was because we craved excitation and the bizarre, as relief from drab emotions. Perhaps it was because we knew that even from such beginnings the good art could spring—certainly better and more easily than from the old. It was thus that we applauded much work of the worst Washington Square Players sort. The old was so bad that we accepted an even worse version of the new. Now we must criticize.

We must appreciate the potentialities of the stage. That was what the old school didn't do. And that is what some of the new schools also are failing to do when they cling to the old theatricalism, to the old arbitrary four walls of canvas, the forced marriage of pretence and extravagance. We have fought realism. We have berated Belasco. But our fight should go further back—and further forward. Realism can emerge into the expressiveness of the new art. Behind realism lies the greater enemy, the enemy that realism and its Forty-fourth Street high priest fought with us,—yes, before us. That enemy is theatricalism. It is the dead-alive theatre of the last century, where the meagre materials of side walls, wings, and backdrop, were accepted as can-

vasses for the smearing of bad color and worse perspective into a "play-actory" pretence at a marvelous reality. The thing was never life. It was never poetry. It was never emotion. It was a routine rule-of-thumb fake. And in America it still lives.

Two men set themselves to demolish this thing. They were Otto Brahms and David Belasco. They produced actuality. Admirers of the Berlin producer called it naturalism. And it was this light that Reinhardt and Stanislawski first followed. These men made actual rooms and plausible exteriors. A great mass of engineering mechanism, new lights, new stages, new skies, were invented in the process of getting rid of the old fake, and putting realism in its place. The two-dimensional perspective of the easel painter was banished from the three-dimensional theatre. The footlights and the borderlights of the picture-frame stage were left to the picture gallery in all their blank staring glare.

Æsthetics, like life, do not come in water-tight compartments. There is evolution. Now it is quite possible to argue that the old theatricalism was always striving to be real, and that hard, intelligent work pushed it over into naturalism. Certainly naturalism, as Reinhardt and Stanislawski practiced it, drifted over into the high expressiveness of the new art. There was a time when Reinhardt produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in a forest of real papier-mâché trees. Stanislawski made a Gorki of utter and gutter reality. But they had only to try to add beauty and meaning to their productions in order to be forced, like all the great artists of the world, into a refinement, a selection and an interpretation which is best expressed through the rather awkward term-*abstraction*. The old theatre of theatricalism had tried to reach a vivid and picturesque reality through certain rule-of-thumb abstractions which cribbed, cabined, confined and defeated the purpose. The newer theatre tries to reach beauty and meaning, to win to a vivid expressiveness of the play, through spiritual abstractions. In the old days stretched canvases, painted with pictures of leaves and branches, tried to look like a forest. In the days of realism, actual, modelled, three-dimensional forms of trees did indeed look not unlike an inferior sort of forest. In the third period, however, that same canvas of the old days, treated frankly as cloth, and either hung in loose tree-like shapes or painted with symbols of nature and draped like the curtain it actually is, becomes an abstraction of a forest, full of all the suggestive beauty of which the artist in colors, shapes and lights is capable.

In spite of the natural process of development from realism to this art of abstraction, there is such an essential break with the stiff and limited art of the past, that there has come a promise of as great a break with the physical theatre itself. This is the place, however, for only a hint at the reconstruction of stage and auditorium which may make a theatre as different from the present hall and niched platform as that theatre was different from the open-air cockpit of the Elizabethans and the amphitheatre of the Greeks.

The evolution which kept those utterly different theatres still The Theatre, and which brings the modern art of production out of the theatricals of Garrick and Kean, also brings compromises and "sportings back." These must not confuse us. As we gain a single definite conception of the new art, we must begin to see the falsities that have crept into it. We must see and recognize, for example, the limitations of Bakst and much of the Russian method. We must note that this artist has been content with the old mechanics and methods of theatricalism. He has taken the great canvas drop and the open side wings, and he has simply sublimated them with color. He still paints perspectives on the drop, but he flings out columns and stairs and vistas with such verve, and colors them with such spectacular genius that they take on a spiritual life that triumphs over technical limitations. Bakst is a glorious compromise.

And there are many compromises that must be met and, perhaps, accepted. Banishing perspective utterly only ties us down to a setting no larger in its appearance than the actual stage. Should we then compromise by the use of set-pieces showing distant silhouettes of cities and mountains against the sky, so distant in fact as to defeat the difficulties in perspective? Or will we find a more consistent solution in symbolic representation, which turns the whole actual stage into a place without physical limitations? Similarly, shall we attempt the blue ether of the sky by that remarkable combination, electric light and plaster dome, or shall we turn the sky, too, into a symbolic and decorative thing—canvas daubed and speckled with pleasing hues?

Besides falsities that should be banned and compromises that may be accepted, there are many varieties of style and method possible in the new art. One artist—Joseph Urban, for instance—may practice an enriched and meaningful realism in *Le Prophète*, a decorative method in *Don Giovanni*, and an absolute abstraction in the "realistic" *Nju*, or he may run from realism to abstraction and symbolism in a single opera such as

St. Elizabeth. We may have our preferences. I am personally all for the abstraction. But we must recognize the breadth of the new movement and we must see that the essential test is the effect of the particular production on the expressiveness of the play itself.

But behind all such conflicts and compromises and differences of method, there remain a few basic ideas and basic methods, without which we cannot have the beauty and the expressiveness of the modern stage art. They are simplification, suggestion, and synthesis.

Simplification is the test in almost all great art. Simplification of effect always; simplification of means generally. On the stage, simplification of both effect and means are essential, because the scenery is not the only thing to be seen. Stage architecture is not architecture alone, or stage picture merely stage picture. The setting is the medium for the actor. And it is essential that he shall be properly seen. It is essential that he shall be properly set off by his background and properly fused in it. He must mean more because of the setting, not less. The case against the old setting, both the theatrical setting and the Belasco setting, is that either its garishness or its detail tends to hide the actor. On the stage we must have simplification for art's sake. But we must have it even more for the sake of the actor—and therefore of the play.

The complement to simplification is suggestion. Simplify as much as you please; you only make it the more possible to suggest a wealth of spiritual and æsthetic qualities. A single Saracenic arch can do more than a half dozen to summon the passionate background of Spanish *Don Juan*. One candlestick can carry the whole spirit of the baroque *La Tosca*. On the basis of simplification, the artist can build up by suggestion a host of effects that crude and elaborate reproduction would only thrust between the audience and the actor and the play. The artist can suggest either the naturalistic or the abstract, either reality or an idea and an emotion.

Finally, the quality above all in modern stage production is synthesis. For modern stage art, in spite of all the easel artists who may care to practice the painting of scenery, is a complex and rhythmic fusion of setting, lights, actors and play. There must be consistency in each of these, consistency of a single kind or consistency that has the quality of progression in it. And there must be such consistency among them all. Half the portrait, half the landscape, cannot be in Whistler's style and

the other half in Zuloaga's. The creation of a mood expressive of the play is, after all, the final purpose in production. It can no more be a jumble of odds and ends than can the play itself.

The achievement of this synthesized suggestion of a play's simple, essential qualities has been sought by the great theorists in very different ways. Gordon Craig would get it mainly by design, backed by color. Adolphe Appia fuses his drama in light. Jacques Copeau, whose beliefs and whose work must take a high place in the record of theatrical progress, achieves the play through restriction of means and the re-creation of every element from the theatre building to the actor at each production.

I think a single scene of a play produced by two Americans—and a modern, realistic play, at that—can be taken as an example of the working out of the three fundamentals in a fused whole. It is the opening scene of a failure produced by Arthur Hopkins a few years ago, *The Devil's Garden*. The opening of the play showed a postal clerk hauled up for examination on charges in the room of a member of that bureaucracy, the British general post office. The setting was shallow, perhaps ten feet deep. At each end was a door set in a square wall. The wall between was without opening, and its only decoration was a buff-toned map. Three chairs and one desk. And some actors. Simplification.

But that simple room fairly breathed bureaucracy, the thing that was about to grip the clerk. Its walls were a dull gray; its door casings, map frame, narrow wainscoating and furniture were black—the same gray and black of the morning clothes of the officials. These tones and these people made a well-composed harmonious picture, but it was a picture instinct with formality. The colors, the proportions, the map—all simple suggestions of the reality that ruled the whole great invisible building behind.

For synthesis, there was not only the consistency of this gray and black duotone and its restrained lighting. There was the handling of furniture and people—the stage direction. The desk and chairs were precisely and formally square with the square walls. The people entered from the end doors, moved squarely and formally up to each other, face to face, precise. It was a machine, the machine of government property. That scene, as designed by Robert E. Jones and directed by Arthur Hopkins, was a perfect piece of realism, and a perfect piece of abstraction besides. It showed the possibilities of the new art for the

drama of to-day as well as for the colorful and imaginative sort of play for which so many of us are hoping and for which alone so many imagine the new stage art is fitted.

America has its artists, it even has a producer or two, that see this exacting yet catholic new art aright. It is beginning to have an audience, and it must cultivate critics. We are through with imitation. Europe has taught us; we must now practice and create. We are past the Craig period when theories and rather extravagant sketches had their justification in the inspiration they gave. Now is the time for practicality, revolutionary practicality, and for accomplishment and triumph.



The Necessary Illusion

By LEE SIMONSON

THE illusion of being not at the play but in the domain of the play itself, is the essential illusion which the theatre must give. Without it no vicarious experience is possible, that purgation of our emotions, more often romantic than tragic, which is the ultimate and permanent satisfaction that any dramatic spectacle bestows. I find myself a designer of scenery, because, even as a spectator, the forms in which the players move, and the very light they move through, are as essential in maintaining this fundamental illusion of the theatre as their impersonations or the words of the play itself. Bernhardt declaiming Hecuba in front of potted palms, remains, for me, simply Bernhardt declaiming, however beautifully.

At any of the traditional performances of Wagner's *Ring*, I have merely listened to a score, for I was at the dreariest corner of the Palisades. At any moment the sign "Choice Lots for Sale" might gleam through the tree trunks, and the clang of a hidden trolley drown the dirge of the Rhine Maidens. Never for a moment was I where the music bade me be—at the beginning of the world watching Gods decree their doom and shape the destiny of men. Let Mélisande wander under the unrelenting glare of electric light, against huge chromolithographs of an American public park in the year 1850, and her cry "*Je ne suis pas heureuse*" is the ludicrous bleat of a silly child, and the cadences of Debussy the merest gibberish. But let me see her, as I did more recently, among the cavernous rooms and the gaunt terraces of a king's dwelling, as visibly strange and as foreboding as Copeau made it, and her terror becomes mine and her cry the voice of my most inarticulate sorrow.

Stating it as a doctrine, one might say that quality of a background determines one's emotional reaction to anything that happens in front of it. As such it may seem hyper-aesthetic; yet it is a doctrine we acknowledge daily by the importance we attach to creating appropriate backgrounds everywhere—parks and gardens to idle in, houses to live in, churches to worship in, tombs to lie in. And we try, however fitfully or unsuccessfully, to give them some design or some beauty relevant to the experience they are supposed to shelter. And yet this same public that will save their lovemaking for the prettiest lane, or forget guide books, rapt, in the nave of an alien cathedral, will, once

within the theatre, accept the most cherished love scenes and romantic deaths, amid surroundings they would not consider worth printing on a picture postcard, or which would outrage them at the funeral of a friend.

To destroy this strange dualism, this indifference to visual beauty that the theatre seems to breed in most actors and producers, as well as in their spectators, is, I think, the fundamental problem of the scene designer. For the present danger is that the so-called "modern scenery" will be accepted, but never craved—that it will remain a luxurious extra, a dressing-up of the play, and applauded as another tradition of the theatre, and in the end matter no more than whether the costumes of the chorus of *Listen Lucy* are green with black spangles or pink with yellow plumes.

The Mission of the Stage Setting

By JOHN WENGER

THE scenic setting has a distinct mission in theatrical life — and but one mission. That is so to express the purpose, the spirit, the symbolism of the play as to enhance and intensify its character.

At a local theatre recently the audience gave vent to prolonged applause as the curtain rose, revealing the stage setting. Apparently complimentary to the scenic designer; and so it was—before the action of the play began.

As soon as the business of the story commenced and the psychology of the drama entered into the consciousnesses of the auditors, they felt vaguely uncomfortable. Most of them were unable to analyze their irritation. The student of stagecraft sensed the trouble immediately. The setting didn't belong. It clashed. As a work apart it was exquisitely done, and merited the applause it received. As the background for the drama which it was intended to serve, it failed.

So to harmonize with the play, so to correspond with, and intensify, if possible, the underlying motif expressed by it, so to merge itself with the spirit and purpose of the play that it calls forth of itself no recognition beyond the subconscious appreciation of its absorption into the play itself—that is the purpose of the stage setting.

The theatre of yesterday demanded — and still demands, for the modern playhouse is a lone gladiator battling against the host of hoary though hard-dying discouragers of change — that the stage setting represent realism.

It insisted upon realism because it had little, if any, respect for the thought processes of the average audience. What's the set, a barn-door? Then where are the nails? How in the name of Thespis will the audience recognize the set as a barn-door unless you paint in the nails, the hinges and the door-latch? Thus reasoned the theatre owner of yesteryear.

He also insisted upon drabs. A dull gray or a muddy brown were his favorite colors. They were the only practical tones to use. Else how could one distinguish the actors? "Tone down your colors," the stage designer was warned, with the result that the freshly installed setting resembled a choice section of Canarsie real estate after the February thaw. It was toned down, all right. It was so toned down that it toned down the spirits of the audience, the receipts in the box office, and the spark of ambi-

tion still faintly discernible in the hearts of the few visionaries who dreamed of the day when life on the stage might express itself in the materials nature offers.

For nature is not drab. Nature is gorgeous in color, and color on the stage is one of the three essentials which the mind demands. The other two are action and sound.

Give the setting all the brilliance the motif of the play, or opera, demands. No fear that the players won't be seen. They move. The moving object is always more conspicuous than the background, no matter how skilfully the colors blend. Then there is contrasting color. Harmonious contrasts add vigor and beauty to the stage picture.

The background should contain movement. Life is not static. It is fluid. The stage setting should tend towards that elusiveness in life found in the rainbow, in the play of shifting lights and shadows.

Imbue the stage setting with poetry. Give it an imaginative quality. Let it absorb within it a fluidity, an elusiveness that stimulates the mind. The stage setting that stifles individual interpretation by driving nails into the barn-door is a failure, in that it fails to preserve the essential illusion of the theatre.



Artificiality and Reality in the Future Theatre

By HERMANN ROSSE

IF THE plastic arts mean anything they mean an artificial reality, an interpretation of life in another medium in an attempt to clarify life itself. A prediction as to the future of the plastic arts of the theatre, to me, resolves itself into an application of this crucial test: do they, or do they not, help our cosmic understanding?

Beauty of form helps us in this way, and that supreme beauty which comes with geometrical perfection, be it in plane or solid. And so does beauty of color even more readily, as its appeal is so much more easily understood.

Part of the appeal of the theatre is structural reality, and part is art for art's sake, illusion. Where we find the modern theatre lacking is in the poverty of structural beauty in auditorium and stage, and in the overemphasizing of the technical side of the purely artistic beauty of the scene. There are plays now—and it is safe to predict that there will be more soon—for which the pure structural beauty of unadorned building will be very sufficient, will in fact be the only entirely right method of mounting. Nearly all plays of a meditative, analytical nature, all plays of words, could thus be acted on a beautifully finished platform.

The dynamic play, as the dionysian ballet, no doubt will gain in power through being assisted by sympathetic scenery and costuming emphasizing its mood. Making its appeal through motion, through rhythm, anything which will emphasize our illusion of motion in the right tempo will be beneficial to the total impression on the spectator.

Here now opens up a vista of thought altogether fascinating in the multiplicity of its possibilities. Some ballet designers have added to the motion of the actors and the rhythm of the music a static representation of dynamic emotion on the backcloths. In these attempts, however, there still is a little of the same incongruity of the realistic perspective setting of twenty-five years ago. Only the stylistic rendering saves them artistically.

The next move in the development of this type of play is the abandoning of the static parts of the stage-picture; and the development of moving scenery. That the abandoning of these static elements means ultimately the elimination of the stage floor and the consequent disappearance of the actor, does not

greatly worry us. This will simply eliminate one factor of expression, which is too likely to be influenced by chance emotions. Our present knowledge of technique seems to lead us to suppose that the purely dynamic play will bring us back again to the picture-frame proscenium. In fact, a crude prototype of it may be seen in the animated cartoons in the moving-picture theatres.

From a purely æsthetic view point the effect of this developing of the background at the expense of the actor will remake the dynamic play. Imagine beyond the proscenium a void in which planes and bodies will develop themselves in limitless graduation of color and shape in one great rhythm with the coördinating music—two dimensional patterns in kaleidoscopic succession, and these fascinating patterns formed by the intersection of solids, darts of color across a sombre background, lines, planes, or solids, and symbols of man and surrounding nature, all emphasizing the mood of the music! The wholly actorless theatre with its tendency toward the two-dimensional visible art and the abstract in music will be the triumph of the artificial, the decorative, the stylistic.

To me the coming of this type of theatre is so certain that it interests me almost more to speculate on the nature of the theatre that will supplant it, for we must admit that the dynamic theatre would have to be symbolic to reach the pitch of perfection adequate really to move us. It would have to depend on the depth of meaning we attach to our symbolism, for the completeness of its appeal. But symbolism may be as universally known as that of the Christian Church, and yet it remains sectarian and hence in itself carries its death warrant.

We modern people of an old race have visions as much as the people of Gothic France and Coptic Rome, and yet we differ. We have lost the dualistic belief of good and evil. To us there is but one truth, and that is balance—or compromise, if you like. Our actions are resultants of conflicting tendencies. We hope at the same time for the attainment of our ideals and the greater ideal—which will destroy our attainments in its effort toward self-realization.

We see the inevitableness of a theatre, wholly actorless, with shapes and colors and forms in an abstract way bridging our conscious experience with the infinite, and at the same time we feel the certain approach of a newer, more vital art replacing our conventions. We struggle for our ideals, not because we believe the millennium will arrive with their accomplishment, but be-

cause we know their fulfilment to be indispensable as a link in the chain of human development.

The decline of the stylistic stage will be coincident with its canonization. That which will always conquer art is reality, life itself. In the theatre of to-day two tendencies are very evident—one toward a rare and precious artificiality, and one toward a new and vital realism. The first tendency will probably work itself out in the actorless theatre. The second tendency will probably lead by the way of a slow development of the purely constructive stage and the oratory platform to a new type of churchlike theatre, with reflective domes, beautiful materials, beautiful people—to a revitalizing of art by a complete reversal from the artificial to the living real. If we are going to stay true to the spirit of the time, both of these tendencies will develop side by side until reality carries the day—or will time assert itself still further and will the result be a compromise?



If I Must

By ROLLO PETERS

How un-simple we have become, we of the "commercial" and "art" theatres, with our exquisite differences and separations. And how many treatises, attacks and counter-attacks are hurled by the one party against the other. The division is futile, and and worse than futile.

For there is no "old theatre", nor is there a "modern stage"—there is simply the Theatre, for you, for me, for the other fellow.

Though it appear different to each of us, let us not try to convert the other to our vision of the Theatre. Let us cease in our small, sure ways from "regenerating the stage". It was never meant that beauty become the common fare. Then let us go our separate ways, without rancor or declamation. There is plenty of room for us surely—musical-comedians, poets, tragedians and business men—in this Theatre of ours.

As for me—I pledge my allegiance to no nation, no party, no principle, but to that complexity which is the vulgar, the holy Theatre. I throw myself into its complexities to master them—or turn butcher; to learn the endless lesson of the Theatre.

In order that they may come to know the Theatre, I advise all actors to turn painters, and all painters to turn actors—(only the playwrights must keep to their cells)—for no matter how bad an actor he may make, the painter will come back to his drawings with renewed life, with a sense of the relation that the actor bears to the scene. The actor will weave into his words the color of the scene and of the light; there will be a mysterious and penetrating relation between his movements and the flowing melody of structural line.

Let us forget our differences, we of the Theatre. Let us enjoy them.



Byzantine throne scene by Maxwell Armfield. Drop designed for use with a black cyclorama. For a production by Ruth St. Denis.



Design by Michael Carmichael Carr for the first scene of the opera *Iphigenia in Tauris*.



Design by Rollo Peters for *The Bonds of Interest*.
For a production by The Theatre Guild.



Design by Joseph Urban for the church scene of *Faust*. For the Metropolitan Opera House production.



Model by Lee Simmons for the palace interior
scene of the opera *Pygmalion* at Dallas



Design by John Wenger for the setting of *The Lost Pleiad*.



Design by Raymond Johnson for the setting of *The King of the Jews*. For the Chicago Little Theatre.



Design by Hermann Rosse for a movable stage setting. "La Serva Padrone Pergolese."



Setting by Willy Pogany for *Le Coq d'Or*. For the Metropolitan Opera House production.



Design by Robert Edmond Jones for a scene in
Washington For the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier
production.



Setting by Sam Hume for *Doctor Faustus*. For the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit.



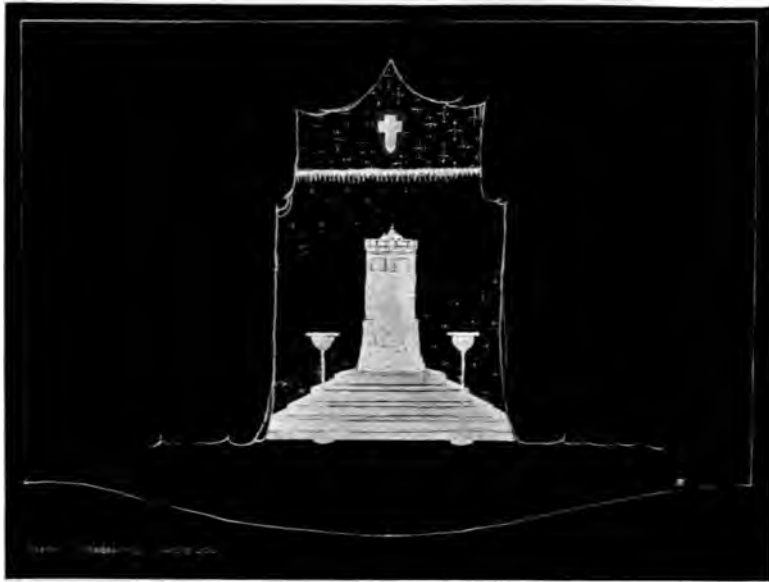
Setting by Irving Pichel for *Bushido*. For the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit.



Design by Robert Edmond Jones for the scene at
the gypsies' house in *Redemption (The Living Corpse)*.
For Arthur Hopkins' production.



Design by Norman-Bel Geddes for the final scene
of *Pelleas and Melisande*.



Design by J. Blanding Sloan for *Scene One of Such is Life*



Design by Hermann Rosse for a drop curtain setting.

Fashions in the Theatre

By ROBERT EDMOND JONES

WORKERS in the theatre have always faced and will always face the same problem: the problem of making a drama live before an audience.

To create an impression of livingness in the presence of spectators, to recall life to them—that is the necessary thing. There are numberless manners of working and there is no real quarrel with any of them. Realism, simplification, stylization, are fashions in the theatre all of which can carry energy in the hands of artists.

The new director will adopt any fashion, any convention, so long as it is a living one. He may come to use masks on his stage, for example, having observed that his actors project essential emotion by their movements and attitudes much more freshly and significantly than by the changes in the expression of their faces. He may apply the bird's-eye view of life, made familiar by the motion picture and the aeroplane, to new visualizations of the mass-soul in mass grouping and movement. He may discover through the study of crystallography unsuspected relations between spacing in the theatre and present-day processes of thought. He may find a new dramatic form springing out of community drama expressed through the rhythms of polyphonic prose. He may see the classic unities of space and time across the modern conceptions of curved space and curved time. No method of working will be too daring or too direct for him to adopt—always with the supreme desire to make a thing on the stage which will live and will draw the life of the audience promptly into its own larger life.



The Future of Stage Art

By MICHAEL CARMICHAEL CARR

IN THE flux of a dramatic world the one thing certain is that the stage arts will develop, a little behind, but always in relation to the evolution of art in general. Beyond this all is surmise; and one is sorely tempted to make sail for the Hesperides and write a prophecy on the Future of Stage Art in the category of "what it should be" rather than flounder in attempting the difficult passage of "what it may be".

Though a prophet is without honor in his own country, the people have always believed in prophecy. They are never thrilled by it. Artists are invariably thrilled though they rarely believe. Pessimistic prophets are always religious and threatening. Optimistic ones are somewhat artistic, and their artistic futures are uniformly golden. For centuries past, a rain of artistic millenniums has fallen from the gold-filled mouths of prophets to fertilize the slow evolution of art—but the smoke goes up the chimney just the same!

Since life began there have existed poets, playwrights, dancers, actors, sculptors, musicians, and painters. Though no law expressly forbids their coöperation to produce drama, an inertia or political-financial-religious hiatus prevents their working together—sometimes it seems a managerial policy, sometimes a foolish public, and on rare occasions a professional jealousy. Herein lies the golden opportunity for a fame-enamored alchemist who is neither artist nor politician. Out of a pother of experiment with new movements, little theatres, and the like, there has arisen a lot of bad work, artistically, and, as heretofore, it has not failed to draw gibes and abuse from those whose sense of the beautiful has ossified. But there never was an artistic effort, as widespread as the present interest in the theatre and as deep as the feeling of the new theatre artists, that did not inaugurate much good along with the gibes and the ragged work. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* The apparently cynical remarks of Gordon Craig anent amateur artists in little theatres, when boiled down, really mean that new theatres are significant, not because they are little, certainly not because they are large, but in just proportion to the vitality of the artist group they contain.

What every artist of the theatre should have is a theatre of his own—a theatre in which, be he ever so insouciant, he may try his theories as to permanent sets or reflected light or proscenium

doors, and—who knows?—in the end, may perhaps find that dreams come true. But, speaking in the light of what may be, if he have the time to dream and the chance to build models of his dream, he will be happy.

When the *trois coups* have sounded and the curtain has parted, speculation vanishes, and we are confronted by the stage as it is; so it is no easy matter to turn from decorative generalities to the consideration of a particular set, for one design neither illustrates a principle nor proves a rule. And speaking of principles, it will be remembered that after years of experiment and theory, Gordon Craig was summed up by London critics as "the man who didn't believe in footlights"! Personally, and at the risk of being put down as an advocate of pearl-handled dimmers or gold-tasseled lashlines, I crave to see develop on the stage a more significant form modified by a more significant or, better, most significant color. Shades of *les Symbolistes*! I hope this does not presage to the reader a gloomy mysticism overlying alike Maeterlinck and our own corn-fed American type of play; for, even as the Romanesque castle, so our office furniture from Michigan has a distinctive shape; and as between these purely material forms and the spiritual mood of the dramatist there stands but the actor and the stage artist, I long to see the latter wielding his power with as varied a change of dress and as multiple expression of countenance as the former.

Now that artists are entering the theatre, the burdens may be more equally shared. Generally speaking, an actor has succeeded in giving a good performance of Shakespeare only in spite of the scenery. With an artist behind the scenes, the actor should gain, as he would not only carry a lighter load but find new support, new harmonies, and fresh enthusiasm born of the common effort to a definite end. This is made more certain by the fact that painting has passed the peak of naturalism and drawn nearer to the other form arts.

With the machine technology so much a part of our civilization, there is little danger that the sets of the future will become as simplified as has pure painting. Mechanics will always play its part in the technical side of production, but it will be what the small compact gas engine is to the ponderous steam engine of thirty years ago. The traditional Transformation Scene has about disappeared with topheavy steam engines; and, where the dynamo and dimmer have banished gas, we shall see arise sets that are clear and simple in line, weighty in mass, and convincing in their suppression of detail. For it is not alone with form

and colored light that the stage artist is concerned. Everything that is visible from the auditorium should come under his eye before the audience passes the foyer. One might well digress here to talk of the decoration of proscenium arches, but, keeping modestly inside the footlights one may logically presume that, as the form and lighting of scenes has received so much attention recently, new shapes for the stage and varied textures will soon follow.

That the underlying principles of design hold true on the stage is axiomatic, so "to be or not to be design" we may leave to the amateur embroiderers of crazy-quilt drama, and proceed among the shades of meaning where the tragic decisions must be made. The efforts of the future, therefore, lie in the ways and means of producing the exact nuance of feeling out of the all-too-ephemeral stuff of which stage beauty is made. For the immediate future let us hope that managers may discover that artists and craftsmen will work as cheaply as, and more faithfully than, contracting companies, and that through this knowledge artists may enter the theatre in increasing numbers and there find a coöperative spirit.



Scene and Action

By IRVING PICHEL

I REGARD a play as an action taking place primarily in the minds and hearts and souls of a group of characters. In so far as it is a great play, it has action of this type more abundantly than outward physical action. In the same degree, it depends upon or is independent of outward forms, connotative of a specific time and place. A true digest of human emotion and experience is not confined within scenic walls or canvas vistas.

As long as we have our present stage, we must, I suppose, clothe every play in forms of a sort. But, in the case of the play the action of which we do not see with our eyes, I seek, in the setting, forms which connote as little as possible, because I want to be free to see the humanity of the characters, stripped of Romanesque or Gothic or Renaissance or sky-scraper implications.

Very few plays, however, are so written. The great classics of Greece, of Elizabethan England, of Japan—of any great literature, for that matter,—might best be viewed from the side of a prize-fighting ring, from all sides and at every moment visible. I am not sure. But that they should be given what they do not absolutely need of scenery or decoration is to place an obscuring screen before them, even in the case of scenery that claims to be "an unobtrusive background". The man must stand up clear against sky only, or perhaps multiplied by mirrors, or backed by more human beings—the audience on the other side of the ring. The only implications must be human.

For the rest, each play prescribes its own world—a world of facilities to give the actor scope for the agility and exuberance needed for the translation of the manuscript into "action", or a world of connotative forms, telling us of the country, period, richness or poverty of the characters, and the quality of imagination that calls forth the play.

As a producer, I look upon a play as having begun in the turbulence of a writer's mind. By means of pen, ink, and paper, and later, through actors, scenery, lights, sound-waves, this creation of imagination must be drawn through a material welter to issue again,—a turbulence of the spectator's mind. If I could bridge across this material pit, and translate from the mind of poet to spectator his fable of poem or dream—an unimaginable osmotic theatre—I should be happy. Scenery stands by

way of a footpath we must walk upon when we wish to fly. But we are learning to fly. Soon we may be able to in the theatre.

Until then we remain down in the world, instead of looking across at each other through an interspace of air. And, in the same measure as each play walks, we walk scenically. I cannot conceive of having a style of scenery all my own,—it belongs to the play, comes out of the demands of the play, grows as the play grows in rehearsal. Finally, after some two weeks of rehearsal, I am able to give the stage carpenter certain measurements. The scene is set and painted standing. Afterwards, very often, I ask somebody to make a sketch of the scene in colors, or I content myself with an unsatisfactory photograph. And I find that it looks nothing like my stage setting, which vibrated with light and color and the humanity of the characters in the play.



The New Stage Designing

By C. RAYMOND JOHNSON

THE success of the new stage designing is to a certain extent dependent upon the play. The modern successful play is usually trash; as far as true art is concerned, so of what profit is a new motive in the background? Well, it serves as an example of something better. It helps the play along, and is more bearable to look at. Above all, it is more in relation to the action, and comes nearer to reality, being farther from realism.

For me the new movement means a striving for complete unity in the theatre: a new form of expression. We are trying to make the theatre an art, with a form that is of the theatre and not pieces of something else. I feel that we are at the beginning of that art. What developments are made will be indeed interesting material for the history of a new art.

I have a deep love for the theatre, but I fear it is one that gazes past the practical to-day's theatre with its pettiness and bravado. I look forward to a much bigger thing. I confess there are certain streaks in me that revolt at being led, guided, or pushed, and it is this that is so discouraging in the theatre. Everything seems to pull away from one instead of with one. There is chaos, both in the material and in the spiritual aspect.

I consider the entire theatre, including the building, of great importance. Our usual theatre is far from a thing by itself. For instance, imagine how wonderful and beautiful an auditorium and proscenium could be in relation to the stage. In regard to stage decoration, my feeling is that the things we call "old stuff" are mere representation of detail and a sort of illustration to the play—any old thing to cover up the back wall of the stage, which is oftentimes better than the drop. The significance of dramatic qualities is lost, so far as background is concerned. I feel that the real art of stage decoration is an expression full of mystery and joyousness, and aims at setting the point of entrance into the new world where for an interval there is an illusion, and unconsciously we are lifted to that higher plane where we are moved by that which moves.

Yes, I know, I dream of a sort of Utopia in the theatre—a place where there will be harmony, love, and serious work. I think of progress on the stage, and I see the scene a simple, orderly massing, principally projected by light. Light to me offers

the greatest possibilities of all the means on the stage. With it I hope to see great things accomplished. With it I hope to do something. I seriously believe we are only at the beginning of a great new day in the use of light ; and, when the dawn of that day appears, it will seem to be the glorious sun rising to light us on our path of pure joy in work, in creation, and in contemplation.



The Theatre of the Future

By NORMAN-BEL GEDDES

IN THE middle of the fourth century the theatre went to sleep simultaneously with the downfall of the Greek social system and the idealism of the Greeks. Ten years ago it rubbed its eyes. Since that time there have been indications that its slumber is not peaceful. Ten years hence it will be fully awake.

The theatre, more than any other form of art, belongs to the majority of the people. A painter, sculptor, or poet can produce his gem isolated from humanity. The architect and the dramatic director require company. Because of this necessity their two forms of art are destined to a more general appreciation. At present we are under the misapprehension that great art is an enjoyment exclusively for the minority. Naturally those who most thoroughly understand anything are in the minority, but that is no reason why the entire world cannot learn to enjoy and appreciate. Even a tiny candle held by one person will illuminate a crowd. So evolution constantly develops the unexpected possibilities of art as an integral part of the life of the people.

More than through any other channel the artist in the theatre has direct intercourse with his audience. The extent of his power is beyond present-day comprehension. We have less conception of the possibilities in drama than geographers had of the world in the fourteenth century. There is no form of creative expression which cannot be used to advantage in the theatre. Since it is an aggregate medium, it is destined to hold the predominating position among the arts. Architecture is the most enduring; dramatic production the most delicate, depending almost entirely upon the sensitiveness of human fragility. Up to this time no effort has been made to develop a technique that builds permanently. We can record definitely the spirit of authors, composers, and designers, but not of the actor; though cinema and phonograph are elemental, uncoordinated developments toward such recordization.

There is nothing odd in the fact that almost simultaneously artists in all parts of the world have turned their thoughts towards the theatre. There is nothing "new" in what they are giving to it. Art has always had its own little continent in the world of the theatre, though to popular opinion we are just discovering it with the same *éclat* that the Europeans "discovered"

an America already inhabited. Discovery is only the awakening of human consciousness to a reality that always exists. Development in various forms of expression fluctuates, and it requires a crisis in the lives of the people to bring about an impetus. A great war has ceased. A veil is rising to disclose better things. I look forward to a more general interest in the lovelier things of life and a much more intimate acquaintance between artist and audience. Man's horizon has broadened so that he can advance where he pleases.

I am looking to America for the greatest increase in artistic interest. Here the old and the new are balanced relatively. No centuries of tradition bind free meditation. Appreciation has lain dormant under drowsy ignorance, but an unprejudiced freshness predominates. Drama will become more indigenous and intimate with the hearts of the people. We have made the eternal mistake of going somewhere else for our material instead of searching it out here. Theatrical managers have a lower opinion of American intelligence than is justifiable, though there have been plenty of reasons for their attitude.

Just a word as to my own interest in the theatre. It was not a special attraction toward scenery that drew me into it. Under a sudden impetus I wrote a four-act play, first in pantomime and then in dialogue. With the consuming desire to visualize the written conception, I concocted a crude little stage on which I slowly worked out variations of lighting, principal figure compositions, costumes, and detailed properties. The effect showed me so many obstacles in adapting my own ideas to the mechanics of the present type of stage, that my second effort went into the discovery of a new form of theatre structure, which I developed until I was ready to send the main ideas through the Patent Office. It was that architectural endeavor which induced me to experiment with the lovely realities that such a stage could actually accommodate, and it was the building of a second, elaborate model stage that swung me with emphasis toward the creating of the setting of plays as a more immediate opportunity.

There are plenty of reasons for discouragement in the present standard of theatrical productions. Every form of expression periodically passes through a degenerate period, but the harder the pendulum swings one way, the more vigorous will be its push in the other direction. At present there are many little theatres in the country working away at the difficult task of reaching the public in small scattered groups until larger organizations are ready to use their more adequate machinery. I pre-

dict without a doubt an entire cutting away of the clumsy, tough weeds of the present theatrical system. It is the little green shoots almost hidden underneath and sometimes almost stifled that will become the beautiful, fresh growth of the future theatre. I feel positively that an altogether new form of production, writing and acting will replace what we have.



The Stage

By JOSEPH URBAN

THE stage brings us the greatest thoughts, the most beautiful phantasies and dreams, from many of the biggest thinkers, poets and artists of the world. We learn the things of life and beauty that we did not know, that we did not imagine existed.

The theatre of the future must become:

The carrier of the culture of its nation.

The altar to which the best and greatest of a nation offer their energy and beauty, strength and knowledge.

The institution which receives equally the gift of genius and the force of the workman.

The shrine of beauty so democratic that every new cultural element coming, finds there coöperation.

The future stage must be so big and general in its influence that the strength of its conviction goes out to the very frontier and knocks on the door of its neighbor. Who refuses this gift hurts himself and impoverishes his life.

In our future life the stage must have the same influence that the Christian church has had in the past.



Fantasy?

By J. BLANDING SLOAN

WE MAY only hope to put into the theatre (that least controllable of all mediums) things a little less abortive than itself. At present it is far too imperfect, too material a thing for the artist to nurture his reveries in. It has too little to do with dreams. And dreams are such that they cannot be transformed into other timber than that of which they are built. Let me then learn well the deficiencies of the theatre, so that in avoiding I may tend to eliminate them and to make the theatre a more work-worthy vehicle. I will not care to concern myself especially as to the future of it, if I may be allowed to play a little with the present discordant instrument and help to wear away its roughnesses. Nothing I could say concerning it would alter its poor form so much as the least of the compositions I may be able to play upon it. If I am fortunate and play my lay well enough to add a note for the future, those to come will make good use of it to build upon.

But if I may play seer for a moment and speak my dream :

When with the choice visions of minds gone and minds present we have built our theatre into an instrument of delicately controlled cadences; when dreams are kept dreams there, and the artist shall finger the strings of it as the violinist in the cool twilight softly and half unconsciously plays to himself those of his compositions which lift away from all but dreams, there may be art in the theatre.



Color and Light

By MAXWELL ARMFIELD

THERE has been much written about this aspect of the Synthetic method of dramatic production, and written well enough, yet we see little actual work that is satisfying. We find, for instance, that most young directors seem to think they are doing something novel and "artistic" by showing some contrast of orange and blue lights upon the scene. It is so easy to flood the stage with amber and then place a blue light behind a window; moreover, at present it gives the audience a certain thrill.

But what becomes of the actors? And what becomes of the play? And in three years or ten this sort of thing will no longer excite the audience, and then, what becomes of the director?

Let us hope he will have begun to think for himself.

A very safe rule for the director, old or young, is to begin at the practical end in every case.

There are three main ways in which color may be used on the stage, and these depend upon the material chosen for the vehicle. *And they are not wisely mingled.*

The first rule of art is that any work must have unity within itself, and that unity must extend to every detail of the work. This law is transgressed, for instance, when a cubist painter sticks tram-car tickets and pieces of celluloid over his painting. It is transgressed by almost every stage-manager, including myself. We all transgress it; the unfortunate thing is that as a rule we are unconscious of the fact.

Now, whether you are dealing with color as paint, or as silk, or as light, you necessarily arrange its varying quantity and and quality into a complete whole which is symmetrical and which you call Pattern. This Pattern may be achieved, as I say, in diverse ways: keep them diverse.

Firstly:—

The simplest art-forms are those in which natural objects, such as birds, are symbolized as abstract shapes, which we call Pattern, as a rule; and they are often arranged in a repeating design. The Amerind potter will indicate a bird by a rectangle with a few straight lines radiating from two corners, perhaps, and a circle in the middle. This may be repeated at intervals round the pot and eventually copied by some modern designer short of ideas, as a "cunning" design.

The Flemish stone-mason of the thirteenth century would carve a rough statement of the actual outline of the bird, but he would still fill in this outline, very likely, with a diaper pattern having no resemblance to the bird's appearance beyond a vague implication of feathers by a regular criss-cross. When Rodin carves a bird, the actual shape of the beast interests him far less than its relation to wind and rock, and their effect on it. This he would strive to indicate in a rhythm which would still rightly be called Pattern, but it would be something entirely different in aim from that of the Amerind potter. Not better, not more "like" anything, just a different symbol for saying a different thing.

It is just the same with one's use of color on the stage. You may choose to use it as pattern, that is, as abstract shapes of different hues, harmoniously arranged; and this may and should express all sorts of things. In this case you will cover your actors with patterns and patterned costumes: pattern your background and your properties: your music and your dance.

Now there are several practical points which will occur to anyone in this connection if he will put aside all conventional ideas.

First: it is useless to spend hours planning an expressive pattern, and then to print it on a thin material that will entirely cut it up and spoil each part by innumerable folds and pleatings. Therefore intelligence would intimate that when pattern is used in this sense as an expressive medium for color, the costume, etc., should be designed in flat masses unbroken by small folds; and either of stiff material, heavy material, or laid on such a foundation.

Second: it is also useless to design a costume to display a significant pattern if you then allow a series of deep and ragged black blotches, green blotches, orange blotches, magenta blotches—that is, the Lime-light Man—to run about irrelevantly over your possibly grey and yellow pattern. Intelligence murmurs that this result indicates the necessity of a perfectly flat light for this kind of patterning.

And we may also treat our pattern in other ways. For instance, we may take each person, object or portion of a scene as a mass of uniform color, approximately unbroken, and deal with each of these masses as parts of a pattern of which the entire stage is the whole. In this case it may be that it will be effective to modulate the light so that some parts of the stage are brighter than others, but so long as the color is to be constant and

obtained by the varying materials of costume and scene we shall find that, as in the first case, colored light only confuses the issue.

In this type of work our chief business will be to make each part as distinctly individual as possible: that is, to accentuate its local color, within the general scheme, of course.

The third type being essentially the showing of the relations of things, will rely on subtle differences of light, especially, to produce its significant pattern. The various forces, such as wind, which unify pictorial representation, are mostly outside of the legitimate means of the theatre, so that we are thrown back upon the few we have; and of these, light is by far the most important as a unifying element.

This is generally recognized, but what is not recognized is this, that all symbolic means and methods are useful only as tools; they are not in that capacity either valuable or beautiful per se; also that the representation of natural fact implies a recognition of all that that fact entails. You are under no obligation to use perspective in art, but if you choose to do so it must penetrate the whole of your design. There must be some intelligent and obvious cause for every effect. Producers are too fond of getting a cheap effect easily by turning colored lights on to the scene for no reason beyond the excuse that they are considered beautiful or effective, or "new". None of which reasons are valid.

If colored or represented light of any kind be used as a medium in a scene, it will be found that the effect is rarely helped by the introduction either of colored materials in the costume or patterned goods. They may occasionally be of use, but as a rule neutral colors are much more valuable because they do not counteract the effect of the light. Gordon Craig has emphasized this very wisely.

Though it appear easy, this third type of production is in fact very much the most difficult with which to obtain a really satisfactory result from an artistic point of view, and unless one can have a more or less permanent stage for experiment it is best to use the others.

It also necessitates a very wide knowledge of facts and ingenuity to use them without degenerating into a mere copyist, quite apart from the necessity of very complex and expensive apparatus. It is essential, for instance, that the light be diffused and ubiquitous, if necessary, and (a fact often overlooked) graded in color as well as in depth. To attempt to work with the crude red, blue and yellow of the commercial stage is worse than noth-

ing. Moonlight is not ultramarine blue. It varies with the varying of the moon as well as from a thousand other causes, as does sunlight. The feeling of vague revolt at the average production of an Ibsen play is due not only to the ugliness and absurdity of the scenery, but quite as much to the fact that one knows instinctively that the hot yellow glare pouring down out of a hard blue sky (outside the greenhouse in which the people are usually sealed) never shone on Norwegian fjord or mountain ledge. The cold northern sunshine is half the battle.

There are many other considerations, of course, and this attempted classification of a few details merely touches the fringe of the subject; but I have found them personally to be of use in practical work, especially in avoiding the temptation to mix one's methods, the most fatal mistake of the age in art, perhaps.



The New York Season

IT WAS not some vague reformer of the theatre but Channing Pollock, one of Broadway's most popular playwrights and keenest critics, who said, at a dinner to John Galsworthy, that there had not been half a dozen plays on Broadway this season above the mental level of a ten-year old child. No one who sees and hears and thinks can differ with Mr. Pollock. There has probably never been a season when so many of the plays produced have been, not second rate, but beneath contempt. There has probably never been a season that saw more plays still-born, or dead before they fairly knew the light.

On the other hand, there have been so many productions that, for the first time in years, in spite of all the failures, there have been successful plays enough to fill every New York playhouse during the winter months and to keep scores of companies waiting in vain in the provinces for a chance to come in.

To complete the paradox, there is another feature that distinguishes the season; and it does not require a magnified optimism to believe that this is the thing by which 1918-1919 will be remembered long after all the jejune spy melodramas and puerile bedroom farces have been forgotten. Every worth-while play that has come to Broadway has had some measure of success and several of the half-dozen have lived profitably through the season. *Redemption* ends the season as it began—the most significant thing in the theatre. *The Better 'Ole* continues to pour pleasure into the hearts of its audiences and money into the coffers of the Coburns. *The Betrothal*, although it did not meet the happy fate of *The Blue Bird*, found old friends and made new ones who were glad that it was there. And now Barrie and Dunsany have been added to Broadway's best-sellers.

All of this, of course, means nothing more than that, after years of war, the audience is coming back to the theatre ready for anything; for plays good or bad, gay or serious, for anything which will pass an evening without worry and, if possible, tell a story besides. It is a hungry audience, and one that is ready to pay for its food. The only difference between it and a pre-war audience is that the small part which cares for really good food, well prepared and decently served is a little more homogeneous and conscious than it was. It does not take quite so many weeks as it did to get the audience for a serious play into the theatre—not a very big change, but big enough to save *Re-*

redemption and to give a new courage to producers who dream of doing things as good.

☐ The season of 1918-1919 would not be a good one from which to judge what the public wants; as long as the offering was not too bad, the public has taken what it could get. Yet—and this is where the season is really significant—the world of the theatre in New York is manifestly not what it was before the war, nor will it be limited in the same complete way to the world of Broadway.

Guibour, the fourteenth-century French Miracle Play, in which Yvette Guilbert has been playing every week-end at the Neighborhood playhouse, has filled the house at each performance and has attracted as many automobiles to Grand and Pitt Streets as would have been counted necessary to make a success at Broadway and 44th Street. In many of the serious moments Mme. Guilbert failed to satisfy as she has on the recital stage. And these moments of this difficult and almost incredible miracle play often held more of antiquarian interest than of illusion and enthrallment. But to the unquestionable attraction of this curious type of drama, the superb costumes of Robert Edmond Jones and his generally excellent background, the beautifully posed and ordered ensemble and Mme. Guilbert herself added enough to make *Guibour* another significant contribution of the ambitious little East Side playhouse.

Another unusual feature of the season has been Walter Hampden's *Hamlet* in that incorporeal abode of genius, the Shakespeare Playhouse. *Hamlet* has been a distinct artistic success, and if it has required the self-sacrificing manager, Mr. Frank McEntee, and a generous artist to give these performances to the public, the fact that the theatre has found such a manager and such an artist is characteristic of the season. Moreover, by housing the Shakespeare Playhouse for such performances during the run of *Redemption* at the Plymouth Theatre, Arthur Hopkins has broken one of the most hampering of production superstitions, namely, that anything but the name of a given play at a given theatre would interfere with the run. One of the reasons that production prices are so high is because three hours' service a day is expected to pay the rent and overhead expenses for large buildings in the most expensive district in New York City.

Apart from *Redemption*, the outstanding play and the outstanding success of the season has been *Dear Brutus*. This characteristic Barrie fantasy, certainly the most pleasing feature of the year, may owe its success to a number of things. It has

a popular star; the general average of the acting is high; the setting of the Magic Wood is appropriate and beautiful; the play itself is excellent. Made according to the well-known Barrie formula, *Dear Brutus* embodies a basic truth of human nature worked out in a world compounded of twentieth-century civilization and utter fantasy, a world with the light that never was on sea or land shed upon it, a world of subtle satire, whimsical humor, a touch of pathos—with all its elements fused into a compound that is fantastic, yet real, elfish yet human, unsubstantial yet firm as this solid-seeming earth. For all that its action is at times a trifle over-tenuous, one or two of its episodes a little over-long, *Dear Brutus* is rare and delightful. Its success would seem to invalidate the contention that Barrie spells failure without Maude Adams in the cast.

As is natural in war-time, it has been a season filled with the frankest of "entertainment only" comedy. Much of it has revolved too frequently through bedroom doors to deserve more than a shrug of resignation. Yet of comedy itself there has been a liberal supply in which nimbleness, wit, and excellent acting have been in some degree notable. Sacha Guitry's slim but not inelegant, daring and yet presentable entré, outrageously and hideously denominated *Sleeping Partners*, has stood out for its own ingenuity as well as the skilful acting of Irene Bordoni and H. B. Warner. Similarly, Roi Cooper Megrue's adaptation from the Italian, *Tea for Three*, rises above the customary range of American-made comedy.

Not so clever a play, yet made even more acceptable by its star's performance, is *Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans* by Lawrence Eyre. In other hands, the play might seem sentimental, old-fashioned, even a bore. Mrs. Fiske's charm and vivacity fairly re-make it. The story is far from original; it chronicles the return to New Orleans from Paris of a woman who twenty years before was a flirtatious girl and gad-about, and her discovery of a love affair between her niece and the man who had jilted her twenty years before. The Creole atmosphere, both in setting and in characters, adds considerable unhackneyed charm, but it is Mrs. Fiske's acting, her gaiety and verve, stopping just short of burlesque, that make the performance irresistibly amusing.

This season has brought Stuart Walker back to Broadway with the precious wares of Dunsany in his portmanteau, and likewise the austere and splendid *Book of Job*. The familiar tales of the Irish artificer of words and spinner of spells—*The Gods of the Mountains*, *The Golden Doom*, *Argimenes* and *The Unknown*

Warrior—have been repeated with growing sureness and effectiveness. To these Mr. Walker has added a Dunsany play of exquisite mood, more poetic in the deeper sense, less sensational and less merely exotic than any of the others, though also less dramatic, *The Tents of the Arabs*; and another, *The Laughter of the Gods*, in which the Dunsany preciousness is curiously and not always satisfactorily burlesqued. Through all the plays, Mr. Walker is fortunate in a company that numbers two young players of genuine distinction, George Gaul and McKay Morris.

The season has not been without its interesting failures, though almost no thoroughly artistic production has fallen by the wayside. Perhaps the two to which most interest attaches were Lavedan's *Marquis de Priola*, a sinister character study in which Leo Ditrichstein courageously risked his fortunes; and *The Gentile Wife*, a play by a writer new to Broadway, Rita Wellman, that had real distinction as a serious study of the Jewish-American, though it was occasionally confused in plotting. The acting and the setting in *The Gentile Wife* were both of a fairly high average.

The season has brought a goodly patronage to that original and decidedly worth-while venture, the Provincetown Players, who showed in Eugene O'Neil's *Rope* and in Alice Rostetter's *Widow's Veil* two particularly distinguished one-act plays. It also brought a larger reward to that revolutionary and singularly stimulating theatre, Copeau's Vieux Colombier.

The signing of the armistice released directors and actors of two New York ventures suspended by the demands of war. The Greenwich Village Theatre is being reopened; and several members of the old Washington Square Players have joined with a new group, to give productions under the name "The Theatre Guild," with Rollo Peters as director. Thus in its own chosen field, as well as increasingly on Broadway, the youth of the new and growing theatre of art and imagination is to have its opportunity.

Two announcements for the last weeks of the season hold much promise. One is for the production of the Hindu drama, *Sakuntala* at the Greenwich Village Theatre, with settings and costumes by Livingston Platt. The other is a production by Arthur Hopkins of Sem Benelli's grim and vigorous melodrama of the Renaissance, *The Jest*. It has been translated into rhythmized prose by Edward Sheldon. John and Lionel Barrymore are to play two of the three men whose brutalities hold the centre of the stage. Robert E. Jones is to create settings, costumes and lights. *The Jest* should come as a fitting climax to a varied and interesting if not distinguished season.

The Theatre Arts Chronicle

The Theatre Annex THE latest plan for enlarging the opportunities of the creative forces in the theatre, especially those of actors and authors, has been devised by Mr. George Arliss, and has been named The Theatre Annex. It is a sort of simplification and glorification of the Theatre Workshop of New York City, which was put into execution by Grace Griswold, but discontinued on account of the war. Mr. Arliss, who was on the Advisory Committee of the Theatre Workshop felt that there was something worth saving in this work, and that with some essential modifications, it could be made of value not only to those who had new plays and new talents to exploit, but to the managers as well.

He therefore took counsel with Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. George Tyler, Mr. B. Iden Payne, Mr. Charles Coburn, Mr. Grant Mitchell and some other theatrical men, and sent out the tentative plan thus evolved to many eminent actors, authors, managers and other interested people, with the result that over a hundred of these have given their endorsement to the scheme, many of them offering their active coöperation.

Briefly, the plan is as follows: To give special performances of new and interesting plays upon which a manager or author is willing to risk a minimum expense for try-out. There have been other plans of this kind, but there are several points of difference between them and the Theatre Annex. The parts of first importance will be cast among eminent players already playing in New York, and coöperating with the Annex scheme. This will insure to the author and the manager a proper interpretation of the play. The parts of next importance will be handled by actors and actresses of talent and experience who have not had an opportunity to be seen by the New York managers. The performances will be private, thereby insuring the manager against loss of first-night criticism and other advantage, should he decide to give the play a regular production. The play probably will appear under another title, so that should it require re-writing, it can be done without loss of reputation occasioned by any mistakes of the first production given "in camera", so to speak. There will be an audience, of course, probably subscription.

The details of the plan are yet to be adjusted and are waiting Mr. Arliss' return to the city, as he desires to give the initiation of the scheme his personal supervision.

Lectures at the Neighborhood Playhouse

THIS season the Neighborhood Playhouse has undertaken an experiment in the form of a course of twelve lectures on "The Relation of the Arts to the Theatre". The primary purpose of the course is to augment the cultural background of the young people who are acting and working in the various groups of the Playhouse, to furnish an artistic stimulus for them, and to demonstrate anew the value and necessity of a correlation of all the arts in the work of the theatre. The Playhouse Groups comprise The Neighborhood Players, The Festival Dancers, The Choral Class, The Balalaika Orchestra and the Classes in Scene Painting and Costume Making—totalling about one hundred and seventy-five persons. Folders announcing that the lectures were open to members were distributed among these groups, and were sent as well to the general public, twenty-one of whom took course tickets at five dollars. In addition many tickets at fifty cents each were sold for single lectures, ranging

in number from a few at certain lectures to seventy-six for Yvette Guilbert's. On the evening that she spoke on "The Art of Interpretation" every member of every group was present and she addressed an audience of nearly three hundred persons.

Among the other interesting topics and speakers have been: Wm. Lyon Phelps on "The Mediæval Stage"; B. Iden Payne on "What the Repertory Theatres have Contributed"; Robert Edmond Jones on "Costume and Color"; Rollo Peters on "Stage Decoration"; Mary Mowbray-Clarke on "The Workman Instinct in the Theatre"; and Sigmund Spaeth on "Expression through Music". At the end of his talk, each lecturer has been willing to answer questions and to conduct an informal discussion.

The course was preceded by two practical demonstrations given on the stage of the Playhouse, one dealing with "Stage Setting", the other with "Stage Lighting". An interesting feature of these demonstrations was that in addition to the regular members attending the course, nearly fifty persons, whose only connection with the Playhouse was their constant attendance at its motion pictures, paid to see these purely technical exhibitions of the process of converting an empty stage into a drawing room or a garden ready for the rise of the curtain. Such is the appeal of "behind the scenes"!

The New York Theatre Guild

IT IS seldom that a new producing group enters the American theatre with such promise of success as that which marks the coming of the New York Theatre Guild. The organizers are clearly followers—although by no means imitators—of the Washington Square Players, and they have made their preliminary arrangements with qualities of sincerity, business skill and thoroughness which seem likely to carry them far beyond the achievement of the earlier group.

The Director of the organization is Rollo Peters, who has been noted by many students of the progressive movement as having one of the richest talents of all those who are counted as the younger generation of "decorators" in the theatre. For the last two seasons he has been a consistent student of all the elements of stage production. His appointment as Director indicates that each production of the Theatre Guild will be tested by the best standards of both the commercial and the "Insurgent" theatre. It is understood, however, that the Director will not personally stage every play given by the organization, this work being delegated on occasion to other members of the staff.

Control of the organization is vested in a Board of Managers consisting of six members. Three of these, Philip Moeller, Helen Westley and Lawrence Langner, are known as influential members of the old Washington Square group. The other three bring talents of value in various directions: Helen Freeman, who proved her courage and her artistic perception in the short-lived Nine O'clock Theatre; Lee Simonson, whose brief connection with the Washington Square Players indicated an unusual decorative talent; and Justus Sheffield, who seems destined to bring something of that business balance that is too often lacking in experimental theatre groups.

The project is experimental, of course, because it is designed to restore to the stage certain types of play which would not otherwise be produced, and to bring together valuable forces which have been unknown or lost in the regular theatres. The prospectus reads: "It is the aim of the New York Theatre Guild to concentrate these younger energies, and eventually to

achieve a synthesis of those varied and neglected arts which are of the Theatre. Here, it is hoped, will be founded a working centre for the artists of the Theatre; and as in the old Guilds, craftsmanship will be the only standard, and fraternity its spirit.

"The New York Theatre Guild will keep its doors open to playwrights, actors, producers and designers, and invites their coöperation. Its productions will include both long and short plays of American and foreign authorship, and these will be chosen wholly for their quality and human appeal. . . ."

The first production will be given at the Garrick Theatre in early April, with Benavente's *The Bonds of Interest* on the program. The second play, to be given probably in May, will be St. John G. Ervine's *John Ferguson*.

Thus that impetus will revive which gave to New York its nearest approach to a permanent producing art theatre in the past. Those who look to the ultimate establishment of repertory theatres, artistically conceived and honestly administered, as the hope for America's dramatic future, cannot but wish these new artist-pioneers every success.

An Exchange for Little Theatres

THE Theatre Exchange which is being planned for next season by the New York Drama League is an interesting recognition of the variety and breadth of the experimental theatre movement. All over the country little theatres of one kind or another are starting up. All of them need plays, costumes, scenery, and general information, and very often getting the information without knowing where to apply for it has been as hard a task as putting on a play. All of this the New York Drama League expects to have card-catalogued and ready for service in the Theatre Exchange.

Every producing group will be invited to be a member of the Exchange on payment of a small fee. In return for the fee they will be entitled to lists of plays with authors, number of characters, kind of set, amount of royalty, etc. There will also be on file all available material in regard to where the play has been produced and whether it has been a success, who designed the costumes and the scenery and, if possible, the photographs of the stage decorations. There will be lists of the places where costumes and stage sets may be rented and exchanged; lists of lectures and courses of study; lists of "better films" to supply the empty evenings in the Little Theatres, of small playhouses that are available for renting and of companies that are available for routing through small theatres.

Every kind of information, in short, which can be of service to any Little Theatre or experimental group is included within the range of service in the Theatre Exchange. Eventually it is hoped to make it a coöperative exchange for the routing of companies, especially in sectional districts away from the large cities where there are no professional theatres.

John Galsworthy

THE fact that Mr. Galsworthy is again visiting America is fit matter for comment in this chronicle. One of England's most celebrated men-of-letters, many-sided writer of fiction, essays, and plays, he has added to the warmth of his welcome by his untiring work for disabled soldiers during these years of war. Humanity and brotherhood are not merely his literary themes—they are his daily practice. As dramatist he is distinguished by the power of his subject-matter and the grace of his

style among the half dozen men in England who within the past few years have contributed to the stage plays combining high dramatic and literary quality. His plays are the birth of a new social consciousness, one of the most significant signs of a new age both in life and in the theatre. Seven of these plays have been produced in New York within the past twelve years: *The Silver Box*, with Ethel Barrymore; *Strife*, at the New Theatre; *The Eldest Son*; *The Pigeon*; *Justice*, with John Barrymore; *The Fugitive*, with Emily Stevens; and *The Little Man*. Although *Justice* attained great success in New York, not one of the plays succeeded "on the road," and not one has made money for its author. Mr. Galsworthy's public utterances on this present visit, notably his address before the New York Drama League on March 2, show his optimistic attitude toward the American theatre and the American audience. We believe his optimism well-founded. If it be so, his plays will yet come into their own in this country.



The Drama Forum A New producing group has been organized in New York under the name "The Drama Forum," with Mme. Bell-Ranske as director. The prospectus reads: "All who see the significant power of the stage will be glad to know that a group of prominent women have succeeded in organizing a Drama Forum in which new psychological plays will be produced, with an able professional cast." The first production was given in the Grand Ball Room of the Plaza Hotel on February sixth with a semi-professional cast in the following program: *The Slave with Two Faces* by Mary Carolyn Davies, and *The Blind* by Maurice Maeterlinck. The group caters primarily to New York's "society" audience. Its aims, however, look to the creation of a free theatre for psychological plays, and its programs provide for discussion of the plays from the floor of the auditorium.



At the Little and Experimental Theatres

The Community Players of Pasadena, who gained the reputation last year of being one of the most important and most promising community drama groups in the country, reorganized at the beginning of the current season and took over the Savoy Theatre, renaming it "The Community Playhouse." Gilmor Brown has been retained as director. *The Yellow Jacket* was produced in February, and the following plays were announced for later bills: *Much Ado About Nothing*, *You Never Can Tell*, *The Scarecrow*, *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. In addition to the regular company, which produces new bills monthly, there is a "workshop" group, which tries out new plays, and experiments in lighting, setting and producing.

The Vagabond Players of Baltimore opened their third season in December with the following bill: *The Mystery of the Three Kings* by Emile Cammaerts, *The Left Fork* by Charles Eugene Powers, and *A Diadem of Snow* by Elmer Reizenstein. In January they presented *A Welsh Honeymoon* by Jeannette Marks, *Move On* by James Gratten Mythen, and *Three Pills in a Bottle* by Rachel Lyman Field. The February program included Strindberg's *Simon*, Benavente's *His Widow's Husband*, and a pantomime called *Pierrot and the Widow* by Olin Williams and Marie Barrett. The March bill was announced to include two Japanese Noh-plays, as well as Barrie's *Rosalind*, and *Trespass* by James W. D. Seymour. Each program is designed to include one play by a member of the Vagabonds. The company has no permanent paid director, but believes rather in "group" production, a new director being chosen for each bill.

The 47 Workshop, the experimental theatre directed by Professor George Pierce Baker in connection with his classes at Harvard University and Radcliffe College, presented in November as the first program of its season *The Middle Window* by Eugene Pillot, and *Rise Up, Jennie Smith* by Rachel Lyman Field. In January a three-act play, entitled *Mamma's Affair* by Rachel Barton Butler, was presented. Two other programs are scheduled during the regular season, one of which will be a full-length play. Several special performances have been given for men in uniform and for charities.

The Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit, being left without a permanent director, through the resignation of Sam Hume late last summer, has given only scattered performances during the current season. In December a new version of *The Sleeping Beauty*, specially arranged by Alexandrine McEwen, was produced at eight matinee performances, under the direction of Irving Pichel. In January a program of two one-act plays and two dance-dramas was presented under Mr. Pichel's direction, including the famous *Bushido*, the new comedy *Tickless Time* by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook, and the dance-plays *Flowers for Sappho* and *The Star-Wife* by Violette Stitt Wilson. For March a concert of choral music was announced, and for April a visit of Tony Sarg's Marionettes.

The Little Playhouse Company of Cincinnati, under the direction of Helen Schuster-Martin, has produced at its own theatre and in nearby towns a program comprising Winifred Hawkrig's *The Florist Shop* and Z. Toppelius' *The Stolen Prince*. The same company produced Mary Macmillan's

The Dryad and Mrs. Henry Bachus' *The Singing Clock* in February before the Woman's City Club, in connection with a plan to organize a Cincinnati Civic Theatre. The project which started last year under the name of the Cincinnati Players is reported to have lapsed, probably permanently.

Maxwell Armfield and Constance Smedley, who started their interesting Greenleaf Theatre in New York last year, and then went to California for a summer season of "community productions", have decided to carry on their activities permanently in Berkeley. The first production of the newly organized Greenleaf Players there occurred on February 22, and was a program of dances and playlets for children.

The Fireside Players of White Plains, New York, who in past seasons have been a reading circle rather than a producing company, recently re-organized and started a season of regular performances. No professional director has been employed, and for the present each play will be given under the direction of some member of the group. The February bill included Lady Gregory's *The Workhouse Ward*, a folk dance entitled *The Seven Jumps*, and a dramatization of scenes from *The Spoon River Anthology*.

The Ypsilanti Players, who have given no productions during the last year, due to the absence of many members in war service, have announced programs for March, April and May, at their own playhouse. Daniel L. Quirk, Jr., the director, returned from Europe in February, and immediately started plans for resuming all the pre-war activities of the group.

The San Francisco Little Theatre, which carries on its activities in the name of the Players Club, is one of the few experimental groups that continued its series of productions unbroken through the war period. It is under the direction of Reginald Travers, and it has its own playhouse. The holiday program was as follows: *The Woman of It* by Eulalie Andreas, *The Merry Merry Cuckoo* by Jeannette Marks, *All for the Sake of Sylvia* by Martha Morton, and La Estrellita in *The Pantomime of the Shawls*.

Since last spring the Montclair Players have been giving one or two performances each week for men in uniform. Due to this special activity and to the influenza epidemic the regular productions for members have been delayed. The first one for the season was given on December second with the following program: *Food* by William C. de Mille, *A Little Fowl Play* by Harold Owen, and *Cox and Box*. A second bill of one-act plays was announced to be given probably in March.

A new little theatre group has organized in Denver, and has announced that its first program will be presented in March. The organization is known as The Denver Players, and its productions will be made under the direction of Sara Lacy. The so-called Denver Little Theatre, of which Granville F. Sturgis was director, succumbed to war conditions and probably will never be revived. The plan of the local Drama League group to establish a producing theatre has likewise failed. The new organization thus enters a clear field and has already met with an encouraging response from the public.

Due to war conditions, the Artists' Guild Theatre in St. Louis reversed its policy of last year, and did not engage a director, or sponsor any productions, for the current season. Its playhouse, however, was offered to a local organization known as the Players. This group produced in December a program of three one-act plays by Orrick Johns; in January a "reading" of Euripides' *Medea*, under the direction of Otto Heller; and in

February presented *The Harlequinade*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker, under the direction of Clarence Stratton. The last-named presentation is noted as the first production of this play in America.

The St. Francis Little Theatre Club, which presents a new program each week at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco under the direction of Arthur Maitland, has already produced twenty-five one-act plays this season, including such favorites as *Riders to the Sea*, *Suppressed Desires* and *The Girl in the Coffin*, and two or three first performances of new plays. Hermann Bahr's three-act play, *The Master*, has been the only full-length drama presented during the season.

The second bill of the Provincetown Players, who opened their new playhouse in MacDougal Street New York this year, included *The Moon of the Carribees* by Eugene O'Neill, *The Rescue* by Rita Creighton Smith, and *Tickless Time* by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cooke, which has already found its way with others of Miss Glaspell's plays into several small playhouses. The third bill included *Portland to Dover* by O. K. Liveright, *5050 — A Prophecy* by Robert Parker, *The String of the Samisen* by Rita Wellman, and *The Widow's Veil* by Alice L. Rostetter, which one critic said was the best bit of comedy in New York at the time. The fourth bill contained *The Baby Carriage* by Bosworth Crocker, *The Squealer* by Mary F. Barber, and *Not Smart* by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

The Community Theatre of Hollywood, under the direction of Neely Dickson, has had such a successful second season that each bill has run two weeks instead of one, as announced. The January bill was made up of four one-act plays: *Lonesome-like* by Harold Brighouse, *The Marriage Will Not Take Place* by Alfred Sutro, *In the Zone* by Eugene O'Neill, and *Everybody's Husband* by Gilbert Cannan. The February program was in two parts: Winifred Hawkrigde's *The Florist Shop*, and two Barrie plays, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* and *The New Word*. The March bill was announced as follows: *Between the Soup and The Savoury* by Gertrude Jennings; *Lima Beans* by Alfred Kreymborg; *Matsuo* by Takema Izuma; and *Deceivers* by William C. De Mille. In the year and a half of its existence the Hollywood Theatre has not only increased its playing from three nights to two weeks but has managed to pay its debts and to lay constructive plans for the coming year.



The Newly Published Plays

HARVARD PLAYS: PLAYS OF THE 47 WORKSHOP. PLAYS OF THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB. Everybody who is interested in the experimental theatre has a keen interest in the experiment which Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard has been carrying on through his classes at Harvard and Radcliffe, and in coöperation with the undergraduate and graduate students who form the Harvard Dramatic Club. Accounts of this work in playwriting, production, and performance have been frequent, but these two volumes of plays are the first published record of the work itself. The plays are of uneven value, as they should be since they are designed to show the variety of class and character of Harvard play-writing. Some of them, however, such as *The Florists' Shop* and *The Bank Account*, have already found their audience in Little Theatres far from Harvard, and are sure of a wider field. Professor Baker, in his introduction to the "Plays of the 47 Workshop," gives an account of the material, method and organization of the group which he has so successfully directed, and of the spirit which is behind their work. This introduction is a real contribution to the literature of the experimental theatre. It is not only a record of accomplishment, but a working plan on which other groups may model their organization and activities. (New York: Brentano's. \$1.00 per volume.)

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS. VOL. I. Edited and adapted by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. This volume of five one-act plays represents the first attempt to adapt the drama of the past to the needs of the Little Theatre of the present. The work is worth doing, and on the whole the adapter has done it well. The Little Theatre has run short of plays. So far, the original plays written for it have not averaged up to the standard of those of the "commercial" theatre; furthermore, contemporary plays whose merit has been proved on the commercial stage usually demand large royalties. Hence this return to the past. The adapter has not re-written or in any real sense mutilated his "classics": he has merely rearranged and condensed them, with a judicious care for the preservation of their essential dramatic and literary values. Five epochs of the drama and five distinct types of the play are represented. The Greek tragedy *Polyxena*, from Euripides' *Hecuba*, preserves the power of the original, though its style, a mixture of Way's version with that of the adapter, leaves much to be desired. A Christmas Miracle Play is adapted from the Coventry cycle. Out of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* no one could make a play, but Mr. Eliot's version emphasizes the tremendous dramatic conflict and the magnificent verse. The romantic comedy *Ricardo and Viola*, from the underplot of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, is perhaps the most successful of the adaptations; the least so is a rollicking farce *The Scheming Lieutenant*, condensed from Sheridan's two-act *St. Patrick's Day*. The elaborate introduction prefixed to each play must be intended for the edification of the producer; for plays that really require such academic introduction to the audience can be viewed only as archæological revivals. The present plays, however, can explain themselves. The full stage directions, descriptions of characters, and suggestions, for costuming, etc., should be of great value to the producer and actors. The rich mine of the past thus opened up to the Little Theatre is practically inexhaustible. That four of these adaptations have actually been successfully produced marks this as no merely academic attempt, but a practical and vital contribution to the acting stage. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH DRAMAS, VICTORIAN AND MODERN. Edited, with an introduction to each play, by Montrose J. Moses. Mr. Moses is an experienced editor, compiler and critic, who knows English and American plays past and present, what these plays stand for in the evolution of form and ideas, and how far they represent their authors and their periods. The twenty-one plays in the present volume are divided into the two groups, "Victorian" and "Modern", in order to emphasize an essential demarcation. They have been selected, in the main judiciously, to "represent definite characteristics in the development of the British drama of the nineteenth century" from Knowles' *Virginius* to Dunsany's *Gods of the Mountain*. In his entertaining introduction the editor has traced the growth of progressive ideas and improvement in both technique and style; in other words, the progress toward a union of "drama" and "literature" in England after their disastrous divorce of almost three centuries. This is something new in such a collection, and it constitutes the special value of Mr. Moses' work. He is not altogether retrospective; he brings the matter right down to the present, and even points the way to future developments. The reading of such books must inevitably have its indirect effect upon the contemporary stage. Little can be said against Mr. Moses' choice of plays. Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan* is at least an index to the contemporary taste (heaven save the mark!); but why not go a step further and include one of Byron's burlesques, which were also "representative"? Rather startling is the editor's preference of Jones to Pinero, scarcely justified by his own criticism, and certainly not by *The Masqueraders*, which is chosen as "representing an earlier period when he was slowly developing his powers." Is *The Gay Lord Quex*, a comedy of manners whose brilliant but essential theatricalism is so apparent when the play is compared with such a subtle and sincere comedy as Hankin's *The Cassilis Engagement*, as characteristic of Pinero, of his mastery of technique and dialogue, as *Mid-Channel* or *The Thunderbolt*? But it is ungracious to cavil when in general the feast is fine, and after all it is safe to accept the taste of so sane an editor. Unfortunately, Shaw, Barrie, and Stephen Phillips, owing to limitations of copyright, are not represented. Mr. Moses' work was well worth doing, and it has been remarkably well done. The volume should find a place in the library of every person interested in the drama, as well as of him who simply wishes to be supplied with highly entertaining reading. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$4.00.)

WISCONSIN PLAYS: SECOND SERIES. Contents: *The Feast of the Holy Innocents*, by S. Marshal Ilsley; *On the Pier*, by Laura Sherry; *The Shadow*, by Howard Mumford Jones; *We Live Again*, by Thornton Gilman; with an introduction by Zona Gale. Though Miss Gale's play, *The Neighbors*, in the first volume of Wisconsin Plays, is certainly better than anything in the present collection, the general average of merit is perhaps higher in this second series. *The Feast of the Holy Innocents* is a realistic dialogue rather than a play, but is natural and sincere in characterization and speech. *On the Pier*, a realistic character sketch, is hardly convincing. *The Shadow*, an over-ambitious allegory of love, written distinctly under Maeterlinck, even when read is none too clear in meaning, and on the stage is thoroughly confusing. These three plays were presented by the Wisconsin Players at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York in the season of 1917-18. Dramatically the most effective of the four plays is *We Live Again*, which has moments of sheer power but which emphasizes the hypocrisy and hardness of the smug church people out of all reality and stretches the long arm of coin-

cidence out of all endurance. Notwithstanding such shortcomings, inevitable in the work of amateur playwrights, these plays represent a highly commendable effort to contribute to our poverty-stricken stage something new and vital. They are at least sincere. On the whole they are worth printing and worth acting, and as an evidence of the fine ideals and some of the solid achievements of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society are of distinct importance. (New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.)

ECHOES OF THE WAR, by J. M. Barrie. This volume of Barrie plays includes *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, *The New Word*, *Barbara's Wedding*, and *A Well-Remembered Voice*. They are not the best of the Barrie plays, but they are among the few beautiful things which the war has brought to the stage, and so they have earned their place. Barrie has, moreover, given them a charm all their own by making them, in print, not formal dramas but stories that drop into dialogue. *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* is easily the ranking play of the company; but *The New Word* has the advantage of being that rare thing, a story for the middle-aged man. There will be more to say about this volume in a later article, which is to cover all of Barrie's plays. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.)

EXILES, by James Joyce. It is very seldom that a play by a new dramatist strikes a note so poignant as does this one. It is neither tragedy nor comedy in the accepted sense; it has none of the earmarks of the "Irish School of Drama," although evidently written by an Irishman; it is realism, perhaps, but realism veiled in a mood of dreaminess. The average reader may find it dull and wordy, and a few may see it as suggestive and morbid; but those who have come, by way of Shaw and Porto-Riche and Barker and Schnitzler, to an appreciation of that drama which finds its excitement in souls laid bare, in ideas stripped of their everyday meaning and shown forth in the intimate interplay of emotions, will know that here is a new psychological dramatist who, although still somewhat self-conscious, promises great things for the future. In literary skill and in keenness of analysis, *Exiles* marks the entrance of a notable figure into the gallery of British drama. (New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.)

WASHINGTON, THE MAN WHO MADE US, by Percy MacKaye. The event of the eleventh of November prevented us from learning just how good a play it was that Percy MacKaye had written about the life of Washington and of the democracy of America, and from seeing upon the stage the realization of a new art-form deliberately suited to the new methods and opportunities of lighting and production. *Washington* was to have been produced by Arthur Hopkins, with the settings by Robert E. Jones, a number of which are reproduced in the printed volume. With the coming of peace, however, the commercial values of *Washington* were thought to have faded, and so we shall probably get no chance of judging accurately its stage values. One can see, however, from the printed page that this prose play has more of poetry in it than many of Mr. MacKaye's poetic dramas. He has still his cerebral New England passion for the pun as a form of humor, and he feels intellectual passion rather than the warm heat of life. But he shows—as Synge and Masfield have shown—how much more powerful for the theatre is simple prose rythmed by emotion and built of the great clear phrases of the every-day. More than this—and it is probably his New England brain coupled to a beauty-loving temperament—Mr. MacKaye has created in this "ballad play" a form of drama intimately suited to the new theatre. It is a loose

of a dozen or so scenes, connected by a chain of ballads and of scenes made from light and color as much as from human materials. The scenes permit opportunity for the producer and artist, and complexity of action, mood and effect. The ballad "transitions" not only change scenes but fuse one scene with the next pictorially and with action. *Washington* is a fine, dignified and human treatment of a central character; it has qualities of thought and belief even above what it is, before all, a departure in playwriting which no student of the art of production can afford to miss. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A BROKEN IMAGE, by Lawrence Langner. The Kaiser and his generals are pictured as meeting in council and breaking the image of Jesus, in and in spirit. (New York: Egmont Arens. 35¢.)

TENT APPLIED FOR, by Lawrence Langner. A skit, with a certain bearing, but bearing on its pages the evidence of having been written for the amusement of patent attorneys, to whom the foibles of the inventor are serious and funny. (New York: Egmont Arens. 35¢.)



New Books About the Theatre

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY THEATRE, by William Lyon Phelps. To publish a book under this immensely inclusive title is to issue a challenge—dangerous enough in the present case. As stating the random ideas and impressions of a highly intelligent playgoer, the book is pleasing and readable, but it cannot be taken seriously as compared with the many recent books on the theatre which treat fully, expertly, and accurately what it treats inaccurately, amateurishly, and superficially. It numbers only 144 pages, and seems to have been put together at random. Of its seven chapters, two are mainly reminiscential. The titles of other chapters, though attractive, are misleading, since the all-pervading incoherence permits almost any topic in almost any chapter. Three pages are allotted to the new stagecraft, perhaps the most significant development of the modern theatre. The writer diagnoses the disease of American drama, in its concentration in New York, and suggests a remedy—the local stock-company; but leaves unsolved, even unstated, the actual difficulties that confront the stock-companies and repertory theatres. And there is nothing novel in either diagnosis or remedy. Again, the book is not without positive though minor errors: e. g., that Miss Matthiessen acted the rôle of Death in Ben Greet's production of *Everyman*. Superlatives abound: "*The Piper* is among the most successful box-office productions of the twentieth century"; Mansfield was "the most intellectual English-speaking actor of the time"; "*Cyrano de Bergerac* is the greatest drama of modern times"; "Mr. Anspacher's comedy [*The Unchastened Woman*] would be a credit to any dramatist in the world"; "Mr. Louis Calvert is literally one of the best actors in the world"; "Mr. Augustus Thomas's masterpiece, *The Witching Hour*, is one of the best of all original American dramas." All this may very well be true, but an occasional "perhaps" would at least not diminish one's faith in the writer's discretion and critical sanity. Yet, with all its faults, the book says many good things with pith and point; i. g., "To me a superb tragedy adequately acted is not de-

pressing; it is wholly exhilarating"; "It is as absurd to expect competent criticisms the morning after the first night as it would be to insist that a book-review should appear the day after publication"; "I suspect the reason why so many critics take up the major space of their articles with re-telling the plot, is because they have not a sufficient number of ideas to fill a column with real criticism." These *obiter dicta* may not redeem the book, but they excuse it. Its title should have been "*Some Random Thoughts and Impressions about the Contemporary Stage, with Reminiscences. By a Highly Intelligent and Appreciative, often Disgusted, though always Human and Delightful Play-Goer (who in this book does not choose to give his best to the public).*" (New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY: A STUDY IN DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION, by B. Roland Lewis. The title of this book is significant of the growing interest in a delightful and, as far as the typical audience is concerned, as yet unappreciated form of play. But in itself the title is a misnomer. The 274 pages and eleven chapters of the book simply state and illustrate generally recognized principles of technique that apply as well to the two-, three-, four- and five-, as to the one-act play. Furthermore, these principles have been repeatedly set forth during the past twenty centuries and especially the past twenty years (or, as Professor Lewis has it, "from Aristotle to Clayton Hamilton"). This is not meant to impugn the validity of the statements, but to show that there is nothing essentially new or original in them; and that this so-called "technique of the one-act play" is merely the familiar technique applied to a miniature form. It is not apparent from this book that one writes a one-act play by a method other than that which he uses for a longer play. Perhaps this is just as well. It is strangely reassuring to find the old standards still holding good! They can all, by the way, bear the present clear and convincing re-statement, even though the exposition suffers from an over-plus of illustration which confuses rather than illuminates, and which sounds as if the writer had used all the ready references in his card catalogue to adorn his tale. And one is disappointed, perhaps unreasonably, not to find something about the case of the one-act play, how it came to be, why it has flourished on the commercial stage of the continent but is still heartily hated by the average American audience, and so on. But doubtless all this was foreign to the writer's purpose. For all its repetition, general diffuseness, and lack of proper editing, the book is on the whole justified by its sound principles, good sense, and clearness of style. (Boston: John W. Luce and Company. \$1.50.)

EUROPEAN THEORIES OF THE DRAMA, by Barrett H. Clark. The subtitle of this volume fairly describes its contents as "an anthology of dramatic theory and criticism from Aristotle to the present day, in a series of selected texts, with commentaries, biographies and bibliographies." The contents include inevitably such standard theories as Aristotle's *Poetic*, Horace's *The Art of Poetry*, Lessing's *Hamburg Dramaturgy*, Freytag's *The Technique of the Drama*, and speculative essays of popular critics and playwrights like Schlegel, Sarcey, Brunetière, Maeterlinck, Pinero, Shaw, and Archer. But there are also such less-known and hitherto inaccessible essays as Lope de Vega's *The New Art of Writing Plays*, Congreve's *Concerning Humor in Comedy*, and Dumas fils' Preface to *A Prodigal Father*. These unexpected things, as well as the less fugitive essays, now first arranged for systematic study, offer a mine of material for the historical student, and suggestive—at times even entertaining—reading for those who are more casually interested

in the theatre. The most noticeable omission in the volume occurs where "the Scandinavian school" should be represented. The editor's slurring remark that "the movement, school, or tradition, in which he [Ibsen] is a link, is not of sufficient importance to warrant the inclusion here of any theory of his art", is either an indication of critical limitation or a lame excuse for not including something clearly belonging to the plan of the book. We also wonder why a volume which summarizes theories up to 1918 has not even a line of reference to the most brilliant group of theorists in the theatre of the last twenty years — men like Gordon Craig, Jacques Copeau and Georg Fuchs, for instance. With these two exceptions the book is an admirable work — and one that is likely to prove useful long after many a "timely" volume of criticism has been forgotten. (Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. \$3.50.)

THE ART OF THE VIEUX COLOMBIER, by Waldo Frank. Jacques Copeau's playhouse is without doubt the nearest approach to a "new" theatre in this country to-day — and any intelligent analysis and account of its aims and development must be intensely interesting to students of modern drama. There are few books, indeed, that will prove more suggestive than this one to those who look to a regeneration of the American stage. But it is unfortunate that Waldo Frank is half-blind in his view of theatre art. He totally lacks any vision of that glorious thing which Gordon Craig, Adolphe Appia and many lesser artists have foreshadowed. He divides theatre art into spectacle and drama, pushes Craig and his followers over into the spectacle side, and then claims the stage of the future for drama. This one-sidedness will doubtless help to correct that equally unbalanced view which credits all recent progress to the "decorative" movement; but it makes one question the authority of much that the booklet contains. Perhaps, on the other hand, the reader will find the essay more stimulating on account of the controversial attitude on this one point. At any rate it is a thing to be read and re-read. (New York: Nouvelle Revue Française, 65 West 35th Street. 50¢.)

PATRIOTIC DRAMA IN YOUR TOWN, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. This is another of Miss Mackay's useful handbooks of material for workers in a special dramatic field. This time the field is that of community drama, especially as it is related to Americanization and the creating of a more unified national spirit. The book is superficial, but informing to beginners. (New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.35.)





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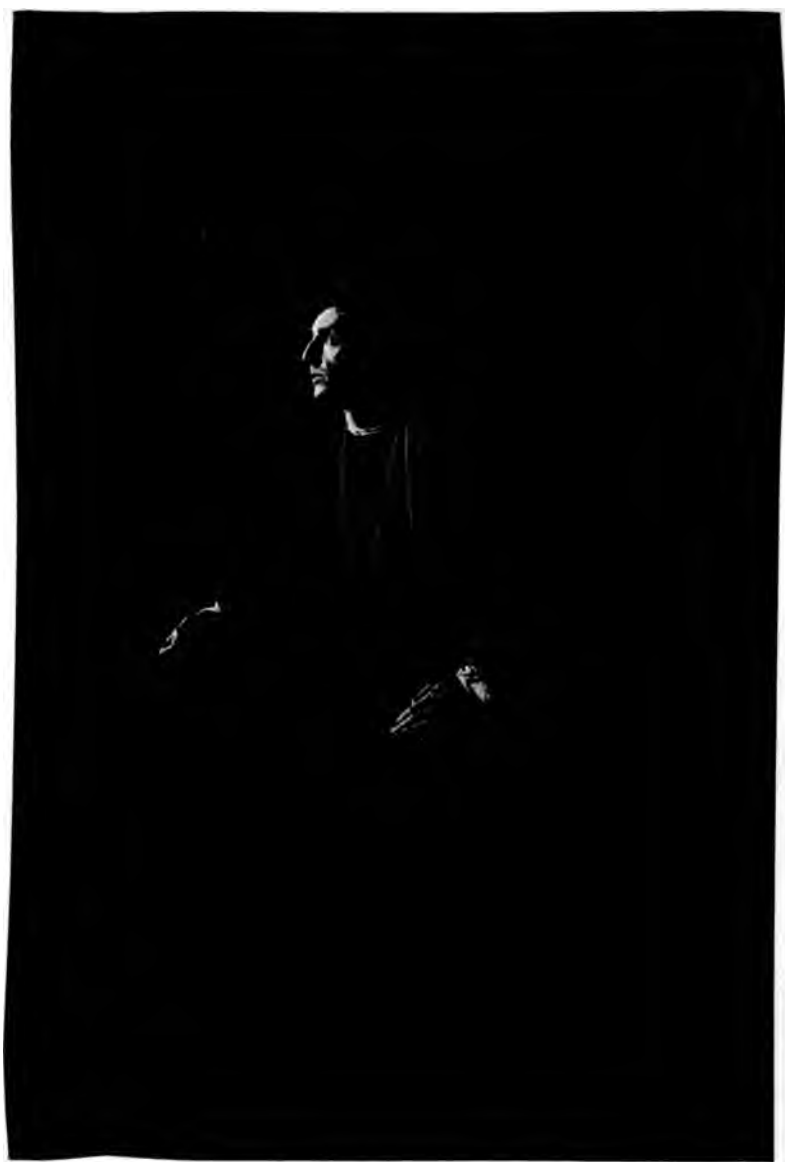
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Gilbert Cannan on The Vision

WE HAVE outgrown the vision by which we lived in the wilderness. We are looking for new vision in everything. As we have found none in the theatre, it has lost its importance for us, even as a place of light amusement. The anarchy of the theatre has been the opportunity of the music-hall, which, during the last ten years, has been organized, rudely but generously, so that it has become, after a fashion, the vehicle of expression of the untempered genius of the race. All the best and most spontaneous acting in England is to be found in the music-hall, where the people can see the wonder in their own delight in material things. You shall see the First and Second Grave-digger here, but in that air Hamlet cannot breathe. There is no brooding here, nor in these vast vulgar palaces can the spirit of tragedy or the spirit of comedy have its dwelling. To the music hall the people bring all their prejudice, all their superstition, and these receive good measure of fun and pathos pressed down and brimming over.

The theatre, like the music-hall, must give pleasure, but a finer, a higher, and a keener pleasure. It has only the same machinery to hand—that can be developed but not altered—but it must use it with more subtlety and with greater skill and cunning: it must be under the control of finer brains. To draw a rough distinction—the machinery of the music-hall may use its men, but the men of the theatre must use its machinery. The music-hall asks for no vision in its artists, who will remain caricaturists; the theatre, if it is to live, must have the service of men with vision, men with the power beautifully to share their vision with their audiences, whose spirit during the performance will be set free by the dissolution of their prejudices and superstitions, led for the space of a few hours to forgetfulness of self and sent back into life enriched by imaginative experience, in courage renewed, and therefore more capable of facing and grappling with life's responsibilities.—*The Joy of the Theatre.*





Walter Hampden as Hamlet.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

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Peace Comes to Broadway

And Finds Realism and Romanticism Gaily Embattled—*The Jest* and *John Ferguson* the Most Stimulating Productions in Three Seasons—Other Spring Plays.

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

THEY will be fortunate and rare lands, blessed peoples and exceptional interests that pass out of war and into peace with the flashing vigor and fair promise which came to Broadway in the month of May. It is given to few industries and fewer arts to blossom into such fullness or such meaning within six months of the cannons' roar and six weeks of the diplomats' whisperings.

In *The Jest*, *Shakuntala*, *Bonds of Interest* and *John Ferguson* New York has been given entertainment ranging from the excellent to the exceptional—entertainment such as we have not had since that early season of the war which brought *Justice*, *The Weavers* and *The Sea Gull*. And, though this new group lacks something of the complete genius of those others, yet by their singular quality and the singular time at which they come, *The Jest*, *Shakuntala*, *Bonds of Interest* and *John Ferguson* enable us to grasp the possible trend of the theatre under reconstruction as we could never have grasped it without them.

In these four plays Broadway is blessed—unmistakeably. But not by Broadway. *Bonds of Interest* and *John Ferguson* are products of a group of men and women many of whom were of the Washington Square Players, and who now are following a similarly free but far better directed course under the name of the Theatre Guild. *Shakuntala* comes from special matinées into the evening bill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, once more under the direction of the ex-Washington Square player, Frank Conroy. *The Jest* alone is the production of a Broadway manager, that strangely appropriate and inappropriate flowering of the Longacre Meadows, Arthur Hopkins, who, by the splendor of this new production, added to his mounting of *Redemption*, deserves and achieves recognition as the leading figure in the American theatre of to-day.

More typical of Broadway is a fifth production which, whatever its faults, should receive consideration in this place. It is Henry Miller's presentation of a faintly historical drama by

Philip Moeller, called *Molière*. It is necessary to say "faintly" historical, because this drama of the great comedian takes enough liberties with the facts of Molière's difficulties with his wife to involve Louis XIV and his mistress, Madame de Montespan, in some fairly diverting but certainly fictitious intrigues in and about the Palais Royal. The play itself is sturdily written; it has sense of character, and its flavor is decidedly intelligent. Mr. Moeller has kept out of *Molière* that knack with phrases which has won him the reputation of being brilliant when he has been merely clever. Consequently the play has none of the smartness of his Washington Square Players skits or the daring fun of *Mme. Sand*. It replaces these pleasant audacities with the sober virtues of a mind well-read and a style finished and expressive—but no more.

Mr. Moeller is, of course, hardly a Broadway product, though Broadway has been making rapid strides in the past four years towards catching up with the wit and knowledge of the smarter circles of the town. But what Mr. Moeller lacked of the true spirit of that street Mr. Miller supplied. He re-painted and re-lighted in the conventional, dull fashion some settings that, as Lee Simonson designed them, seemed to promise a happy mating of Craig and Belasco. He supplied an "all-star" cast of which Holbrook Blinn, as Louis, and Blanche Bates, as de Montespan, gave excellent performances; Estelle Winwood, as Mme. Molière, looked charming, but acted with little judgment, and Mr. Miller himself, as the immortal playwright, gave one of the worst performances of any star since Tree. Diction, mood, character, climax—he managed them all inexpertly and drably. He died properly, if not well.

A different historical flavor hangs about *Shakuntala*, for *Shakuntala* is a drama by the writer commonly described as the "Hindu Shakespeare," revived in America some ten or fifteen centuries after its writing. As always with translations and resurrections—especially those boiled down from "many hours" to three—it is a little difficult and certainly very dangerous to speak authoritatively of anything but the particular piece of entertainment presented in English. The essence of the original may be present; yet it is highly doubtful if Kalidasa wrote such lines as "Indeed I cannot otherwise account for such strange conduct." Comic relief may or may not have flourished in the true Elizabethan manner. But, whatever of beautiful words or intricate dramaturgy there may have been in this Hindu love drama, there was enough of charm in story and emotion to make three

acts through which an American audience could not help following with sympathy and understanding the old, old tale of the great prince and the patient, devoted, Griselda-like maid.

None of the acting in the Greenwich Village production stood out as exceptional, but most of it was adequate in sustaining a not too easy mood. The costumes and settings by Livingston Platt were appreciably in the new manner, and, in certain lightings, decidedly pleasant. But an occasional slightness of design and inadequacy of means spoiled the best, while many were inexpertly lighted at one or another moment. All in all *Shakuntala* charms with its mood and its story, and gives an encouraging insight into the possibilities that lie in the theatres of other and older cultures.

Superficially the same can be said for *Bonds of Interest*, the translation from the Spanish of Benavente, with which the Theatre Guild inaugurated its season at the old Garrick, *vice* Vieux Colombier. The mood of this "puppet play" is delightful, its story has the age-old charm of romantic comedy, and it reflects an older culture in a curious and pleasant fashion.

Bonds of Interest is a sixteenth-century comedy written by a modern. Again we lose the sound of the original; yet in the sense we recognize the old story of the rascally but devoted servant who secures the happiness of his impoverished but handsome young master by negotiating a marriage with the beautiful daughter of a rich ornament of the original and only bourgeoisie. So far as action goes, *Bonds of Interest* might be some product of the Commedia dell' Arte or some slightly later rendering such as Count O'Dowda expected Fanny to imitate in her first play:

"The heroine will be an exquisite Columbine, her lover a dainty Harlequin, her father a picturesque Pantaloon, and the valet who hoodwinks the father and brings about the happiness of the lovers a grotesque but perfectly tasteful Punchinello or Mascarille or Sganarelle."

As a matter of fact, if *Bonds of Interest* were presented as anonymously as Shaw's comedy there would be every reason for supposing that it was indeed Fanny's first play. The dear old count could find no possible fault with this fable. He would rejoice at the trickery by which master and man, arriving in sore distress at an old Spanish inn, are not only soon partaking of food, but are also dining a soldier and a poet, and winning their allegiance. The count would sigh with the young lover as he woos the petite bourgeoisie, and smile in a wordly wise manner over the marital maneuverings of the duenna, who signs contracts

with young men that would marry money. The count would rejoice at the manner in which, when all seems lost, the rascally valet turns upon his master's enemies the energies of the learned doctor, who has come with wagons' full of processes to secure the arrest of master and man.

As a pantomime *Bonds of Interest* would delight the good Count O'Dowda, but what of the words? What of the gloss of moral reflections which the valet furnishes to the play? Would the wisdom of this Crispin please the Irish nobleman, "to whom it is always the eighteenth century," much better than the wisdom of Margaret Knox or Darling Dora? There lies the real charm of *Bonds of Interest* for a modern audience—in the adroit and bitter-sweet reflections upon action and people with which Benavente has interrupted the flow of his play.

The company which the Theatre Guild compounded for this comedy was much superior to that of the Washington Square Players in its later years. It went to the professional stage for Augustin Duncan, the Great Ancestor of *The Betrothal*, for Dudley Digges and for Henry Herbert, among others. It added Helen Freeman, the very personable and intelligent young actress who came so close to founding the Nine O'Clock Theatre. It retained Helen Westley, one of the best of the older company. It gave to Rollo Peters, onetime designer for the Washington Square Players and occasional actor, the triple task of director of the organization, actor of the young hero and designer of the costumes and settings. No one player, unless it was Henry Herbert in the short but delightful scene of the doctor, gave a perfect performance, but there was flavor and intelligence about each impersonation. The costumes partook of the quasi-satirical treatment of the story, and the settings, which were built into the old Copeau frame-work, had, like the acting, flavor and intelligence, in spite of some bits of bad painting and bad lighting.

Whatever these three plays accomplish in historical tang, romantic feeling or picturesque appearance, is quite overborne by the magnificent and striking production of *The Jest*. As a drama, it is quite as sensational and, perhaps, as meritorious as its success. As a picture, it is the most distinguished and most forward-looking thing yet accomplished on this side of the Atlantic.

The Jest is one of those vigorous dramas in which Italian poets of to-day reconstruct with all modern psychological—even pathological—niceness, the cruel, bloody and very beautiful times of

Latin greatness. The plays of D'Annunzio are fairly common on American bookshelves. The work of Sem Benelli, who wrote *The Jest*, is known to us only by the opera, *The Love of the Three Kings*, which Mr. Montemezzi made upon the basis of his play. *The Jest* has all the movement of Broadway melodrama, and a lot of its slangy humor, too. Through four acts a young painter of Leonardo's court matches his wits against the brawn of a hulking mercenary. The painter is a jelly of cowardly nerves, who has been put upon since youth by this wine-swilling soldier, "full of quaint oaths" and quainter devilries. One of these was to buy the boy's sweetheart and turn her into a callous little pampered drab. Another was to catch the painter upon a bridge in Florence, to prick with daggers emblems of love and derision upon various portions of his body, and to fling him, sacked, into the river for the town to mock at. This last set young Giannetto actively plotting the destruction of the soldier Neri. The first act shows Neri marching off, roaring drunk, to fulfil a wager cleverly conceived to bring him to the madhouse.

In the second act Neri, escaped, comes upon Giannetto and the girl in her apartments, only to suffer recapture, while the boy toys with her. The third is a mingling of physical and psychological horrors in the underground prison of the Medici. The fourth brings Neri back to the girl's house in time to murder a dearly loved brother and go truly mad.

The players add considerably to the surface qualities of this keen and cruel Punch and Judy show. John Barrymore plays the painter with the most delicate shadings of tortured beauty. (In the original the painter was a hunchback.) He makes no attempt, as one might imagine Moisi doing, to picture a creature of almost uncontrollable nerves, with a strange moral courage flashing up through physical cowardice. The part is therefore limited by the actor's definition, but sharply and truly done within these limits. Lionel Barrymore plays Neri in the simple vein of a roaring, cursing, swaggering giant—all on one note of physical strength. With the face largely hidden by matted hair, the body lumbering about in the conventional poses of brute strength, and the voice ever steeped in the gutter, the impersonation, while effective, leans towards the conventional, the histrionic. But though it has none of that spiritual brutishness which Lynn Harding might give (recall his Bill Sykes), its forceful, vigorous humor does a great deal towards spicing the play with something as far from the usual romantic type as its sadistic cruelty and its neuropathic precision.

So far, *The Jest* might be merely an interesting but disquieting "sport" of modernity. The quality of its production—devised by Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins—lifts the thing whole planes higher. In settings, lights and costumes, there has been no such beautiful, effective, expressive and heightening spectacle on our dramatic stage.

The play has three simple sets. One is a large hall, one a small dungeon and one a medium-sized boudoir. Each is well designed, though none is unusual or strikingly distinguished in shape or ornament. I doubt if the raw color on the canvas is particularly beautiful. But by the handling of light, the spreading of a glow of amber upon a dining table, a flood of moon-blue through a window, a shaft of cold white down the side of a prison pillar, the rich and pregnant atmosphere of the renaissance, fills these rooms with beauty and with cruelty. And in these pools of light, catching a color here and a glow there, move costumings that have all the imagination and precision which Mr. Jones has shown himself to be so successful in wedding ever since his *Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* was first seen.

The Jest without Jones would be a bare and ugly thing. Perhaps that is what it should be. With Jones *The Jest* is a sensation. Added to the other colorful and picturesque plays of the season, it makes a very good case for a romantic revival. War unquestionably gave us too much reality. We sought "surcease from sorrow." It also cultivated a taste for violence, for madder music and redder wine, for "sensation." It set the stage for revulsion from Ibsenic realism, from "problems" and social evils, towards irresponsible and seductive and stirring romance. Some of us, feeling the too-terrible realities of life in 1914-19, foreswore the once-loved reality of social drama for the anæsthesia of the æsthetic; that should account for the fame of Dunsany. And soon the rest, who had faced the jazz music of busy Berthas and scare-head casualty lists, were back in the theatre with what seemed likely to be a callousness toward anything but color and vigor and excitement equal to the fury of Europe. Upon such a basis, it was easy to see in *The Jest* and in other plays, and even moving pictures of the same sort, a romantic revival which would sweep reality clear out of the playhouse.

It was easy until the Theatre Guild put on a dour little play of Ireland called *John Ferguson*. St. John Ervine's drama is nothing, if not utter naturalism. Its story is simple and bare: a hard, lustful land-grabber forecloses a mortgage and assaults



Three settings by Robert Edmond Jones for *The Jew*, as produced by Arthur Hopkins. These sketches, notable as they are for simplicity and decorative quality, fail to suggest the rich coloring which contributed more than any other factor to the remarkable beauty of the scenes.

Above is the Great Hall of A&I.



Above, the prison scene.
Below, Ginevra's chamber.

the daughter of the house. Her other admirer, a cowardly little victim of the same man, tries to kill him — and hasn't the courage. Instead, the deed is done by her brother, a boy who has had to give up the ministry to work the farm while his sick old father reads of Christian humility in the Book of Books. The physical violence is done off-stage. There is no more color and romance than can be furnished by a half-wit, dreaming and chortling in the inglenook. Yet *John Ferguson* stirred its audience and won the critics hardly less than *The Jest*. There is no resisting the deep humanity of its characters, the full and touching understanding that they win. Mr. Ervine and the actors have simply done what playwrights and players in sundry Continental theatres have been doing for twenty or thirty years — picturing truthfully our own times and our own peoples.

America has shown no particular fondness for this sort of thing in the past—not, at least, for ultimate and complete naturalism. When it has encountered a play of the perfection of *John Ferguson* it has usually passed by on the other side. Now, however, it accepts, and accepts enthusiastically.

Partly, this may be accounted for by the extraordinarily good production of the Theatre Guild: Dudley Digges, Augustin Duncan, Helen Westley, Helen Freeman, Henry Herbert and Rollo Peters gave almost perfect performances. Yet, you cannot help feeling that in the reaction of the New York public to realistic *John Ferguson* as in its reaction to romantic *Jest* there is a certain quality wrought out by the war. Perhaps it is a somewhat different public; perhaps only a different angle of the same public. At any rate, New York seems eager for pungent theatrical fare, entertainment with fullness and vigor in it. It may be the fullness and vigor of rich colors and violent romantic action. It may be the fullness and vigor of true humanity truly seen and fully bodied forth. But at least this acceptance of both *The Jest* and *John Ferguson* is a sign of one excellent thing—impatience with anæmia and indolence and compromise. The end of the season leaves good hope that America in its new days of peace will ask more from the theatre than it has ever asked before.



Dunsany Reëstimated

By EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT

IN writing of Lord Dunsany's work two years ago I endeavored to suggest the presence of a certain quality which, it seemed to me, tended directly, not only to limit the scope of his art, but even to devitalize, in a sense, what had already been accomplished. The possibility of the intensification of this phase was foreshadowed through several pages of my book, from which the following short extracts are evidenced as proof that if a reëstimation of Dunsany is desirable at this time, as I believe it is, it is not because Dunsany has undergone any radical change, such as the War might have brought, but simply because he has been developing along a line already established, albeit a tangent.

"But when one wanders so far from the things of everyday life that one's thoughts seem to have no application to the every-day man, it is high time to pause and consider the possibility of inter-terrestrial communication. There is a point where Dunsany in his effort to deal only with the big things ends by glorifying the little things, by doing the small thing infinitely well, instead of doing the big thing in any manner. . . . It seems necessary to me to point out that the great fundamental error which Dunsany has made is that he has set himself to find the least common multiple instead of the greatest common divisor. In doing this he has imposed a limitation upon his work which must be recognized. He has hoped to achieve infinity, but in reality he has only imposed a false restriction."

It has been remarked more than a few times in the past two years that Lord Dunsany was repeating himself, that he seemed unable either to enlarge or to break through the limitations his artistic point of view entailed. It is instanced, and with a great measure of fairness, that *The Gods of the Mountain*, *A Night at an Inn*, and *The Laughter of the Gods* were all builded upon the same frame-work. Like Paganini Lord Dunsany is playing on an instrument with but one string, but unlike Paganini Dunsany has yet to prove that he can with as great an artistry handle an instrument full stringed. He has done one thing infinitely well; he has created one thing of surpassing beauty. This is his mythology, his theogony, culminating dramatically in *The Gods of the Mountain*. Is this to be the end?

Dunsany stands to-day a man hemmed within the circle of his own proclivity. The walls of that circle are like to the walls

of the Torture Chamber in Poe's tale which, barring rescue, slowly, almost imperceptibly, closed in upon their victim until he was forced into the pit in the center of the room. Speak of Dunsany's latest play, and what do you hear? "The same thing that he always does. Very charming, but the same." The voices uniting in this cry are so many, and proceed from such various sources that they cannot be disregarded.

An art which is dehumanized will, in the course of time, become devitalized also. Having carefully excluded from his work all trace of "the human round of passions and regrets," Dunsany is now to find that his intensely human audience is beginning to lose interest; that they cannot breathe for over long the rarified atmosphere of Pegana; and that Man only came to know God when God had suffered as a man. That is the key-stone of the arch. A poet who deals *wholly* with the imagination, that essentially intellectual quality, finds himself cut off almost entirely from real contact with mankind at large, which acts and reacts largely through its emotions, and to whom the intellect is like a bit in a horse's mouth, a thing with which to curb, guide, and direct. The point of contact is so thin, so small, that sooner or later it breaks under the strain.

How has Dunsany reacted to this war in which for five years he has played so honorable a part? Though the evidence is naturally not large at this time, what there is of it is possessed of a terrible significance. I feel that I can express myself best at this juncture in Dunsany's own words: "I have a fear, an old fear, and a boding. . . . I will no longer let my fear be silent; it shall run about and cry; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city; for my fear has seen calamity, and has known an evil thing." Dunsany's *Tales of War*, brought out during the last year, should witness, in some degree at least, to what five years of human struggle and human suffering have brought to him. And yet . . . the book is actually almost intolerably cheap. I have been told by an Irish friend that Dunsany's shame-faced uneasiness in discussing this work with such old friends as Yeats and A. E. seemed to indicate that his artistic conscience was dissatisfied, even though he attempted to challenge adverse criticism. Coming at the time it did, and under the circumstances it did, *Tales of War* provided a truly terrific anti-climax. If anything should have brought out the big side of the man, if there were anything well calculated to stimulate his human consciousness, to make him to feel with his fellows so greatly, so sensitively, and so beautifully that a great epic

would be the inevitable result, surely it was his long service at the front. And yet—this petty book is the only answer to our hope, and to our expectation.

A letter from Dunsany,* written from the North Raglan Barracks at Devonport, this spring, just prior to his discharge, for he is discharged at last, shall show further proof:

"... I am not sure who wrote the *Book of Job*, but if it was an autobiography, I fear that to the author's many troubles has been added a posthumous dramatic failure, in which, of course my *Tents of the Arabs* shared. His failure is hard on a man already so much afflicted.

"I have never had boils myself or lost any camels, and hardly feel the new blow, particularly as I feel that it was deserved. For *The Tents of the Arabs* is quite good to read, and to say that of a play is as though you said of a dinner that the menu looked all right. Plays are to see, and dinners are to eat.

"April 1st, 1919.

"I shall very soon now be able to get back to my work which nearly five strange years have so much interrupted. A poet cannot expect to walk the road with his nose in the air, and never find it hard. We cannot expect to live on the earth and never see a war; for it is by wars that nations were made, and generations have thriven: we are all descended from the most romantic things. So no one has any right to complain when the cycle of events turns towards violence again. I hope that I may make good use of my leisure. A great deal of idleness is required, and will no doubt be indulged in by me, in which the roots of dreams may thrust down quietly and thrive before ever the tree of dreams breaks into flower. Those whose whole lives sometimes fail to produce anything so memorable as what one of us dreamers may do on one fortunate day understand nothing of this, and think that we are weakly, meanly, and inexcusably idle on the day preceding and following the crystallization of some truth; as though God revealed truths to poets as soon as the banks opened, and only ceased to reveal them when they closed.

"I have already applied to be demobilized. I do not know what I shall do, for it is hard to foresee the future. I hope to write many plays. I shall have no appreciator in my own country, with rare and precious exceptions: and I must give up ever being irritated by ignorance, wilful or otherwise. Leisure is the great thing. Yet appreciation is needed too, for appreciation is the test that one's work is worth doing and not what relations and countrymen probably think it; for what miner would be fool enough to go on digging up gold if the only known medium of exchange were gravel?

"So please get——put on by somebody, lest I give up writing plays, and spend my time shooting big game, which is an occupation that amuses me just as much.

Yours ever,

DUNSANY."

Out of his own mouth is he condemned. A poet, which is creator, finds that "shooting big game amuses me just as much." In Dunsany's own words, written in better, happier days, "A vile phrase born of these evil times." This letter tells us that "we are all descended from the most romantic things," but to

*A letter is confidential, it is true, but long ago Lord Dunsany gave me permission to use such letters, providing the recipient was willing, and it is under this blanket warrant that I act. This letter has been given nearly in full because it was felt to be unfair to quote isolated sentences in condemnation. E. H. B.

the writer of the letter we can only say that *he* has descended from the romantic to the commonplace. Does the lack of appreciation he speaks of among his countrymen mean the kindly criticism of Yeats and A. E., of which we have already spoken? Have we here in America killed Dunsany with kindness? It may be so, but if it is, surely we have much to answer for. It was Emerson who said that "All the great ones of the earth have cried 'Not unto us!'" The truth may well be that after all this *is* a reaction of war; that the smaller side of the artist has been brought openly to the surface, that side which some of us seemed to detect in his earlier work even while we adored and admired. If that is true it is well. We have something definite to cope with. It may be that by a concerted effort we can flagellate that artistic conscience into rousing from its drugged stupor so that it will stand up, as once it stood, clean, and strong, and fine. Let it not be thought that there is the slightest trace of personal animus either in or between these lines. If this is an attack it is not upon Dunsany the poet or upon his work; but rather it is an assault upon whatever unholy devil has come to inhabit that temple of the gods which we still hold sacred.

The fact has already been instanced that in all art there are but three points of view possible: namely, man in his relation to the cosmos; man in his relation to his fellows; and man in his relation to himself. To draw illustrations from history we might cite Æschylus as fulfilling the first condition, Shakespeare as meeting the second, and Andrejeff the third. It is as easy to draw our examples wholly from contemporary work, and in that case they might run in the following order—Dunsany, Rostrand, and Strindberg. From these we derive the false terms—tragedy, romanticism, naturalism. And it must not be forgotten that these three parts, separated for the sake of clarity and convenience, are simply divisions of the one great whole, as if one said spirit, mind, and body. Hence it is that when any one of these three be emphasized to the exclusion of the other two the effect is false. An age of pure and unadulterated æstheticism would be as undesirable as one of pure and unadulterated materialism. Shaw raged against the false and puerile romanticism of the Victorian era until his raging swallowed his art. Is it possible that Dunsany in his splendid effort to trample the materialism of to-day under foot, and point the way to the bigger, wider, and more cosmic point of view has descended from a poet to a mere propagandist; that from the hills of song he has descended to the soap-box of corner oratory?

It may throw some light on our problem if we seek the answer in Lord Dunsany's plays. In *The Gods of the Mountain* the emotionally climactic moment of the play is not the entrance of the gods; it is that beautifully touching scene where the mother prays for the life of her child, because it is here that we see truly the human point of view opposed to the cosmic. That is the top note of real tragedy. In *The Golden Doom* it is the prayer of the King to be permitted to serve even humbly as a subject so that he may save his people. It is that one red drop of blood that makes the play live at all. In *The Tents of the Arabs* the love scene is all that prevents the play from becoming a mere diatribe against the city on one hand and the desert on the other. The Queen in *The Laughter of the Gods* is what vitalizes the play, and the very human pity of the Princes for that other Queen in *The Queen's Enemies* marks at once the turning point of dramatic action, and the only point of emotional appeal. In a like manner it is the hunger of the slaves that makes the drama of *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior*, not their revolt against their master. It would be easy to give other instances, but either my point is made now or not at all. It is the *human* note each time that creates the music; that note which is possessed of infinite ramifications, and without which life is not life at all. Extract it, and you have art for art's sake, which is less than nothing; retain it, and the result is art for life's sake, which is—art. And it is this note that may yet save Dunsany to the world.

So far as artistic purposes are concerned the purely cosmic status is absolute, as that of man is relative; it is static, where that of man is dynamic. It is the wall against which man beats his head in vain. When man is shown in opposition to this force, as in drama, there can be but one story to tell, the tragedy of man. Dunsany's gods are implacable, apart, and vast. They are pagan gods. Our whole philosophic code is founded upon that one God who died humbly upon the Cross. Dunsany's gods have only crucified their worshipers. Lord Dunsany may say, as he has already said, "Do not read a philosophy, a symbolism into my work. I am only a teller of tales." The philosophy is there none the less, bred of that point of view which has given us much that is lovely, but with the stern beauty of the iceberg. The dominant note in Dunsany's work has been that of cruelty, inhumanity, intolerance, and it is my belief that his personal views, as set forth in his letters, bear this out. What he has done is often beautiful, but it is cold, and hard. There is no

pity for that mankind which suffers under the yoke of his theogony. There is only the mocking laughter that comes up from the black emptiness on the far side of *The Glittering Gate*. This note is emphasized less sharply in the several books of tales which serve, in a sense, as a background for, and the source of, his later drama. In more than one of these tales we find that while the gods slay, the poet pities. But when that point is reached where the poet conceives himself as one of his own gods . . . pity and poetry both cease, and ruin begins.

One may write of the far stars that twinkle faintly on Pegana, or one may write of the muddy water that fills the ditches by the roadside, and in both of these things one may be as far from the truth as they are from each other. But when the little pools of ditch water catch and reflect the light of those far stars then, and only then, may one achieve reality; not the reality of either flesh or spirit alone, but the greater reality of that spirit which is embodied in the flesh.

The rigid adherence to a theogony such as Dunsany's does unquestionably make for a certain sameness, a repetitional quality. Finally there ceases to be any apparent flexibility either in characterization or in plot construction. Not only are the three plays, *The Gods of the Mountain*, *A Night at an Inn*, and *The Laughter of the Gods*, builded upon the same idea, but one may, up to a certain point, match them character for character. A play is made in one of two ways. Either a situation is conceived, and characters are invented to elaborate and expand that situation; or the character or characters come first, and the situation is invented which will best develop and expose these particular characters. Either one works from plot to characterization, or from characterization to plot. It is fairly safe to say the greatest artists instinctively use the latter method, for in all drama, in all literature, as in life itself, the plot is secondary to the character. It is merely the skeleton upon which the living flesh is builded. It is essential because, both in art and in life, it makes for form, but it is not usually of primary importance. Dunsany's plots are too often constructed to amplify the same thesis, an unscrupulous power opposed to a scrupulous one; might against right. His gods are nine times out of ten prototypes of the unlamented Kaiser, and in the play of *The Queen's Enemies* exactly the same factor is evident, except that instead of a god we have a queen; might against right again. One could say, Why tell us this unpleasant story at all?—but that is hardly the question. Dunsany has the right of the artist to choose his own materials. It is fair

to say, however, that the story becomes tedious when it has been repeated for a second time, and all but unendurable when we hear it for a third. It touches no responsive chord.

When the three elements of man—spirit, mind, and body—are concentrated in a human being they generate a dynamic force which we call life. Remove any one of them, and the being ceases to be human. When the three points of view of which I spoke in an earlier portion of this essay, the cosmic, the relative, and the egoistical are merged and combined, they, too, generate a dynamic force which we call art. Remove completely any one of them and the art becomes less in exact proportion to the importance of that which has been removed. Lord Dunsany has concentrated too wholly upon the first factor to the exclusion of the other two. His work is therefore strictly limited by his self-imposed restrictions, and the time seems to have arrived when the life force within the comparatively narrow circle which bounds his point of view has become exhausted. His first vein has come to an end. He struck twelve with *The Gods of the Mountain* in his first day, and the present hiatus doubtless represents that twilight of the gods which must come before the new day dawns. Now he must either widen the scope of his activity or be content to work over the same field until the soil, now exhausted, refuses to yield even so much as one blossom.

If Lord Dunsany were not a poet, if he were not an artist, there would be not the least use in criticizing his work. We could be content to write *Finis* at the end of this chapter and thereafter be silent. But that is not the case. There is every probability that he can, and will, rise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the present. But if he is to do this, and if he is to be helped at all in the doing, this is not the time to spare that lash which may sting him into a realization of the truth. They are but false companions who dull the edges of reality with honeyed words. A change must come, and I, and all of us who truly love that wondrous and subtle beauty conceived for us in the heart of that Dunsany, the poet, whom we once knew, believe past all doubt that the master's hand, which has faltered for a moment, will return to his work refreshed and renewed, to paint for us far more beautiful pictures, and to tell for us far finer tales than any that have as yet been born. And to that Dunsany, if he should feel that we are captious, carping, and over critical here, we can only say in the words of that greatest of masterpieces which has been the source of so much of his own inspiration, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

The Workman Instinct in the Theatre*

By MARY MOWBRAY-CLARKE

It is at least quaint, if not amusing, that I should be solemnly standing here talking to an audience of workers in the theatre. I have read and seen fewer plays than most art workers; I have never written one, nor designed a set, nor even acted, since, at the age of seven, I reigned once as Queen of the Fairies, and rhythmically swung my legs backwards and forward from my throne throughout the scene.

My title therefore will seem to you a daring one, and I shall probably be able only to make an approach to an adequate treatment of it, being primarily at work making connections between ideas and people, reconciling conflicts of thought and experience in my own mind, and trying to see the relations of my own realizations to plans of action in the world to-day. I made up the title in order to set for myself an old problem in a new field—the problem of the relationship of our complex time to art, or, more particularly, to work, as we are trying to think of work in the new era now opening—and, still more particularly, the relation of the new ideas of work to the theatre. One of the rapid changes of the day is that under whose sway great groups of men are thinking less and less of citizenship in the old politically-related sense and thinking more and more of men as producers.

Now work, production, creation, whatever name we give this thing which we are talking about, is fundamentally as human a proclivity as sleeping when we are fatigued, and eating when we are hungry, although in the conditions under which most of us now live this seems to the unthinking absolutely untrue. I will not stop to argue it with a group of theatre artists, for anyone here I am sure might say of another as did Barrie of Margaret Ogilvie—"She believed, like myself, that work is the best fun after all—though she had her lapses, and so have I." Those of us who have the good fortune to be engaged in the so-called creative fields, have no doubts about the need of, the delight in, and the ardor for work. Nevertheless, we can see with a care-

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—This lecture, which was one of a course given at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, and which attracted an interested audience of workers in the experimental theatre, is reprinted here as an illustration of the spirit which has made the Neighborhood Playhouse a success, both as a theatre and as a workshop.

less glance even, that the glowing appetite for work has somehow lessened over an extended area of mental and physical demands, and that the age during which we have come into the world as a nation has transferred its interest from pleasure in working to pleasure in results of work—to the detriment of all the arts.

The decline of great cultural institutions like church and throne; all the economic changes that came with the invention of machinery, large-scale production, division of labor, detachment from the wide spaces and crowding into cities;—all the hundreds of reasons, now become commonplace, that account for the recognized decline of initiative energy in the people as a whole, may seem to you sweeping generalizations. How are these connected with the problem of the study of those qualities, talents, energies, sympathies, and creative directorship, that are involved in producing on a first night such a portion of time for the audience to spend as will encompass for the people composing it pleasure, mental and moral rest from the strains and demands of their own lives, and energizing and guiding light for their intelligences?

What part of the economic change has most despoiled art?

I have been trying to see some part of the answer to this by observation of the sincere artists whom it has been my privilege to know closely, by trying to catalog the habits and activities of civilization which they reject and by watching the action upon them of the few simple customs or conveniences they retain.

In this way, of course, no one could discover how art is made, but, as we now know so much of what *not* to do with children—though little yet of what *to do*, it may be of use to study what artists do *not* use out of life as we live it in the community, and this we can do by watching those who dwell apart!

No one can, needless to say, live a completely detached self-sustaining life. We all belong to our particular culture—this one which that artist-economist, Thorstein Veblen, calls “The Predatory Culture”—the culture of takers rather than creators; but artists who live in a world within themselves, walled away as much as possible from this moving, jostling crowd, eliminate first of all, hurry—that dove-tailing of bits of time, irreverently tracked out of great time the Creator, into formless patterns which we call days and cannot see in the trusty august procession they might have formed themselves into but for the clutter we have made of them. These artists become more leisurely, become more truly themselves, and far from dwelling only upon

the ego are really sooner able to free the ego for expression, by trying out, one by one, its powers and developing them towards greater and greater control. Their natures root more and more deeply in the firm realities of earth, in the larger emotions and contacts and sympathies; no longer separating the pure from the practical—finding the latter merely the practice of the former in art.

I watched this thing—the value of the elimination of hurry—but was never able to get it so well focused that I could understand its meaning until I was reading Veblen's *The Higher Learning in America* lately and got a clue that is at present precious to me. He says in effect that we work out criteria and standards of verity in thought and art through Idle Curiosity acted upon by this Instinct of Workmanship. Idle Curiosity *seems* to have no end in itself, but always what is observed by it is made over into experience. Nothing is lost in our sub-conscious minds, and this Native Instinct of Workmanship will unavoidably incline men to turn to account in a *system of ways and means* whatever knowledge has become available in experience stored in the sub-conscious. This is what we call technique. I'll drop that word here, and take it up again later. This round-about road brings me to the theatre at last and to certain possible relationships that I seem to see between generalization based on the lives of other kinds of artists and special observations on what makes the path of the theatre artists more difficult to find than that of the painter or sculptor.

Upon what does Idle Curiosity play in the theatre? Does it range far enough afield? Is it fearless enough? Does it respect the sub-conscious vessel into which it is pouring experience, and doesn't it hurry too fast? Doesn't it remain too curious about the practical and separate it from the pure? When the Instinct of Workmanship works in the theatre, isn't it often hampered by failure to recognize it as *an instinct*, by interference from *tabus* of all kinds—fears of the community negations in the way of "piety, propriety and genteel usage." Isn't the general competitive spirit rampant? Above all, isn't there always present that bugbear of all good art, that fallacy of almost all educational systems—the *ulterior motive*?

As a skeleton of a criticism of the theatre, then, I would say that a system of *tabus* from outside of the creative world has erected as a desirable aim the *ulterior motive*, summed up in the second success, which may be money, effect, praise, etc.; whereas all great art reveals truth to the world through the medium of

Idle Curiosity worked over into a system of complete value always unique and only roughly to be predicted in each need by the Instinct of Workmanship. This, I repeat again, is all that technique is. A man is a good workman because he effectually shares in the common stock of technological knowledge of his time, achieving this knowledge because he was by nature fitted to absorb into his subconscious mind such matters of spirit and form as his mechanism could express. The state of the arts absolutely conditions the quality of his workmanship. In this "Predatory Culture" of ours nearly everything is against the production of well-wrought art.

Yet the mere affirmative fact that young men dream of that symphonic personality, that many-armed Sculptured God—The New Theatre—indicates that the time can think beyond what it can live, as it is said of the Christ story—it is of little importance whether Christ lived and taught as described. What is important is the myth of Christ—that humanity was great enough to create it. We may see no more than did Wagner, a complete synthesis of all artistic means in a great achievement, but one of the greatest blessings of the age is that of the removal of standards and dogmas. Life is a process of becoming. "*Comparison is immoral*," as Coomaraswamy says. We have even reached the moment when people are challenging professionalism as against originality, when we want the opinion of the non-expert but open-minded man on a subject, that we may gain, from his freedom of the predilections and prejudices, *habits* of thought. Everywhere we want for the first time to be free of teachers and superstitions, scientific and otherwise, and to find out what we ourselves are. We even challenge the whole of the vaunted material development of large-scale production. Is it or is it not a scheme of things that the human nervous system can endure and live, or is it a way of increasing wealth in the world at the cost of life?

How far afield I am! I feel as if I had reached a wall and put my back to it, to face the things you want to say to me! What has all this to do with the Workman in the theatre? Chiefly this: You people by and large, aside from suffering, as I've said, from the general state of arts, which we all know is bad, suffer also from the special unrealities of your own approach as well. Most of you are rejoicing in your technological advance. I was shocked here a couple of weeks ago to hear Mr. Peters say with pity that twenty years ago you had only such and such ways of lighting, etc., and now you had such and such bet-

ter ways. I know he had no intention of suggesting that that in itself made for better art to-day—it would be as if you said “John Sargent is a better artist than Giotto because he has more centuries of experience of technical means at his command.” What shocked me was that the point did get an accented value from his way of saying it and from your response. Experience in the other arts makes me fear your luxurious additions, though of course I am going to take account also of your consciousness of their danger. Wise and sensitive people there certainly are in the theatre to-day, but there are many who still can be misled by the bizarre reflections of a Bakst or still worse by his imitators, who appeal to people who cannot feel the emotions of comfort in art that is true sustenance and not merely a pleasure. One of your profoundest needs now, as work is the profoundest need in all the world, is to free yourselves from inhibitions of no real meaning to your work. Forget the old exclamation, “What hath God ordained,” and say with the instinct of a follow-workman, “What hath God wrought.” Go on with your idle observation of this, not your questions as to the other, and your technical development will be marked. Forget art and study life, and workmanship will be integrated.

In finishing I would put in a word for a broadening of the interests of theatre people. Understand your time, but above all apply your understanding. As the psychanalyst shows us, we become masters of facts only by becoming conscious of them, not by learning the labels on them. Facts are diverse, wonderful, disorderly. Truth in art is truth of feeling about these facts, which makes their inner and only real structure.

As Craig has said, “A scene grows, not merely out of the play, but out of the broad sweeps of thought which the play conjures up in me.” Likewise life itself assumes a grander pattern and ideas create plans of action when structural truth has been honestly delved for. To experience these broad sweeps of thought, I repeat, workers in the theatre must keep clear of *tabus*, and the eye away from the gallery.

The achievement of a great art of the theatre is less important than the existence of many workmen seeing life whole in the great adventure of full-bodied effort, and forging ahead with faith in humanity's instinct of workmanship and sense of order. The great art cannot be brought into existence with “malice aforethought.” The Free Theatre, like the proletariat, must confer liberty upon itself. Plays must be written and chosen and produced because they are living expressions of the *elan vital*—not

because they are of a kind that has succeeded before or can be counted upon to please this or that kind of an audience. The drive to production must come from the inner commotions of energy that refuses to be denied expression. In the release of this energy only can come the sensation of freedom which stamps with its power the work of art as living truth.

That the theatrical work of art involves human team-play of a kind demanding super-normal qualities beyond those necessitated in the sculptor or painter, no one with the most superficial contact with the theatre will deny. Nowhere else in the whole field of human endeavor can I imagine a more difficult corner in which to work out the sublimation of one's individual complexes. It would seem as if it could never be done. Yet outwardly it is accomplished every time a successful play is enjoyed by an audience.

Who shall say that when workers in the theatre become man by man and woman by woman, conscious of the unity of life itself, as workers in supposedly far humbler crafts have already become in the millions, that we may not achieve the true workman instinct here? The instinct that knows no jealousies or hatred, that is keen on the job and not on the reward, and which may in the far but not hopelessly distant future bring about true coöperation and an epoch of production never yet equalled.



The Hollywood Community Theatre

By WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

AMID the flotsam and jetsam and shattered hulks of similar enterprises which have gone on the rocks during the stormiest theatrical season known to either ancient or modern times, the Community Theatre of Hollywood, in its second season, sails serenely onward on a smooth and sunny sea of financial prosperity and artistic success.

Hollywood, be it explained, is a decidedly clannish community, jealously guarding its individuality, although incorporated in the city of Los Angeles.

In view of the failures of so many older and seemingly better established little theatres, the continuance of the Hollywood Community Theatre requires an explanation based on facts.

The facts seem, in a broad sense, to be three in number, and the first of them—to maintain the maritime metaphor a moment longer—in this: Although the Hollywood Community Theatre above the water-line is rigged and superstructured like a pleasure yacht—all grace and art and beauty—her hull is that of Noah's Ark, broad of beam and built to last; and builded, furthermore, on the Ark-like principle that the doors must be open to very mixed species, both male and female, and that a safe and pleasant voyage must be guaranteed to all.

Reason number two is that the Hollywood Community Theatre sails by the compass only upon charted seas.

Third reason, — which after all is reasons numbers one, two and three combined, — the Community Theatre of Hollywood survives the storms because of Pilot-Captain-Designer-Director Neely Dickson, a young woman of artistic and executive ability, and of energy that is absolutely tireless.

As a whole the Hollywood Community Theatre sums up in three of its press agent's pet phrases: "a blending of the best," "a little theatre that toes the mark in everything but in nothing steps over the line," and "a community theatre for the community, of the community and by the community." This last, seemingly a catch phrase, must be taken literally; it is one of the cardinal principles of the Hollywood Theatre; therefore, of course, no salaries are paid, all receipts going into equipment, overhead and productions.

The genesis of such an enterprise is invariably interesting and may serve as a guide to other communities seeking to establish similar movements. When Miss Neely Dickson returned to Hollywood, after a sojourn in the Orient, a protracted period of study of the little theatre movement and methods in Europe and throughout America, and a year's teaching of dramatic art at the University of California, at Berkeley, in association with Katherine Jewell Everts, she decided that Hollywood was the place to launch her pet scheme,—a community theatre.

To this end she gathered together a few of her friends and their friends—several lawyers, a real estate operator, a manager of a laundry, a magazine writer, several high-school teachers, a building contractor—college people for the most part, but not one of whom had taken any special interest in dramatic art and very few of whom had more than the vaguest notions in regard to the little theatre movement. Miss Dickson explained. The idea promised amusement; officers and committee chairmen were named. Most of those present went home with the pleased

idea that "some time" they would be "in on" a rather diverting toy,—amateur theatricals on a somewhat glorified scale. Perhaps this was where Miss Dickson's generalship was first demonstrated. She didn't scare them to death by dwelling upon the bigness of the idea. Doubtless she herself visioned all that was to come; but certainly she could not have foreseen the suddenness with which it did come.

Almost over night Mr. Shepard Mitchell, a lawyer, who accepted the presidency, aided by the secretary-treasurer, Mr. John H. Moulton, organized a season-ticket selling campaign that proved to be a whirlwind; in a very short time four hundred season tickets at \$3.50 each for a season of five productions were sold. Also, thirty contributing memberships at \$25 each had been obtained from "patrons of the arts." Each contributing member received a pair of tickets only,—no vote, no stock. The Hollywood Carnival Association, which, several years before, had put on a successful open-air production of *Julius Caesar*, lent the Community Theatre \$500 of the sum remaining in its hands. If successful, the Community Theatre should repay the money, if not, it would merely be charged up to a useful experiment and nothing further said. All in all nearly three thousand dollars and no "strings," no angels; an absolutely free hand for the director; unquestionably, a very vital reason for success.

Within a day or two of the first meeting a "theatre" had been selected,—a long-disused bowling alley on a quiet side-street. Members of the committee guaranteed the year's rent (the successful ticket sale made it possible to return these pledges almost at once), and extensive repairs, remodeling and decorating were begun.

The amateur Pygmalsions and Dr. Frankensteins of the general committee suddenly discovered to their astonishment that a more than man-sized enterprise had come to life under their hands, and in some quarters there was secret consternation at the size of the contract. Amateur theatricals—with an auditorium seating two hundred, and a financial obligation to the community of nearly three thousand dollars! Then momentary consternation gave way to immediate confidence and boundless enthusiasm, and everyone worked with a will.

Without a single exception the newspapers welcomed the idea and threw open their columns to Community Theatre publicity. There was something appealing and vastly interesting about the idea of a theatre with a sincere and artistic purpose operated

absolutely without profit to anyone. This generous and appreciative attitude of the press of Los Angeles and Hollywood—which continues unabated—contributed greatly to the success of the enterprise. The single admissions at seventy-five cents each, really made possible the continuance of the theatre during its first year; for contributing memberships and season ticket proceeds were practically swallowed by construction and equipment costs and “overhead” before even the first production could be put on.

Soon everyone who read the newspapers knew about the Hollywood Community Theatre and everywhere the idea caught on. It became a community movement indeed. Volunteers came from all directions. A member of a prominent firm of interior decorators in Los Angeles volunteered his services, and the interior decorating was done at cost of labor and materials; a local music store lent a piano for the season; several merchants lent the two hundred chairs. It is ungenerous to look a gift chair in the seat, but it is only fair to record the Spartan fortitude of the community which sat uncomplainingly throughout the season upon those slat-seated, folding, creaking chairs. The chairs were engaged in active service in the community, too; they had to be hauled back to their donors at the end of each production (three to five nights).

To get a little ahead of the story: during the first half of the season the seats were all on one level; then came a generous donation for the purpose of raising the rear eight rows, which was done by the “block” method so that in a very short time and with very little labor a level floor might again be had for bazars, dances, etc. Also,—to get still further ahead of the story,—the opening of the present season saw the theatre fitted out with real theatre seats, wide and deep, with arms, and luxuriously upholstered in leather; as comfortable seats as can be found in any theatre, and affording a perfect view of the stage from any one of them.

The building that had been selected was without distinction except for its adaptability to the purpose and a certain picturesqueness. It is unceiled and the space between the level of the tops of the walls and the peak of the hip-roof is broken with a jumble of rafters and struts that add mightily to the “atmosphere,”—increased also by the ventilator through whose slatted sides may be glimpsed an occasional star.

The building is 35 x 80 feet; the first 15 feet are taken up by the attractively decorated lobby, box-office, patrons’ dressing-

rooms and administration offices; the auditorium is 35 x 45 feet; the stage, 20 x 35 feet. The grass-plot in front and the floor of the building are on the street level; the approach to the entrance is through a latticed and lantern-hung pergola, vine covered. The rear of the deep lot slopes downward so that the back of the stage is reached by two rather long flights of steps from the dressing-rooms which are in a good-sized cottage. A fine group of huge pines almost fill the back yard and towers over the little theatre quite melodramatically.

During the building's reconstruction period, Miss Dickson was in every place and on every job, seemingly all at the same time. She assisted in the financial campaign, drew the remodeling plans, oversaw the reconstruction and decorating, and at the same time gathered together her company of players and rehearsed them in whatever corner of the building happened to be free of workmen for the moment. The Community Theatre Players then and there developed and have ever since maintained an *esprit de corps* which is one of the finest features of the whole enterprise. There was, and is, nothing that is for the good of the theatre which they did not, and will not, do, from washing windows, sewing curtains, making scenery and borrowing props, to rehearsing until unheard of hours.

In just two months from the evening of that first meeting at which the plan was proposed, the Hollywood Community Theatre opened its doors for the first production,—an impressive record. The house was packed. Many had been turned away. All the newspapers in the city had sent their foremost dramatic critics. One play of the four was reassuring: William C. de Mille, interested in the Community Theatre from the start, and one of its contributing members, had put on his farce-satire *Food*, played by an all-star cast from the Lasky motion-picture studio,—Louise Huff, Wallace Reid, Raymond Hatton. But what of the Community Theatre Players—they were not motion-picture stars, nationally known; and what of the other three plays?—would they get over?

The battle was half won the moment the audience crossed the theatre's threshold; they were caught and held fast by the "little theatre" atmosphere,—the warmth and intimacy, the new art decoration of wall and roof and beam, rich in color yet harmonious and simple; the gay-colored chintz curtains at the side windows, the severely simple monk's cloth curtain of the stage, the softly bright chintz-covered lanterns pendant from the dimly seen beams, and the feeling of vast height given the arched roof

by the cunningly chosen colors of its tinting. There was good music, too,—'cello, piano, violin.

The three plays by the amateurs and the one by the professionals made a perfect unit; nobody thought of making comparisons. Professionals would have played the three plays better—perhaps; the amateurs would not have played the fourth play so well—perhaps; as it stood, everybody was satisfied.

When the final curtain was drawn that first evening the success,—dramatically, artistically and financially,—of the Hollywood Community Theatre was assured. The dramatic critics of one or two of the city dailies were almost violent in their enthusiasm; there was unstinted praise from all. Since then no production has failed to win the press's praise, though several single plays have been somewhat sharply, but always fairly, criticised.

It is a curious fact that, although Hollywood is "the home of the movies," the presence of these professional actors was never considered by the originators of the Hollywood Community Theatre as being of any particular significance in relation to the success of the undertaking. If they had thought of the movies at all, "The movies won't be interested" would have been their verdict. But the movies were interested,—from the very start. With fine community spirit they offered their services, and they were welcomed; but the "line regiment" is the Community Theatre Players themselves, and they hold the fort. Though many motion-picture stars have played parts in the Community Theatre, those productions which have not billed any of the movie players have played to houses just as full. The motion-picture players have unquestionably given great help and strength to the Hollywood Community Theatre, but they have not "made" it.

In the matter of scenery and stage setting the utmost simplicity is religiously adhered to,—for the most part a few sets of curtains, the ubiquitous sanded set,—but beautiful and telling effects are continually achieved. Lighting, costumes and furniture convincingly establish atmosphere, period and place, everything being eliminated that is unnecessary or that would tend to distract the eye, leaving only that which stimulates the imagination and the emotions. Strict adherence to the mood of the play is a cardinal principle of the Hollywood Theatre.

In its lighting the theatre has been extraordinarily fortunate. A highly skilled electrician volunteered his services and throughout the season worked with the fervor of a devotee; seven P. M. to

two A. M. was no uncommon "bit" for him, and that, too, on top of a hard day at his own tasks. More of the Hollywood spirit!

A summing up of the first season shows six productions comprising twenty-two one-act plays, for a total of twenty-four nights, to an attendance of four thousand five hundred. Ninety-eight characters were portrayed by fifty-one individual players. The season closed with all debts paid and a nest-egg of a little over one hundred dollars.

A commentary on the art of the Hollywood Community Theatre and its value to the little theatre movement is shown by the character of the plays produced in its first season; in this list the plays are grouped in the order of production. The figures following the names of the plays represent the audiences' "popularity votes," and afford a commentary on Hollywood audiences.

{	1. The Man on the Kerb.	Wm. C. de Mille, 8.
	2. Suppressed Desires.	Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook, 30.
	3. The Sweetmeat Game.	Ruth Comfort Mitchell, 55.
	4. Food.	Wm. C. de Mille, 14.
{	5. Catherine Parr.	Maurice Baring, 11.
	6. Trifles.	Susan Glaspell, 18.
	7. How He Lied to Her Husband.	George Bernard Shaw, 26.
	8. The Tents of the Arabs.	Lord Dunsany, 50.
{	9. The Martyrs.	Wm. C. de Mille, 10.
	10. The Man Higher Up.	Wm. C. de Mille, 77.
	11. The Land of the Free.	Wm. C. de Mille, 32.
	12. In 1999.	Wm. C. de Mille, 33.
{	13. The Neighbors.	Zona Gale, 17.
	14. Manikin and Minikin.	Alfred Kreymborg, 52.
	15. The Tragedy of Nan (an arrangement; act II).	John Masefield, 33.
	16. Pierrot of the Minute.	Ernest Dowson, 5.
{	17. The Traveling Man.	Lady Gregory, 17.
	18. Spreading the News.	Lady Gregory, 29.
	19. The Hour Glass.	Wm. Butler Yeats, 34.
{	20. Joint Owners in Spain.	Alice Brown, 12.
	21. The Drums of Oude.	Austin Strong, 48.
	22. Nettie.	George Ade, 29.

Norman-Bel Geddes: His Art and Ideas

By BRUCE BLIVEN

THE recent revival of art in the theater is already old enough to assume, in the minds of those who are aware that it exists at all, some of the habiliments of a tradition. The European names which have sifted through even to the layman—names such as Gordon Craig's, Max Reinhardt's, and William Poel's—are already seen in the soft light which is the forerunner of antiquity's mists. Even the college professor in his classroom and the busy metropolitan journalist—always the last two groups to get a real understanding of any new movement—have by now defined and delimited the new theatrical realm where literalism is taboo.

It is therefore no longer necessary to write of any artist in the "new" group in terms merely of that group. If possible, one should define the relation of the individual to the class. In attempting to do this for Norman-Bel Geddes, the writer's aim will be more to report the artist's own conceptions of what his work means and is, than to subject him to a critical survey in the academic attempt to see how closely his art approaches a theoretical ideal, of which no one has more than the haziest notions. Every man has the right to be judged not only by what he does, but by what he is trying to do; and by his reasons for thinking that things ought to be done that way.

To Norman-Bel Geddes, then, the idea that a stage setting ought to be imaginative, no matter how realistic; interpretive, rather than literal, is merely the obvious primary concept. From his point of view a setting might be as beautiful as the Hesperidian gardens and still fail lamentably as a piece of coherent art. Mere beauty is not *per se* the thing to be desired. Every play has, as he sees it, a spiritual atmosphere of its own; a mood, a series of moods; a personality which differs from the personality of other plays as one individual differs from another no matter how strong a facial resemblance they may have.

It is his thought that a play should make an absolutely unified appeal to the spectator. Whatever arts are included in this appeal—and he would utilize more of them than is usually the case—should be contributory to the creation of this definite and simple impression. If the spirit of the drama varies from act to act, he would have the spirit of these contributory elements vary likewise. This sequence should develop with the story; rising and falling, as does music, from measure to measure.

Scenery which is so beautiful that it attracts attention to itself and away from the main current of the drama is therefore a crime against the artistic unity which he is seeking. Scenery which by its realistic versimilitude, or by its inadequacy of illusion, calls the mind of the playgoer to itself is of course equally wrong.

There are, I need not say, other men in the new group which is working in the theatre who hold practically these views. Norman-Bel Geddes is not more revolutionary than some of his brethren, though he carries his radicalism into wider aspects of the theatrical problem than do the majority. However, there is a great gulf fixed for most men between their theories of what ought to be done, and their ability to execute works which are an adequate fulfilment of those theories. Norman-Bel Geddes seems to me unusually happy in having the ability, both technical and spiritual, to do what he says ought to be done. His set of designs for *King Lear* gives some suggestion of the thing I mean.

To Geddes the whole of this play is in a mood of pitiless shadow and tempestuous motion, as though the primary forces of nature were in a state of violent convulsion, maliciously tearing things from their proper places. The drama's philosophy is hard, weary, perhaps even cynical. Others of us have felt this atmosphere in *Lear*. But what artistic result does Geddes make of his impression?

The scenes which he has painted (and he has done away with half their number, simplifying the continuity without losing any of the lines) are all dominated by a feeling of age and coldness. They come and fade away in ironical darkness, replacing one another without pause. Shapes focus according to their importance. The common elements used throughout are huge rocks, the ever-moving sea and the darkness of the heavens, with a literal absence of grass, foliage, and soft fabrics.

The hovel in which Lear takes refuge is not a misshapen straw hut; it is a Druidical ruin of crumbling stone, the dying monument of a still earlier race. Furthermore, it is a subjective hut; it is the hut which Lear saw through the mists of his misfortune. The castles hold themselves aloft as though with great effort; forbidding, elemental in their simple, massive structure, they seem a part of the earth itself.

And since consistency is Geddes' bright particular jewel, the costumes which he has designed serve to enhance the impression. His figures are correspondingly primitive, as though rock hewn; they express their character through dominance of form. Their

sculptured faces are indicative of their mentalities—grotesque, pitiless, fierce, pathetic or calm. Their garments have no decoration whatever, and their color is in a low key, all individuality and design coming from the folds of the drapery.

In short, you will see that Geddes' idea is in part a transference to the stage of the "pathetic fallacy" in literature, so called because it was neither pathetic nor fallacious. In its essence his idea is an interpretation in dramatic terms of the sound psychological law that the mind of man is capable of only one emotion at a given time, though moods may succeed one another with great rapidity. When the dramatist is endeavoring to build up one emotion, Geddes believes that every adjunct of the play should contribute so far as possible toward that end. He is not in the least concerned if this policy requires the complete ignoring of the realities. If some absurdity gives the emotion of reality, that is all he asks. He is a searcher for "pragmatic truths"; if they work, he is satisfied.

He conceives *Pelléas et Mélisande*, for example, to be as are many of the Maeterlinckian dramas, in a mood of hazy and impalpable mysticism. There is nothing sharp or definite about the play, and so his investiture is equally soft and tenuous. The scenes in this production are mostly made of gauze—fold on fold, filling the stage with a mystical and dreamlike illusion. He "paints" with light on the gauze, as he describes it, and this is almost literally true, for the gauze is all of the same tone, a neutral shade, and it is colored by the use of the focused rays of several hundred lamps, which throw their varying tints as though each were a separate brush stroke. These lights are handled from a keyboard like that of an organ and are constantly changing, coming and going, intensifying or growing dimmer. The "trees" in the forest are thus rendered semi-transparent, and you may see the figures walking at a great distance in this dream-like wood. In this production, also, he has enhanced the continuity and reduced the number of scenes, moving easily from soft moonshine in misty gardens to haunted crypts, to gloomy forests, and dark pools reëchoed in silent caverns; and finally to that fateful tower. It is always the abstract, the hidden, illusive and vital force which he has brought to the surface. Because the play becomes even more vague and chaotic as it progresses the settings and figures become the same. The faces of the actors are hazy and impressionistic, suggesting rather than revealing the characters whom Maeterlinck wishes to portray.

After all, it is an absurd task to try with words to show what an artist accomplishes with color and light. Let me, instead, tell something of the history of Geddes, which will show how he relates his ideas for stage settings to his ideas about the theatre as a whole.

This young artist is an American, of American stock, without theatrical traditions. Born in the middle west, he was first initiated into "artistic education" in the Cleveland School of Art, after the public school system had struggled in vain to stamp him into its implacable mold. After a few months in Cleveland he went to the Chicago Art Institute, where he came into contact almost immediately with Henrik Lund, the greatest living Norwegian painter, at that time visiting this country. Lund took a great interest in the boy and at his request Geddes spent most of his time in the Norwegian's studio. Lund's is the only pronounced artistic influence that Geddes has had. His parting advice to the boy was that he should stay away from schools and allow his thoughts to develop in their own way—counsel that was carefully followed, so that Geddes' "art education" covered a period of not more than twelve months.

From Chicago he went to Detroit, where he became a "commercial artist" and a mighty good one. During all these years he had only a casual interest in the theatre. It was not until after many months in Detroit that Geddes "got" the theatre, as some people "get" religion. This enthusiasm was not the result of reading or of contact with the "new art" as practiced by anyone else. Indeed, he had convictions before he even knew of the movement abroad centering around the work of Craig, Reinhardt, *et al.* It was not until he had already secured a position as scenic director for a theatre that on the open shelves in a public library he stumbled across Craig's book—and read it through where he stood, enthralled by the discovery that there were other men who thought as he did.

His own interest in the artistic side of the theatre came about in a curious way. Geddes has always been fascinated by the American Indian, and when he went to Detroit he had already spent several years in careful ethnographic study. (He is considered by competent experts an authority on the Indians of the northern plains.) Because there has never been any truly fine American drama on a genuinely native theme, he undertook to write an Indian play, which he called *Thunderbird*.

First he wrote it in pantomime, to make sure that his story was both strong and simple. Then he wrote it in dialogue which



Four designs by Norman-Bel Geddes for the opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*. These drawings are scaled for the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Above, is the scene outside *Mélisande's* window.

The drawings for *King Lear* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*, here reproduced, are from the preliminary studies for the finished designs.



Before the castle.



The crypts under the castle.



The death of Mélisande.

told the story without the aid of any physical action. Then he designed the scenes and the costumes. With one of these recitals superimposed upon the other one might think that a fairly successful artistic whole had been achieved; but not in Geddes' opinion. He wanted the story told also in music; and for this purpose he sought Charles Wakefield Cadman, whose interest in the Indian is well known. Cadman's emotions when this wild young man descended upon him with a hot demand that he write the music for some outlandish drama may well be imagined. However, he read the play, became enthusiastic about it, and wrote the incidental music which has since been published. *Thunderbird* was to have been produced by Aline Barnsdall in California three years ago, but when she was unable to do so Geddes withdrew the play in order to put more work into it and is still engaged in doing so.

In writing this play, the artist was struck with the numerous problems of stage technique which he had to solve; and in working them out, he built a model stage where he could experiment to his heart's desire with color, light, and form. These problems fascinated him; and he began an intensive study of this side of drama in the Detroit theatres, where for months he spent every moment of his spare time behind the scenes, studying, planning, experimenting when he was allowed to. It was his experiments and what he did with his model stage that achieved a local sensation and drew Miss Barnsdall's attention to him. She offered him the post of scenic designer for her stock company season in Los Angeles, which he accepted.

Space does not permit a detailed description of the work which he did there. It made a tremendous sensation in the western city. He mounted, for the first time in America, Ossip Dymow's *Nju*, which was later done in New York by Ordynski and Urban. He also made the sets and costumes for Zoë Akins' *Papa*, which was recently produced in New York, with new sets by Geddes which received unusual attention; though they were not, in my opinion, so good as his California work. He also mounted Yeats' *Shadowy Waters*, Schnitzler's *Anatol*, Lawrence's *Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*, Taft's *Conscience*, and one or two more.

The interesting thing to know is, however, that, being plunged into professional production without even having first tried the water with one foot, he used every one of his theories, and they all worked. And he used them all in plays of widely different type, and they fitted one sort as well as another.

In *Nju*, a play of ten scenes, he used the same six folding

screens for every one of them. He merely folded them differently, and threw different lights upon them. It was all done so quickly that the curtain wasn't even lowered. No one in the audience knew how the trick was turned.

In *Papa*, the side walls of the room remained the same while only the back wall and furniture were changed from scene to scene. I am certain that the spectators were only half conscious of the device, if at all; yet it gave a very pleasing unity to the production.

These exquisitely beautiful productions were made at absurdly low cost—which is part of the Geddes philosophy, incidentally. The purpose, however, was not merely to save money; the same screens were used folded new ways because by so doing he achieved the effects he wanted. If ever the audience becomes conscious of any such technical device, then by his own philosophy it has failed.

To continue my historical narrative: After the Los Angeles experiment, Geddes worked for some time as a director in motion pictures. (He has a whole cycle of ideas on that subject which I cannot mention here.) He first came to New York at the invitation of Otto H. Kahn, who had seen and admired some of his work, and who secured for him the opportunity to do a set for *Shanewis*, the Cadman "American opera," done at the Metropolitan a year ago. The problem presented was an almost impossible one—out-of-doors at midday on an Indian reservation with a holiday in progress, and the stage cluttered with a hodge-podge of stuff—tents, an automobile, booths draped in bunting, a farm wagon, etc.; yet by treating it broadly and simply he achieved a successful result. That was a year and a half ago. Since then he has done *The Cheat* for Brady, the *Century Midnight Whirl* for Morris Gest, *A Widow's Might*, for Brady, another opera for the Metropolitan, *The Legend*, the New York production of *Papa*, a set for Lucille Kavanaugh to use in vaudeville, and is at this writing working on a new opera for the Metropolitan, Hadley's *Cleopatra's Night*, a Rachel Crothers play, *He and She*, and three operas for the Chicago Grand Opera Company. In a slack moment last year he went to Milwaukee with an ambitious experiment in "summer stock," and in collaboration with Robert Edmond Jones did Shaw's *Fanny's First Play*, *Trilby*, *An Ideal Husband*, *The Magical City* and a number of others, afterward going to Chicago, where they produced *The Garden of Paradise*, by Edward Sheldon.

Of the technical side of Geddes' work I am not competent to speak save as an observer. His use of color is exquisite, and his instinct for it seems unfailing. He does very little in line, but what he does is excellent. He is master of so many techniques and works in so many mediums that it is sometimes impossible to believe the same man did two pieces of work which hang side by side. I have known him to do a painting, and a good one, with his thumb, and water colors with a palette knife. He draws equally well in charcoal, red chalk, or ink. He has made many woodcuts and a few etchings and lithographs and has done portraits of dozens of the great folk of earth. When he did a set of drawings for *The Faithful*, Masfield's Japanese play, he put his drawing paper flat on the floor as the Japanese artists do, and worked with a vertical brush, the result being that he has been accused half a dozen times since then of having merely copied some old Japanese drawings somewhere. In spite of this his costumes are in a sense not authentic; in their broad aspects they are, but they are greatly simplified, keeping only the essential elements to portray the character. In *The Legend*, he has a file of mediæval soldiers come on the stage. No such uniform was ever seen on mortal men as these soldiers wear; yet one look, and you are possessed of a profound spiritual conviction that these are soldiers of a period and place.

The list of his productions reveals a significant fact about Geddes: his interest in the theatre does not center about any "movement" in it. He is not interested in the little as against the big, or *vice versa*. He is keenly interested in seeing the art of the theatre made as good as it can be made. He thinks the fight for betterment must be made where the theatre is strongest—the Broadway theatre. He believes that art which cannot reach the masses of the people is not great art. "The many can feel, even though only the few understand." His dreams of the theatre of the future—and he has some wonderful dreams safely tucked away in the Patent Office at Washington—run mainly to very big houses, but always with room for very small ones, too. And as for his thoughts on the theatre as a social institution, and its place in the civic organism — the limits of my space do not permit me even to hint at them!

Admitting that what he has done so far is more than a promising start, what chances has Geddes of success on a scale big enough to satisfy even himself? Or to put it the other way 'round, what dangers confront him? The worst of these, I would say, is that Broadway may "get" him. The Geddes philosophy of

play-presentation is one which must be pursued consistently or it is nothing. Broadway, with its stupidity, its cowardly desire to "play safe," will seek to tame him. If it should succeed, he would become "just another" scenic artist—a good one, but not good enough to overturn the world of the theatre as he thinks needs to be done.

Another danger is that as he grows older, the freshness and barbaric splendor of his early color conceptions — their breath-taking audacity — may become dimmed with the inevitable conservatism of years. The violence and bravery of his California work (all of which I happened to see) has been a little missing in his latest things in New York; whether because of the quality of the plays he has been given to do, remains to be learned. It will be interesting to see what he does with *Cleopatra's Night* for the Metropolitan.

The third danger I see for Norman-Bel Geddes is that he may be too successful in the field of scenic art, and crowd to the wall his ideas on stage-management, on direction, on the business management of the theatre, on playhouse architecture, on the chemistry and physics of color, on the writing of plays, on music as it pertains to drama. When one is young, one is an ebullient volcano of ideas; with age comes a hardening of the lava into slag, save at the central spot where self-interest still keeps the rock molten. I know of few men for whom such a thing would be more unfortunate than for Geddes; to which I should immediately add that I know no reason whatever for fearing that it will come to pass.





Four costume designs by Norman-Bel 'Geddes for Maschfield's Japanese tragedy *The Faithful*.



Three settings by Claude Bragdon as seen in Walter Hampden's production of *Hamlet*. Above is the original design for the scene on the parapet.



The graveyard scene



Above, photograph of the throne-room scene, showing how the design, below, actually worked out on the stage.

Students of stagecraft will find special interest in noting in these sketches how the walls, steps, throne background and other fore-stage features have been utilized throughout the many scenes—thus reducing the between-act waits to a minimum.

The Scenery for Walter Hampden's *Hamlet*

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

HAMLET, as given in the theatre of to-day is usually subject to great abridgment, transposition of scenes and other mutilations. The play is very long, and some condensing is therefore necessary for stage uses, but to change the order of the scenes for the sake of the scenery or to arrest the tide of the story by frequent or long waits in order to plan elaborate "sets" is to put stage carpentry ahead of dramatic art.

This necessity—to present the play swiftly and in its integrity—thrust upon me the necessity of employing certain devices peculiar to the Elizabethan stage. Briefly formulated they are as follows:

1. *The Invisible Stage*—that is, some sort of a permanent setting, become so familiar as to be at last unnoticed, but any changes in the lighting or adornment of which attracts instant attention just because it is effected against an "invisible" background, as it were.

2. *The Different Levels*—such an arrangement of steps and platforms as to enhance, vary and assist the action, giving opportunity for the up and down, as well as horizontal grouping—thus adding another dimension.

3. *No accessories except such as are necessary to the action*—that is, no properties or theatrical effects except those called for by the text.

But although Mr. Hampden's production conforms to these conventions of the Elizabethan stage, the legitimate devices of the modern theatre have been employed to such purpose that the effect is not quaintly archaic, but realistic in the best sense of the term. This has been achieved by the artful disguising of the permanent set; by variations of the properties and lighting, and by the colorful costumes. The first glance at the stage leaves one in no doubt as to where the scene is laid, and yet a certain unity is attained by the recurrence of the same architectural motifs in different scenes. The whole thing is not, after all, a reversion to a bygone method, but only an adaptation of what is admirable in that method to the new art of the theatre. It is all gain and no loss. In a performance three hours long, with twelve scenes, there are only fifteen minutes of waits, and the changes could be made even more quickly were it required.

At the Shrine

By STARK YOUNG

A winter evening toward 8 o'clock. In the old-fashioned house that has seen better days, the windows on either side of the doorway are dark. A street lamp to your right shines down through its dusty glass; and in the dull light, Ann, almost at her door, turns and sees the Priest.

ANN. Good evening.

THE PRIEST. [*He takes no notice of her insinuating manner.*]
Good evening. [*She lays her hand on his arm familiarly. He leaves it there.*]

ANN. And how is Father?

THE PRIEST. Quite well, thank you.

ANN. This is an honour. Will you come in?

THE PRIEST. No, thank you. [*She takes her hand away, somewhat puzzled.*]

THE PRIEST. I'll just stop here.

ANN. No chances taken, I suppose.

THE PRIEST. I beg pardon?

ANN. I said you'd take no chances. It wouldn't do now for a holy man to be seen with——. [*He remonstrates with a movement of his hand.*]

ANN. The very subject pains you.

THE PRIEST. I merely wanted a few words.

ANN. You'll just do your duty then, and give me my chance to be saved. Open-air services! And you think it can be done in six words? And one priest single-handed. Wouldn't it have been better, Father, now, if you had brought along one of those ladies in furs who save poor girls? I think I like the kind in silver fox. No, if you don't mind, Father, I'll change it to moleskin. [*He says nothing.*]

ANN. There was one of them came to the Casino the other night. I was sitting at a table, waiting for a friend of mine. "Dear girl," she said to me, "don't you want God to love you?" "What is your opinion," said I, "is God a personality, or only a sort of mind in the universe?" She looked stunned. Then she answered solemnly, "God is love." "Well," said I, "speaking professionally, I doubt that." But then, Father, she was a Protestant goose.

THE PRIEST. Yes.

ANN. "Tell me about it—at first," she said. "Une mesalliance with fate," I said. "Oh, then you are French?" she said, which seemed to explain everything. "No," I said, "I learned French at college." "College! Then how could you!" she said. Now I ask you! *Good-night!* [*Her assumption of the right to be gay rather irritates him as a priest; but her words interest him, in spite of their deliberate impertinence. They are not parish conversation. He says nothing.*]

ANN. You see I read—shall we say books? But you don't read these books, do you, Father?

THE PRIEST. Certainly not. I condemn them.

ANN. Well, if you had, instead of taking my number out of the book of the saints, we might get on. Condemn them! I like that look of confidence and power—St. Michael and St. George!

THE PRIEST. [*He begins to be even more perplexed at her than she at him.*] My purpose in coming—

ANN. *Pas de l'amour* and no salvation? Then I can't imagine. You will excuse me half a moment first?

THE PRIEST. Certainly. You are sure I'm not detaining you?

ANN. [*Looking at him incredulously, then beginning to mimic his voice.*] Don't speak of it. [*She goes in, leaving the door half open. The light in the room to the right is turned on. Then she returns to the doorstep and takes up the challenge.*]

ANN. Well?

THE PRIEST. Really, I shall not be keeping you. There is no need for the light.

ANN. It was not for you. It was a signal.

THE PRIEST. For your—friends?

ANN. For one of them. Well? Don't mind me. Say it.

THE PRIEST. Is that one Frederick Johns?

ANN. Eh? [*Coolly, getting hold on herself.*] Well, what if it were?

THE PRIEST. He is my nephew. My name is Henry Stevens. Father Stevens.

ANN. [*She checks a movement of recognition.*] Indeed. [*Sneeringly.*] Did you track him here?

THE PRIEST. No, I asked him where you lived. He had told me of you.

ANN. When?

THE PRIEST. Christmas eve, a week ago. [*She looks up as if she would speak, but remains silent.*] You were going to say?

ANN. Nothing. I was wondering why he should tell you.

THE PRIEST. It was Christmas eve. You see there was a tree.

ANN. [*For a moment she is puzzled, then pained.*] I see.

THE PRIEST. Christmas eve. His mother was my sister.

[*A pause.*]

ANN. And he told you how long——?

THE PRIEST. You had known each other? Yes, he tells me two years. He told me a great deal about you.

ANN. [*Recovering her bitter attitude.*] Confessing his sins, I suppose. That put you at home didn't it, Father, a sweet, boyish clean-breast of everything? And you promised to save him from us, now.

THE PRIEST. Is it necessary to be so hard with each other?

ANN. So? Even with my sort?

THE PRIEST. Well——

ANN. No, let us be soft. In all the plays there are soft repentances for poor sinners, aren't there?

THE PRIEST. I have come to ask you to give him up.

ANN. What have I got to do with it. He's free, isn't he?

THE PRIEST. No.

ANN. Who's keeping him?

THE PRIEST. You.

ANN. [*Laughs.*] I beg your pardon. How's that?

THE PRIEST. He loves you.

ANN. [*Looking off into space. Softly.*] Yes. He does.

THE PRIEST. I'm sure of it.

ANN. [*Sneering.*] And I'm only squeezing him for what's in it. One of that sort?

THE PRIEST. I'd never said that without seeing you first, it wouldn't have been fair. And you love him, do you?

ANN. Why do you ask, when you don't in the least care about my part of it?

THE PRIEST. You misjudge me.

ANN. Well, suppose I do. Perhaps we misjudge each other. Haven't you been judging me? How do you know, then, I am not like the women you know? How do you know I don't want a child, don't sit and—but it's no matter. You think men fancy me only because——. [*He is bewildered at her words. A pause. Then he speaks suddenly.*]

THE PRIEST. Well, if it is not your beauty, your —— skin, your red mouth that draws men——. [*A pause. She makes no reply.*]

THE PRIEST. Of course, I see now that you are intelligent, perhaps I should say clever; but then, men would not follow you for that.

ANN. Father, there is one trouble with you priests.

THE PRIEST. [*He is somewhat taken aback.*] What's that?

ANN. When they confess, people tell you only their sins.

THE PRIEST. Perhaps you're right.

ANN. [*A pause.*] Do you want to know what draws them to me?

THE PRIEST. I should like to hear if you will try to tell me.

ANN. It is because they wonder what I really am. They can't make me out. They don't know all of me.

THE PRIEST. You find men like that?

ANN. Those who come back are. Perhaps they dream, I don't know. [*Bitterly again.*] But what's that to you?

THE PRIEST. You misjudge me again.

ANN. [*Sneeringly.*] How should my opinion of you matter?

THE PRIEST. It does matter.

ANN. Then you *are* the benevolent variety, after all. [*He makes no reply.*] No? O dieu de France, I've seen those theatre Magdalens for nothing! You're not broadminded, I hope!

THE PRIEST. I do care about your opinion of me, certainly. And whether you love him.

ANN. [*There is a silence.*] I do love him.

THE PRIEST. Then perhaps after all—you will give him up.

ANN. Did he ask you to get him off, from his bargain?

THE PRIEST. Not at all. He speaks of you as more sinned against than sinning.

ANN. Which you take, of course, as the same old story, the sympathy game.

THE PRIEST. I hadn't seen you then to know what to believe.

ANN. [*Her voice changes.*] I didn't mean to be rude. I'm sorry.

THE PRIEST. And he has told me that you offered to let him go.

ANN. I did. Last year.

THE PRIEST. Would you now?

ANN. I don't know. I don't know.

THE PRIEST. It wouldn't be so easy now. Would it?

ANN. No. Harder. You see then he was more like other men. But now, you see I need him more now.

THE PRIEST. That's just it, poor child.

ANN. Just what?

THE PRIEST. You know what I mean. Things go deeper. [*She remains silent.*] That's why I'm asking you to break it off now. It will be worse and worse for him, he'll be sinking deeper all the time. [*She straightens herself, but says nothing.*]

THE PRIEST. I didn't mean to hurt you. But you know already all I can say. I beg you to put out that light and let him come and find no one. [*She looks slowly at the window and turns her head away, silent. Then she asks slowly her question.*]

ANN. And what of me, then?

THE PRIEST. That's a question that most women have to ask sooner or later, I believe. I am a priest.

ANN. It's easy enough to give advice, I suppose.

THE PRIEST. It's hard for you, all this, I know.

ANN. You know what it is to have nobody that cares a rap whether you are alive or dead? And years and years to come yet—but I'll be kissed and bought. Oh, don't begin now to be soothing. I'm not going to cry. [*She stamps her foot.*] But why shouldn't you be taught something, you priests? Do you know what waiting is? Listening, steps coming—no one—not the one you love—after all, and then ——. I put my fingers through his hair—and when he is gone I remember his arm against my face. But you—what right have you to make me talk out my—myself—like this!

THE PRIEST. I am sorry, sorry about it all. [*He pauses.*] But wouldn't you think you could break it off now as well as later?

ANN. Later?

THE PRIEST. Yes. A week, a year, it's bound to come sometime.

ANN. Oh, Father, I don't know.

THE PRIEST. He'll come to the time for marrying. He is twenty-four. You are some older, aren't you?

ANN. [*She stiffens and speaks sharply.*] I didn't mention my age. Is Fred going to marry someone?

THE PRIEST. But you must have thought of that, coming sometime.

ANN. Whom does Fred want to marry?

THE PRIEST. He hasn't said he would marry anyone. I want him to marry, to settle him.

ANN. What sort of a woman is she?

THE PRIEST. Who?

ANN. The woman he is going to marry.

THE PRIEST. I have only some one in mind.

ANN. Oh, if you're not trying to torture me, tell me about her, what is she like?

THE PRIEST. Very gentle and quiet. She will make him a good wife.

ANN. How nice! That's too nice, now, isn't it?

THE PRIEST. And a good mother to his children.

ANN. [*Losing her head.*] Good, I suppose. One of your saints. Blonde, of course, with a soft face, so very gentle that people want to smack her. That would be a priest's idea of a wife.

THE PRIEST. Not so fast.

ANN. I suppose you priests make job lots of my sort, put us all together? And rich, too, this lady. Money helps the saints, doesn't it, Father? And Fred will be a lay brother, and the rich angel——

THE PRIEST. I think I said she was very gentle and quiet, that's all.

ANN. [*Softened. Her voice changes, it becomes humble, almost imploring.*] Yes, you did. Is she beautiful?

THE PRIEST. No more than you are, child.

ANN. Does he love her?

THE PRIEST. He might come to, I think, if——

ANN. If it were not for me? I suppose so.

THE PRIEST. [*Pulling himself together.*] Come, come now, what can you expect from all this? You and he will never marry. It's plain you don't count on that. And what's left for you? Nothing, is there?

ANN. I don't know.

THE PRIEST. Even now when you see a woman with her child, what must you think?

ANN. I tell you I mustn't think, that's all.

THE PRIEST. For him—well, he's a man. But for you——

ANN. I can't take to-morrow on my hands; that's still to-morrow. And we go on chattering here.

THE PRIEST. [*He is somewhat exasperated, and comes back to the mood in which he first entered.*] Well, there's one thing that's not of to-morrow, that I can't understand. How you can go on with the other—patrons. With the other men. It's blasphemy against religion, against what's sacred—— You love my nephew, but you have not changed your life.

ANN. I don't know about that.

THE PRIEST. How could you help knowing? You do keep on with the others?

ANN. Yes.

THE PRIEST. Then how can you?

ANN. [*Bitterly.*] There's no money. Fred has no money, you know that. I must eat.

THE PRIEST. And how do we see any difference between him and them?

ANN. He began like them—two years ago—that was two years ago, you see that.

THE PRIEST. But how is it possible to keep on—with your life? If you love him?

ANN. If it weren't for him, I couldn't live.

THE PRIEST. But I fail to see. If it does not change your life——

ANN. [*Looking away, slowly.*] It changes me.

THE PRIEST. Forgive me. I'm afraid I was very stupid. [*A silence falls.*] Well, say you don't darken that window, and he comes to-night, and finds you. What then? What will he say? What does he say?

ANN. How should I know?

THE PRIEST. Don't you know what he would say?

ANN. Oh, nothing. Only a little thing, but it makes me happy.

THE PRIEST. Will you tell me?

ANN. He will say he missed me to-day.

THE PRIEST. You poor child! [*For a moment neither of them speaks. Then she comes down on to the pavement and turns impulsively to him.*]

ANN. Father, I want you to forgive me. I thought—you see I thought you—. Father, you asked my age. I am twenty-six, two years older than Fred. I know you mean to do the right thing by us. [*They both turn, unconsciously, it may be, and look at the lighted window. She stretches out her hand into the rays of light that fall from it. The priest remains silent. Her hand drops to her side.*]

ANN. I will think this over and perhaps——[*turning into the house*]. Goodnight. [*He stands for a moment looking after her, and then takes a few steps away, but comes back suddenly and speaks to her by her name.*]

THE PRIEST. Ann.

ANN. [*Turning back to the threshold.*] Yes. You called me?

THE PRIEST. Ann, I want you to forget what I have said.

ANN. But, Father Stevens——

THE PRIEST. I can't advise you. I——

ANN. That's just it—oh, if only I were what you took me for, just a poor rotten girl.

THE PRIEST. Oh, no, no, you can't throw away what God has given you——

ANN. Why should we have squabbled so with each other, and made points with our brains—like the drunk gamblers over at Joe's taking poker tricks—when the bottom of everything is so much the same, the same terrible pity, same feeling, under everything. You see—we are so much what we are!

THE PRIEST. Do you think, do you really think that?

ANN. [*In a dull hopeless voice.*] And sooner or later, as you said——

THE PRIEST. You must forget what I have said. The trouble with me is I'm an old man and a priest. Goodnight. [*He holds out his hand and turns to go.*] Goodnight.

ANN. But, Father, do you think she loves him?

THE PRIEST. She could never love him as you do.

ANN. But she would love him?

THE PRIEST. I don't believe it's in her nature to care so much. She's so much, so much—slighter.

ANN. Do you think for me Fred could—care so much—as I do? That he does?

THE PRIEST. I don't know. Not as I have known him. You ought to know. I don't know what he may be when he's with you. Dear me, I really must be going! Goodnight. [*He hurries away. She stands with one hand on the doorpost, watching him as he disappears into the shadow of the street. You can hear his footsteps far off. She makes a certain gesture in his direction, but checks herself. It is all hopeless. She shakes her head slowly and in despair. Her hand slips down from the doorpost to her side. She turns slowly into the house and closes the door behind her. A moment later the light in the window is put out. The lamp shines dimly along the deserted street.*]

CURTAIN.



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*Danse Calinda**

A Pantomime with Folk-Music

By RIDGELY TORRENCE

Characters:

LOUIS LAFON, }
ZIZI, his sister } Creoles Nègres.
JUDGE PREVAL.
DENISE PREVAL.
DON LOPEZ O'REILLY.
Many others.

TIME: *Early part of the nineteenth century during Mardi Gras.*

SCENE I: *The Place Congo, New Orleans.*

An open square, faced by small houses in front of which are bazaar booths, bright with cheap decorations, mounds of fruit, cakes, colored syrups, gauds, etc. At back over the low roofs are seen the spires and prouder buildings of the city.

The rising curtain discloses the square empty except for the motionless figures of the bazaar vendors, who sit asleep in their pavilions.

There is the silence of expectancy.

Suddenly the door of a house at centre back, in front of which is the liveliest of all the booths, opens.

Zizi, radiant, shines from the threshold.

She poises there listening intensely until, after a moment, unable to contain her vibrating eagerness, she whirls into a dance about the square, looking off with fiery anticipation. Then abruptly she pauses. She hears what she has listened for.

The faint, far-off sound of drums can be heard.

Expressing great joy, she dances again until, reaching her house, she darts within it.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Not every theatre will have adequate space and the equipment to produce *Danse Calinda*. But those that have not will find it stimulating and suggestive to see Mr. Torrence's version of the manner in which this interesting and too-little used form of dramatic art may appear in print.

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Presently Louis emerges, dancing backward, from the same doorway. He is followed by Zizi, who gayly pursues him with the same dance-step as she tries to make him accept his vendor's tray for the peddling of sweets. She catches him. He takes the tray with a kiss. She runs again into their house.

Louis listens to the sound of the drums approaching, mingled with faint cries, and dancing joyfully about to all the booths he awakens the vendors and points off toward the nearing sounds. Each vendor rousing follows, with arms and head, the rhythm of Louis' dance.

Zizi reappears with a great pan of the ginger cakes, called "estomac mulattre," smoking hot. Rhythmically she spreads them on the tables in her booth, Louis helping her. They laugh and dance with delight. She returns to the house and fetches a second pan of cakes. From this she fills the tray of Louis, who carries it by a bright ribbon round his neck. All is done in rhythm.

The drums and cries now approach rapidly, mingled with strains from other instruments, notably banjos and also reed pipes, bound together in the form the Creoles know as "the quills."

Suddenly a riotously gay company enters the square.

All have some tincture of African blood. Free for a few hours of the city's festival, they are making the most of their holiday, and dispose themselves about the city with great agility.

In a great circle the instrument-players form an orchestra, seated on the ground.

Two-thirds have drums, very primitive, mostly beaten by the hands. One-third have banjos, and two men play "the quills."

The Bamboula, from which the song takes its name, is a drum made of a section of giant bamboo, with skin stretched over the ends. It is beaten very rapidly with the hands.

The largest drum, four feet long, is beaten with sticks by two men sitting astride of it.

Inside the circle all the dancing begins and ends.

Outside the circle the crowd amuses itself by watching, clapping, promenading, love-making and bartering with pedlars.

Occasionally the booth vendors momentarily accompany the orchestra by touching triangles, rattling bones or gourds filled with pebbles, playing on jew's-harps and other instruments that hang beside them for sale.

The orchestra begins to play the Bamboula.

The merry-makers, aflame with the rhythms of their blood and the joy of freedom, begin a dancing contest, singly, by couples and in groups. Six dances follow, three to Bamboula tunes and three to Counjaille tunes.

Between these dances another sound reaches faintly to the square from the city beyond the houses at back. It is music, but of another kind; of European origin. Marching and minuet tunes of the eighteenth-century French school are caught in brief phrases, played by brass bands.

It is the music of the Mardi Gras.

This music is seen to produce a profound impression upon Louis. At each recurrent strain of the distant melody he pauses in his gay course, and motionless, wistfully listening, he looks toward the city.

Zizi, earnestly watching him, interrupts each of his abstractions. She expresses joy when she is able to recall him to the scenes about them and anxiety whenever his attention is caught by the distant music.

As each dance ends, Louis is solicited by girls to enter the contest. He refuses all, continuing his peddling, but with growing enthusiasm for the dance until the six numbers have been executed, when his excitement becomes irrepressible, and tossing his empty tray in the booth, he enters the circle to the whirling tumult of a Calinda tune, which he dances so well that the admiration of the others reaches frenzy.

With one impulse the whole company rushes to the booths to buy a prize for Louis.

An old woman vendor offers a man's court costume, formerly belonging to some master. It is sumptuous and complete, with ruffled linen, embroidered coat, smalls, silk stockings and pumps. The suit is settled upon as the prize. It is purchased, and all turn to present it to Louis.

Louis is discovered again absently listening and looking toward the city, for the strains of Mardi Gras music are now plainer than ever.

Zizi stands anxiously watching him. She perceives, before her brother does, the prize that the merry-makers intend for him, and, comprehending, she runs toward them to prevent the gift.

This she is not able to do, for Louis, when their intention dawns upon him and he sees the magnificence of the dress, receives it with joy. Then, as a louder call of the Mardi Gras music reaches him, he looks from the dress toward the city and back again. A thrilling idea breaks upon him.

He will put on the dress and go to the city.

Zizi, anxiously reading his purpose, seizes him, begging him not to go, but he shakes her off and dashes into the house, bearing the suit, while the orchestra begins a new Calinda measure, and the whole assembly begins to dance wildly.

At the height of their abandon the tolling of a great bell from the city beyond announces the end of the afternoon's freedom, and the throng instantly breaks up, and with great swiftness disperses, accompanied only by "the quills" and by a subdued marching measure on the drums.

As the bell ceases the square is empty with the exception of the booth-keepers, who have fallen asleep again, and Zizi, who looks with an anxious face toward her doorway.

Again the Mardi Gras tunes float to the square, and Louis suddenly bounds out of the house. He is arrayed in all the finery. He doesn't even observe that the others have left the square.

All his attention is fixed toward the city as he listens to the distant lure.

He starts toward it.

Zizi intercepts him desperately.

He halts a moment and, with a return of his gayety, makes her a low bow. She admires him, but fearfully. He examines his new clothes, searching the pockets. From one of these he draws a mask. He puts this on, dons the hat and stands completely disguised.

He turns again toward the city, and in spite of Zizi's tears he runs off as if called imperiously by the far music.

Zizi stands for a moment agonizedly watching. Then turning, she faces the booth of the old woman who sold the costume for Louis.

Zizi, seeing the crone, is seized by a new thought: to follow Louis. She runs to the old woman, wakens her and demands a costume for herself. The vendor produces a woman's court costume, the counterpart of Louis'. For this she demands all the money Zizi has. Zizi produces her store, receives the dress, and with it runs hastily into the house, looking back toward the direction in which Louis went.

Again the Mardi Gras music is heard and, as Zizi disappears, the curtain falls.

* * * *

SCENE II. *The Place d'Armes in New Orleans, a few hours later.*

At back is a row of stately brick houses with wrought-iron gateways and balconies and brick-walled gardens. On each side the scene extends into the wings.

At the extreme left is a dais, upon which rest two flower-decked thrones. Over one of these is a placard, on which is chalked "Pour le Roi Comus." Over the other appear the words "Pour la Reine." Ermine-trimmed mantles are thrown over the backs of the thrones.

The balconies at back are filled with spectators of the carnival. On the balcony of the house at center back sits Judge Preval, his daughter Denise and her suitor, Don Lopez O'Reilly. The Judge is a pompous, portly old man. Denise is young, beautiful and a coquette. Don Lopez is scowling, red-headed, red-faced, with a forked beard and bristling moustaches. On a balcony next the Prevals sit the Judges of the Carnival, a number of old ladies and gentlemen in gorgeous finery of the pre-Napoleonic era.

The place is filled with maskers disporting themselves gayly and watching the competition for King and Queen. All present are, needless to say, whites. One by one the competitors, a man and woman alternately, parade and present themselves before the Judges. The contestants step to light music, each to some different measure from old French dance tunes.

The Judges examine them keenly through lorgnons, converse apart about them, but withhold their decision. They are evidently still unsatisfied.

At last, all those among the throng who wished to contest, have done so. Is there no one else? All look about.

Suddenly there is a commotion among the maskers. Don Lopez rises and points to the beautiful Denise. She has not contested, and sits laughing and inscrutable among the shadows of her balcony. All beseech her to contest, and at last she consents and rises to withdraw from the balcony. Don Lopez wishes to accompany her, but she pushes him back into his chair.

While the attention of all is drawn toward the Preval doorway, waiting for Denise, a new figure appears at the extreme right, apart from the others.

It is Louis.

He has mingled for some time with the maskers, and has watched the contestants eagerly, but disdainfully, as they show

their lack of grace. He now executes a few stately steps as though practising to enter the lists.

As he does so a woman-masker enters the Place from the right. She sees Louis at once, and running swiftly to him she draws him aside, down front. He looks wonderingly at the graceful and beautifully-dressed stranger.

She raises her mask and discloses herself to be Zizi.

Louis starts back with delighted amazement. Zizi is dressed in the finery purchased from the old woman. She has come to entreat her brother to withdraw from this forbidden ground.

She begs Louis to fly with her.

He refuses, his whole soul subject to the enchantment of the Carnival. Seizing Zizi gayly, he forces her to dance a few steps. They are far more graceful than any of the whites.

The others, however, do not observe them, for at this moment Denise emerges from her house, and stands lovely and laughing upon her doorstep. All those assembled in the Place show great admiration and enthusiasm, those above lean far out of their balconies, striving to see her while she still stands beneath them in her doorway.

At last she steps forth. The music begins. Denise stands still, demanding a partner.

But who is worthy to dance with her? Someone must volunteer, for she will not dance alone. One by one then the men maskers, urged by their friends and by the Judges, present themselves, and essay a measure with her. But they only display their awkwardness, embarrassed as they are by Denise's satirical laughter. The Judges will have none of them, and make a great show of scorn and disgust.

At last there seems to be none left who could aspire to dance with her. The Judges urge her to present herself alone. She is unwilling, and still looks about for a partner.

Suddenly she breaks into wilder laughter. She has spied her suitor, Don Lopez, as he sits mooning and doting on the balcony. He, of course, has not competed. She beckons to him, convulsed with jeering merriment. Don Lopez can scarcely believe he is chosen, but she repeats her summons, and he descends, flattered to ecstasy.

The Judges settle themselves pompously. With a grandee in the lists the occasion rises in importance.

Profoundly bowing, the two figures begin their measure, he solemnly, she mockingly.

But Don Lopez quickly proves to be the awkwardest dancer that has yet appeared. He steps on his lady's toes, he bumps against her, almost knocking her down, while she, for her part, still further harasses him by fairly staggering with laughter. Again and again he attempts to withdraw, but she holds him to his task until at last, desperately entangled, he trips on his sword and falls flat. The spectators are overwhelmed by a wave of laughter. But Don Lopez, having risen painfully to his feet, glares about him with such a fierce and terrible face that their mirth is smitten as by a blow. The enraged grandee withdraws beneath the Judges' balcony.

Denise now becomes the single center of interest. Will she not now present herself alone before the Judges? But she delays, looking about the throng, still searching for a partner.

Suddenly her eyes, for the first time, rest upon Louis. He is looking at her through his mask. They stand motionless for a moment. She seems to beckon with her eyes. He takes a step toward her as though drawn by an unseen force.

Zizi vainly reaches out to stay him, but afterwards only follows him agonizedly with her eyes.

After his first step toward Denise Louis halts. Again she lures him. One further step toward her and again he stands motionless.

In spite of the potency of her enchantment there seems to be some impassable barrier between them. What is it? Denise cannot understand. She stands wondering, but still compelling the masked figure of Louis to approach her. He does so by single steps and slight withdrawals until he has covered the entire distance between them.

When he finally reaches her they again stand motionless, gazing at each other as if under a spell.

Then the music begins. Denise reaches out her hands. Louis takes them. They begin to dance.

Both are adepts. Spectators and Judges are enthralled. Never has such dancing been seen at the Carnival.

Measure after measure they dance, lighter and swifter grow their steps, until at last the musicians pause. They plead that they know no further tunes. But Denise will not stop. She demands that they find some fresh music. But there is no response.

Suddenly from a distance sound the wild notes of the *Calinda*.

Denise and Louis are electrified. They step forth to the new air.

Wildly and more swiftly the music whirls them, until the throng itself is caught up into the spirit of it and follows the flying pair, who dance with a winged grace and charm unequaled, until at last, with a tremendous thunder of the drums and a soaring cry of the quills and banjos, the music stops and the dancers halt, drooping with fatigue but ecstatic.

The enthusiasm of the Judges is beyond measure. They eagerly descend from their balcony, lead Denise and Louis to the thrones, and bid them be seated. They then place the ermine upon the shoulders of the pair, and with ceremony crown them Comus and his Queen.

Louis submits wonderingly like one in a dream, Denise with laughing triumph. She turns on her throne and holds out her hand to Louis. He slowly takes it, and they gaze at each other earnestly.

Delight and admiration are called forth by the lovely Queen and the handsome figure of the King. The Carnival throng rushes forward to lift the thrones and carry them in procession. But before this can happen it is intercepted.

Don Lopez, since his discomfiture, has been glowering apart in the Preval doorway. From the moment that Louis began to dance he has not taken his eyes off the dancer. During the Calinda he took a single step toward the dancers as though smitten by a stinging thought. Now, as the crowd prepares to lift the thrones, Don Lopez rushes forward, and springing like an animal at Louis, he tears the mask from the dancer's face and the hat from his head.

The sight disclosed blasts the assembly as with a thunder-stroke.

A Negro! At the Carnival in the Place d'Armes! Dancing with the fairest of the city's daughters and crowned as King!

There is an instant's pause, as of a receding wave of life, and then, with a roar as from a jungle, rage is let loose.

Dozens rush forward and tear the King from his throne. They drag him before the balcony of Judge Preval. The Judge stands trembling, white with fury. He cannot yet recover his breath and pronounce sentence upon the criminal.

Denise meanwhile remains standing on the dais before her throne, looking at Louis somewhat regretfully, but yet with disdain.

At length the Judge is able to speak. He turns to the Judges of the Carnival. What have they decided? They yield to an outraged father.

He turns to the throng. They have all been witnesses of the crime. They agree that it remains for him to pronounce sentence.

He does so by signing that he gives over the prisoner to Don Lopez, who shall avenge the crime.

They lead Louis before Lopez. Lopez surveys his rival with cold malice for a moment, then suddenly whips out his sword. Louis folds his arms and stands before his executioner.

There is a scream, and Zizi, rushing forward, throws herself upon Don Lopez. The grandee seizes her and strips the mask from her face.

A Negress! Zizi! She is well known. The sister and the brother! Both criminals. She also shall be judged.

Don Lopez gives her to be guarded. Then, turning again to Louis, he looks into his unflinching victim's face for a moment and plunges his rapier through the dancer's breast. Louis falls lifeless.

A shudder passes through the crowd. Don Lopez coolly sheathes his blade. Then, turning to Judge Preval, he asks what sentence shall be imposed upon Zizi. The Judge, however, has enough of blood, and merely waves his hand, giving over Zizi to be imprisoned in the Calaboza, which is at the right.

Don Lopez turns and observes Zizi. She is beautiful. He seizes her and drags her off to the left.

The maskers all disperse in shadow and dejection.

The Place d'Armes is left empty except for the body of Louis, the tinsel thrones, crowns, sceptres, ermine, strewn flowers, confetti and holiday débris.

Suddenly from a distance come the strains of the Marseillaise, which is one of the tunes that have been heard in brief snatches more than once during the pantomime. It comes brokenly and for a few bars only at a time—played on violins and flutes.

All at once another sound rises, also from a distance, and mingles with the French tune. It is a wild and melancholy air, played on "the quills." Higher and higher and more sorrowful it winds. The Marseillaise contests with it for a few moments, but finally hushes, and "the quills" cry alone.

CURTAIN.



THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

SHELDON CHENEY }
EDITH J. R. ISAACS } EDITORS { KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

MUCH to the terror of others besides the managers, the labor union has completed its conquest of the stage. Last of all factors—the stage hands, electricians, musicians and managers—the actors have at last decided to organize. They feel what we might once have called the “Zeitgeist.” Like the rest of the world, they are taking extra-legal measures to protect their livelihood.

And, like the rest of the world, they are decidedly international about it. The French actors have joined the Federation de Spectacle, affiliating with that great and revolutionary body, the Confederation General de Travail. England finds 5,000 of her players united through the Actors' Association in a demand for new contract requirements as to length of engagement, rehearsal payments, number of performances weekly, and so forth. The movement in America, under the Actors Equity Association, is striving for much the same ends; but while in London one manager has threatened to declare a lockout against members of the actors' union, in America the actors (4,000 strong) have considered the possibility of enforcing the closed shop against all managers not coming to terms.

Against the unionizing of the actors two curiously contrary voices have spoken—Gordon Craig's and that of the theatrical manager. Mr. Craig—ignoring the proposal of the English players to form a repertory art theatre on the basis of conscripting their own services for certain limited periods—feels that art is going to suffer. This, curiously enough, is also the plaint of the manager. Perhaps he lacks confidence in his own long-extolled ability to attend to that matter single-handed. At any rate, the managers of New York found the proposal “so incongruous with the nature of an artistic profession” and such “an abandonment of the actor's standing and dignity” that they were forced to protest against this dallying of the players with mere matters of commerce and self-preservation. The managers are realists. They appreciate the necessity for division of

labor in the theatre. To the managers the money, to the players—the art.



PERHAPS no project more interesting than the Workmen's Theatre, mentioned in the Chronicle in this issue, has ever been proposed in America—nor one attended with more difficulties and dangers. To bring the best plays of the world, adequately produced, within the means of working people; to present only the best; to charge fifty cents where Broadway charges two dollars; to spend upon the production what Broadway spends upon exorbitant theatre rents, advertising and overhead expenses—this is a scheme as worthy as it is daring. Can such a thing be done? The best answer is that it has already been done—in Europe. It all depends upon coöperation. Many thousands of persons must guarantee the project and stick to it through its period of experimentation. But if by “working people” is meant all those who work for a living, certainly New York must include among its millions many thousands who want the best and who cannot afford to pay two dollars for a Broadway performance. Taste, fortunately, is not confined to any one class, section of the city, kind of worker, size of income. The first problem is to find out these persons, bring them together, get them to coöperate; and, beyond all this, get them to be patient and to nurse the undertaking through the ills which must inevitably attend its infancy. Even the initial difficulties are enormous. Where is the theatre building that can be used at a reasonable rental? Where are competent actors who will work for small salaries for the sake of promoting the undertaking? Producers must be willing to give much for little. This theatre cannot afford to experiment in first productions, hence only tried plays can be given. There will be dissatisfaction as to the choice of plays, the acting and staging. Complaints of all kinds will be rife. The experiment may succumb to such trials as these, as have so many theatre ventures in the past; or, as in Europe, it may survive to establish itself as a permanent institution, of incalculable social value. The very humanizing and democratizing influence involved in bringing together thousands of persons united by a common desire to enjoy the best—this would not be the least achievement of the real theatre of the people. Sooner or later, despite all obstacles, such a theatre will come. The Workmen's Theatre, if realized, will mark an actual constructive advance toward such an ideal consummation.

The Theatre Arts Chronicle

The Theatre of the War

"I HAVE no news to give you in regard to our Playhouse, which has been closed for over a year, and is likely to remain so, at least for the present," writes Mary Aldis of the Lake Forest Little Theatre. "The little group of players who used to play together were dispersed by the war, some in active service, some in other parts of the country, and some so busy at home with war work that it was not possible to give plays. Last summer, as there was a crying need for small houses, owing to the number of officers at the Great Lakes Training Station and Fort Sheridan, I fitted up the Playhouse as a dwelling, for which purpose it is now being used. The largest dressing-room became a kitchenette, the stage a bedroom, and the main room, with its lofty ceiling, made a delightful combined living and dining-room. The tall screens we used to use for scenery became partitions in my office in town, the chairs were loaned to the war recreation rooms for soldiers and sailors, and what do you suppose became of the movable platforms on which the chairs used to be set? I found my gardener had set them edge to edge and made an excellent coal bin to guard our precious supply of coal! Such are the uses of adversity."

The Vassar Workshop

THE Vassar Workshop is a direct descendant of the 47 Workshop of Harvard, and it is proud of the fact. But it does not intend to live on its ancestry. Having accepted the idea that the most practical college course in dramatic writing is one which includes experience in production and in performance before an audience that is constructively critical, the Vassar Workshop, under the leadership of Gertrude Buck, has gone on to find its own way through its own deep waters. Since Vassar offers no graduate course in playwriting, most of the plays so far have been confined to a single act. But already the Workshop is able to publish an attractive little list of plays available for public performance and to supplement this with a list of plays and pageants written by the members of the playwriting course for special college occasions. An effort is made to link the work of the course as closely as possible to the rest of Vassar life, with the result that the entire college has, in a happy sense, become a workshop for the Workshop.

A Drama Competition

THE St. Louis Art League, under the auspices of its Committee on Drama and the Literary Arts, of which Mrs. Wm. Flewellyn Saunders is chairman, has developed a complete and practicable program for the encouragement of playwriting in St. Louis through an annual competition, the reward of which is not a prize, but production. Of the plays submitted in the contest—one-act plays, under the rules, and written by residents of St. Louis or its environs—the three which are chosen by the judges are not only announced as the winning plays, but are guaranteed an adequate and artistic production within three months. Other worth-while plays submitted are included in the programs of dramatic readings. It is the intention of the committee further to increase the popularity of St. Louis prize plays by publishing those that seem worthy of permanent record, and by sending word to Little Theatres throughout the country when plays that act well are received. Already St. Louis prize plays of the first two years

have been produced in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, and San Francisco. For the third season two supplementary competitions have been added, one for a long play suitable for production in the out-doors Municipal Theatre, the other for a play suitable to be acted by children for an audience of children. The 1918 St. Louis prize plays were *The Canary*, by Emily Westwood Lewis; *Security*, by Susan M. Boogher; *Jungle Fire*, by Cyrus William Beach, with a special honorable mention going to *Three Kisses*, by Margretta Scott.

Making Plays Sell Bonds THE Government Loan Organization of the Second Federal Reserve District saw and developed new possibilities in the drama during the Victory Liberty Loan. In coöperation with the New York Drama League they arranged a "Victory Loan Festival of Spring and the Seed Time" to create in the public mind the idea that the coming of peace was seed-time, and not harvest, and that the seeds of national happiness must be paid for. Any organization—school, settlement, club, community—which arranged a patriotic play or pageant and followed it with a speaker for the Victory Loan registered as part of the festival. The New York Drama League arranged the list of suitable plays and pageants which the Loan Organization printed and distributed. Advice about suitable plays was given at the Drama League Bookshop, where the books were also supplied, one copy being presented free, by the Loan Organization, to any organization that promised a performance. Although the idea was developed late in the campaign, with only a few weeks for preparation, over three hundred festivals were arranged in the district, and the Chief of the Woman's Liberty Loan Publicity wrote: "We consider this the best and most effective feature developed in our department. The plays not only provided the audience but gave the necessary emotional stimulus as a background for the Victory Loan address. In other words, they 'put over' the economic idea and helped to sell the bonds."

Walter Hampden's Hamlet As part of the noteworthy renaissance of the Broadway Theatre at the end of the season, Walter Hampden brought his much-praised *Hamlet* back from a short sojourn in Chicago. To the fresh and sensitive performance which he gave for a surprising number of matinées at the Booth Theatre during the winter, Mr. Hampden has added a very interesting setting by Claude Bragdon, illustrated in these pages.

Setting—rather than settings—for Mr. Bragdon, as the reader will see, uses one general frame, altering certain portions and adding trees or curtains when the hall of the Danish King must become the graveyard, Gertrude's room or the battlements. The setting is a pleasant thing to look at, well painted in cool tones, but unquestionably lacking in the robustness, the suggestion of time and age, which the best in settings for *Hamlet* should give. It is a welcome contrast to the old jobberies of Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Mantell, and even Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson. But it is hardly more than interestingly "modern," if judged by exacting standards.

Mr. Hampden's impersonation remains beautiful and truly felt. Its greatest quality is undoubtedly freshness without any striving for unconventionality. He wins his real distinction by individual and sensitive phrasing. Whether it is the best *Hamlet* of a generation is a rather large question. It has certainly achieved the distinction of being the most human without losing dignity or poetic beauty.

**The
Workmen's
Theatre**

THE United Labor Education Committee, which represents eight affiliated labor organizations, has undertaken to organize as a part of its educational activities a Workmen's Theatre in New York City. The object of this theatre, as stated by the committee, is "to make accessible to labor the masterpieces of drama in their production by the foremost artists"; in other words, to present the best plays of all countries at a reasonable price, and to present them well. Emanuel Reicher, Richard Ordynski, and B. Iden Payne will each have charge of the production of one of the three plays to be presented at the first series when the theatre opens in August. Tickets for the three performances are to be only \$1.50. Ten thousand subscribers are necessary to carry out the project, and a campaign for the subscriptions is now in progress.



**The British
Drama League**

WHILE the actors organize in England as the managers long ago found it wise to do—and organize as producers as well as players—comes the welcome news that the British playgoers, too, have discovered the wisdom of organization. Britain now has a Drama League, whose objects are "entirely propagandist and advisory, and, so far from competing with any existing organizations, it offers them its most cordial coöperation and support. One of its first aims will be to establish relations with municipalities, universities, schools, and colleges, village centres, trade unions, coöperative societies, friendly societies, and other labor organizations, with a view to inducing them to encourage the drama among all classes." The prospectus is decidedly worth cogitation in this year of burgeoning peace:

"With the coming of peace all those interested in the drama are naturally asking what may be the prospects of the English theatre in the years after the war. Other arts have not been affected so unfavorably by war conditions as might, perhaps, have been imagined. But this can scarcely be said of the art of the theatre, which, so far from maintaining itself under war conditions, has suffered a notable decline. And yet the humane and social value of the drama has never been more clearly recognized than it is to-day. In every case where the attraction of good drama has been rightly displayed (as in the performances of plays by Shakespeare which have been given to soldier audiences at home and at the front) a wonderfully warm appreciation has been forthcoming. Similar results have attended the efforts of lecturers in munition works and industrial centres, and those who have been personally concerned with those efforts are unanimous in believing that a real future lies before the drama, both as a means of democratic expression and as a factor in the renewal of social life on civilized lines.

"On the purely artistic side it is submitted that English drama has nothing to lose and everything to gain from decentralization and from the provision of means whereby theatre groups or individuals now working in isolation might be kept in touch with one another and also with the newest developments of theatrical art in this country, in America, and on the Continent."



At the Little and Experimental Theatres

The Maitland Players of San Francisco are to have a theatre of their own, after two years of production in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. The Playhouse, designed by Edgar Walter, is in the downtown district of San Francisco, and will seat two hundred people. The program will be changed each week and will consist of four one-act plays on each bill, with an occasional three-act play. One night each week will be subscriber's night, and on Sunday night, known as Community Night, the performance will be given at special prices for those who cannot afford the regular rates. The Maitland Playhouse is under the direction of Arthur Maitland, who will be glad to see available manuscripts. The project has been made possible through subscriptions from prominent men and women of San Francisco, and it will be run as a community enterprise, not a commercial one.

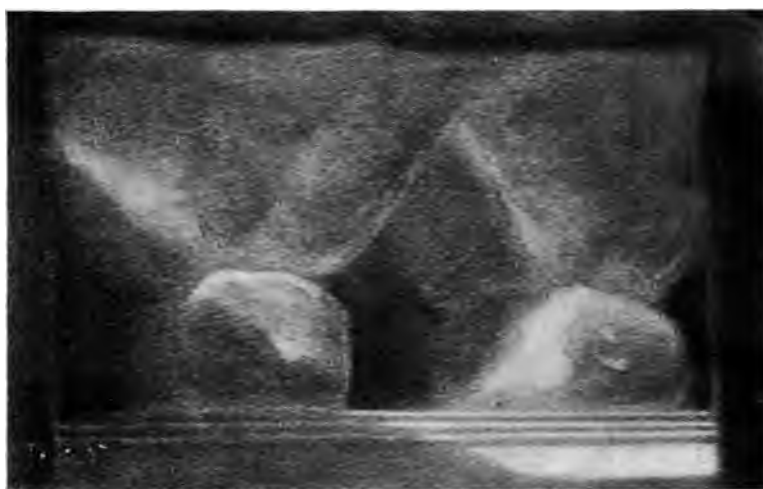
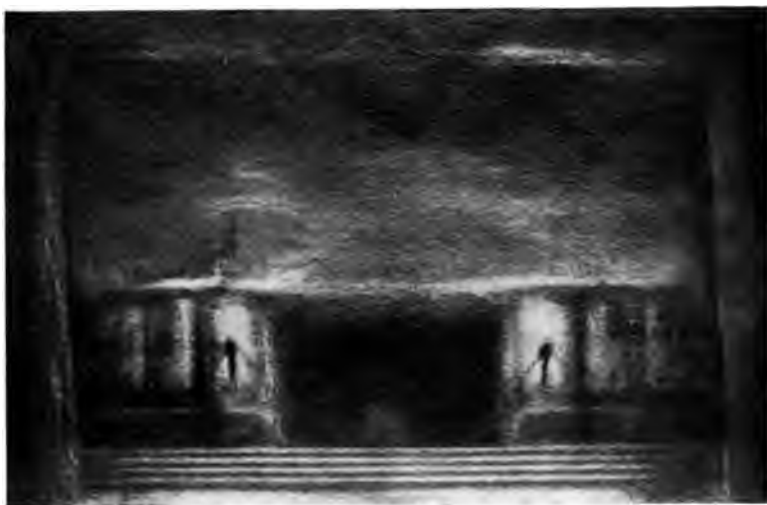
The Neighborhood Playhouse, 466 Grand Street, New York City, has been producing with great success a bill of one-act plays, two of which are given for the first time on any stage, the third for the first time in New York. They are *The Eternal Megalosaurus*, by Justine Lewis; *The Noose*, by Tracy Mygatt, and *Everybody's Husband*, by Gilbert Cannan.

The Arts and Crafts Playhouse, of Detroit, for its third production of the season, March 7 and 8, tried an interesting experiment. They brought Frederick Alexander's choir of ninety voices from the Michigan State Normal School of Ypsilanti, prepared a special setting, costumed the singers appropriately and presented them in an unusual program, consisting, in part, of the Nicene Creed as set by Gretchyaninov for use in the Russian Church, three nativity hymns by Cesar Franck, the Ballad of the Three Kings, by Peter Cornelius, and a cantata by Vincent D'Indy. In April Tony Sarg and his Marionettes were the offering, and the season closed with a performance by the Duncan Dancers and George Copeland.

The MacDougal Players of Richmond Hill House, New York, have started on an enthusiastic career as a community theatre. Their first bill consisted of *The Rising of the Moon*, by Lady Gregory; *The Story of the Willow Pattern Plate*, a Chinese pantomime, and *A Diadem of Snow*, by Elmer E. Rice. The scenery was designed, and the costumes designed and stencilled by Arthur Sofo, one of the boys of Richmond Hill House. All of the costumes were made by boys and girls of the neighborhood, and the lighting effects were the work of local electricians. Next year the plays (there are to be several each month) are to be chosen, not by a board of governors, but by neighborhood vote.

And again Macdougall! This time it is Duncan Macdougall's Barn added to New York's playshops. The first bill, announced for three nights weekly, is *The Gollywog's Control*, by Duncan Macdougall; *The Tinker's Wedding*, by J. M. Synge, and *Crainquebille*, by Anatole France.

The Players' Club of San Francisco is concluding its seventh season with a revival of Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, and a Japanese tragedy by Takedo Izumo, called *Matzuo*. April's bills had *The Pierrot of the Minute*, by Ernest Dowson; *Bondage*, by Charles A. Myall; *Violet Souls*, by John Jex; *Even in the Wilderness*, by Clay M. Greene, and an earlier one was made up of *The Man Upstairs*, by Augustus Thomas; *Veska*, by



Two settings by Norman-Bel Geddes for *King Lear*.



Above, a setting by Norman-Bel Geddes for *King Lear*.
Below, two costume designs for the same play.

Howard Miller (the first presentation) ; *Three Pills in a Bottle*, by Rachel Lyman Field, and *Just North of Hades*, by Alice E. Grant. The Club, under the direction of Reginald Travers, has outgrown its present quarters on Clay Street, and is planning for a larger theatre next season, where the best of modern classic dramas will be produced.

The Comedy Club of Kansas City, with about six hundred members, is now producing regularly three bills a year. The last production was *Pru-nella*, by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Earlier bills were *Milestones*, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock, and a double bill, consisting of Tchekov's *The Proposal* and Yeats' *The Land of Heart's Desire*. The Comedy Players have not yet resumed their activities which were interrupted by the war.

Hearts to Mend, by Harry A. Overstreet, and *Neighbors*, by Zona Gale, made up the April bill of the Fireside Players of White Plains. An outdoor performance of *A Twig of Thorn* is announced for May. For next season plans are already under way for a series of six performances, with a minimum of twelve plays, including several by members of the group. A new hall, with amplified stage facilities, will give scope for greater effectiveness of production. During the summer the group will continue its workshop meetings with try-outs, addresses, and readings of original plays.

The Cincinnati Children's Theatre, under the direction of Helen Schuster-Martin, produced *The Adventures of Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox*, dramatized by the director from the stories of Thornton Burgess. There is a tentative plan for next season to have a stock company to present plays written especially for children. Among those selected for production are *The Little Princess*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, and *Paddy Pools*.

Hall-marked, by John Galsworthy, and *The Maker of Dreams*, by Oliphant Down, were the May bill of the Montclair Players.

The third production of the season of the 47 Workshop at Agassiz House Theatre included *The Hearth*, by Roy George ; *A Flitch of Bacon*, an eighteenth-century comedy, by Eleanor Holmes Hinkley, and *The Playroom*, by Doris F. Halman, whose *Land Where Lost Things Go*, won the Drama League prize a year or two ago. The final performance is announced by George P. Baker, the director, as a three-act play, *The Princess and the Pedlar*, by Thomas P. Robinson.

The Little Theatre Society of Indiana, Harold A. Ehrensperger, director, has given, besides a regular production of Laurence Housman's *The Chinese Lantern*, two special performances, one for the National Child Labor Committee, *A Pageant of Sunshine and Sorrow*, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, the other for wounded soldiers, the program for which included a group of songs and William C. De Mille's *Food*.

The Community Playhouse of Pasadena have had two Spring bills, each a full-length play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, by Jerome K. Jerome, and *You Never Can Tell*, by George Bernard Shaw.

The fifth bill of the Provincetown Players, of New York, was a three-act play entitled *Bernice*, by Susan Glaspell. The sixth and seventh bills were each made up of four one-act plays chosen as representative of the work of the Provincetown Players during the past three years. The sixth bill in-

cluded *Woman's Honor*, by Susan Glaspell; *Night*, by James Oppenheim; *Bound East for Cardiff*, by Eugene O'Neill; *The Widow's Veil*, by Alice Rostetter. The seventh bill included *The Angel Intruded*, by Floyd Dell; *The Long Voyage Home*, by Eugene O'Neill, *Cocaine*, by Pendleton King; *Tickless Time*, by Susan Glaspell.

The Community Theatre of Hollywood, at the end of its second season, finds its greatest difficulty that of satisfying the demand for seats, although the playing time has been increased from three nights to two weeks. The last bill consisted of *Pierrot Home From the Wars*, by Thomas Wood Stevens; *A Sunny Morning*, by the Quinteros; *Where But in America?* by Oscar Wolff; *Dawn*, by Percival Wilde; and a pantomime, *The Shepherd in the Distance*, by Holland Hudson. The theatre will be closed for six weeks during the summer, but at the request of many teachers, Neely Dickson, the director, will give a special course in play production as a part of the University of Southern California Summer Session, with full University credit.

Daniel L. Quirk, Jr., director of the Ypsilanti Players, although just from the front, where he tried several interesting experiments in pageant production, is already at work at the Players Playhouse. For the May program the Players produced *Man Proposes*, *God Disposes*, by Carthage Caldicleugh, and *A Fine Art*, by R. Clyde Ford. The public performance of the Players is scheduled for June.

The Carolina Playmakers, Frederick H. Koch, director, are adding a new note to community drama. Not only have the players built their own stage, designed and executed their own settings, costumes and lighting, and written their own plays as a part of English 31, the University Course in Dramatic Composition; but their plays are all folk-plays, intended to build up a literature of North Carolina. The first bill included *When Witches Ride*, a play of Carolina folk-superstition, by Elizabeth A. Lay; *The Return of Buck Gavin*, a tragedy of the mountain people, by Thomas Wolfe; *What Barbara Will Say*, a romance of Chapel Hill, by Minnie Shepherd Sparrow. The next series will have two plays of different types, *The Fighting Corporal*, by Louisa Reid, a comedy of negro folk-life, and *Peggy*, by Harold Williamson, a tragedy of the tenant farmer.



The Newly Published Plays

THE TITLE. A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS. By Arnold Bennett. "Artificial comedy," with its types instead of individuals, its situations often bordering upon and sometimes passing into pure farce, its unnaturally sparkling dialogue, has been brilliantly illustrated in English drama from Congreve, through Sheridan, to Wilde and Shaw. Ordinary farce comedies, too, and "serious" character plays there have been in plenty. But pure "high comedy," character comedy, that is, which steers clear of farce on the one hand and of serious drama on the other, which is treated with a light touch yet is carried on by real persons who speak more or less as ordinary human beings do and speak in character—that is none too common in English drama. *The Title* is such a comedy. The theme is real, is English, is of the moment, yet embodies much of the eternal masculine and feminine. The characters are something more than mere types; the dialogue is clever, humorous, even witty, yet not too brilliant to sound real. Altogether, *The Title* is a deft and delightful piece of work, very good to read, and, one would judge, very good to act, too. (New York: George H. Doran Co.)

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY AND DANTON. TWO PLAYS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Romain Rolland. Translated with a preface by Barrett H. Clark. It is not easy to reproduce the impression which these two plays make upon the reader. But this seems fairly sure: that they must always be, as far as concerns actual performance, splendid failures. They are magnificent, but they are not—plays; at least not plays in the sense that they present a coherent, logically developed plot and clearly defined human motives. However, they are literature. Picture after picture flames before the spectator (as he reads, no longer a mere spectator but actual man of the moving crowd), more than graphic, overwhelmingly alive. Irresistibly he is drawn into the midst of the conflict. What verve, what vast emotions, what immense issues, what titanic persons, what splendor of sacrifice, what sublime idealism, what mad fanaticism, what heights and depths! A mighty time, my masters, and storied by no feeble hand. Here are single scenes of tremendous power; vigorous, racy, often eloquent speech; startlingly vivid, true, and searching characterization, when Hoche, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, St. Just, leap from the canvas; in the speeches of these men, entire political philosophies, at times profound political wisdom. What a sense of the mighty sweep, the power, the passion, of the complex and crowded *comédie humaine* of which one is for the moment a part!

But what complexity and confusion of issues, of motives, of meanings! What is it all about? Whither does it lead? In the play *Danton*, who is guilty, who is innocent? What are the motives that animate these men? In the midst of these disputes, these paradoxes, these contradictions, what shall one accept, what reject? Perhaps the man who lived during the Terror felt just this same confusion of mind. Perhaps this effect is just what the dramatist aimed at. If so, he has attained it. But how can such plays, with their multiplicity of persons, their crowded scenes, their physical and moral confusion, satisfy an audience—any kind of audience? No wonder that they failed on the stage when presented in Paris in 1900 and 1902, respectively, as a contribution to that People's Theatre of which Rolland and others dreamed, but which is still far in the future. (It has been said that the people itself must first be made before it can make its theatre.)

Read these two plays in the light of Rolland's own book, *The People's Theatre*, and you will see how logical their genesis. This theatre for the people is to be instinct with their life. In part it is to present their past. In such a past France is more than rich. The Revolution alone affords material almost inexhaustible. It is interesting to note that when Rolland uses this subject-matter he is but accepting, after the lapse of over a century, the invitation given by the Committee of Public Safety in 1794, that "poets celebrate the principal events of the French Revolution, compose republican plays, and picture for posterity the great epochs of the regeneration of the French." But Rolland writes for an audience that does not exist in France or any other land. No audience, proletarian, bourgeois, or aristocratic, could follow intelligently such a play as *Danton*. One has to read, and then re-read, these plays; but one reads with growing comprehension, appreciation, and satisfaction. Whatever their fate has been, or may be, on the stage, they are a part of the world's dramatic literature. (New York: Henry Holt and Company.)

MOLIÈRE. A ROMANTIC PLAY IN THREE ACTS. By Philip Moeller. Aside from its setting, atmosphere, and characters, scarcely anything in this play is true to history. There was never any positive rupture between Molière and Louis XIV; de Montespan was never in love with Molière (as far as we know); there is no sufficient reason for believing that Molière's wife was unfaithful to him or that her conduct broke his heart; *Tartuffe* was performed before Louis XIV in 1664, and not in 1672. And so on. But what does all this matter? The playwright is free to remould the facts of history to his purpose—that of making a good play. Mr. Moeller selects a famous and fascinating historical figure for his protagonist, and gathers about him Louis XIV, de Montespan, LaFontaine, Armande Bejart, Lulli, and the others, to make his plot or to fill up his scene. The result is a rarely good play, of excellent stage quality, and not without literary merit. The plot is clever, interesting, and logically developed, with many effective scenes and an admirable climax. The characters are consistent, well-motivated, and real. The dramaturgy is skillful. But the dialogue, though effective in carrying on the action and in characterizing the speaker (and this is in itself no small merit) totally lacks distinction of style; and its general tameness is rendered only more striking when, in an attempt to give distinction and furnish wit and wisdom, the speeches of Molière and LaFontaine are embellished with lines from their own works. This makes their talk sound "literary" and uncolloquial. They probably talked like other folks, and saved their wit and wisdom for their works. But *Molière* deserves praise and appreciation. It is at least a fairly successful attempt to achieve something fine and distinctive. As such it is welcome both on the stage and in the library. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf.)

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH DRAMATISTS. PLAYS BY PEREZ GALDÓS, LINARES RIVAS, MARQUINA, ZAMACOIS, DICENTA, AND THE ALVAREZ QUINTEROS. Translated into English, with an introduction, by Charles Alfred Turrell. These six plays are of various types and of very unequal merit. Quite the most impressive is Dicenta's masterpiece, the realistic tragedy *Juan José*. The theme is the old human triangle, but the old passions of love, jealousy, revenge and remorse are presented with far more than ordinary power. That this play belongs to dramatic literature is clear even through the medium of poor translation. Galdós' well-known *Electra*, here

for the second time translated into English, is a serious study of the struggle between the mediæval Spain of the Church and the Spain of modern science. Its heroine, Electra, who represents Spain, is desired both by Pantoja, the Church, and by Maximo, modern science. The effect of this otherwise fine play is sadly marred by the untoward introduction of the supernatural element at the close—for not until the shade of her mother appears to her does Electra make her final decision in favor of Maximo. The dramatist would doubtless justify this appearance of his *deus ex machina* by saying that the mother spirit represents the past of Spain, who comes to free her young daughter, modern Spain, from the tyranny of outworn traditions. But, from the standpoint of realism, however well electrical engineering and spiritualism may consort in actual life, their union on the stage is far from convincing.

Rivas' *The Claws* is a realistic tragedy of the rebellion of human nature against anachronistic institutions, between happiness and the law. The claws of the civil and religious law against divorce, represented in the play by the authorities by both Church and State, rend to pieces the hearts of the man and woman whose happiness is at stake. While the theme is powerful, the action is hurried and violent, and the effect is unconvincing. Zamacois' one-act realistic play on a similar theme, *The Passing of the Magi*, is tame and even tedious. *The Women's Town*, a jolly two-act comedy by the Quintero brothers, is the story of two attractive young persons, unacquainted at the opening of the action, who are brought together and fall in love with each other merely because the women of the village, inveterate gossips and match-makers, have willed that it should be so. It is humorously and lightly done and embodies a good deal of essential human nature. Marquina's *When the Roses Bloom Again* is not a "comedy," except that it ends happily, but a serious and moving treatment of that universal theme, the struggle between duty and desire. Its characters are lifelike and consistent, and its action is replete with a variety of dramatic conflict.

In the main, the dramaturgy of these plays, though it dispenses with "soliloquies" and "asides" is certainly not Ibsenesque. The Spanish playwright loves the *ensemble* scene; his stage is thickly peopled. The persons of his plays seem to live in one another's houses indiscriminately, and to be always moving about without reason. Also, he does not state his issue soon enough, and he takes too long to build up his *milieu*, to form his "atmosphere." He likes a large canvas, of much color, with many figures. Furthermore, there is about these plays, to a Westerner, a strangely exotic flavor. Struggles between the mediæval and the modern, between the Church and Science, are themes, if not insular, at least peninsular; and the civilization which the plays depict, though curiously picturesque and engaging, seems more alien than that of almost any other country in Europe. They have about them much of the same quality and something of the same fascination as have the paintings of Zuloaga.

The translations in the present volume (it should be noted that the translation of *Juan José* is by Mark Skidmore) leave much to be desired in style; the very punctuation is at times so faulty as to obscure the meaning, and much of the literary quality of the original is lost. The translator and editor of such a volume as this should be rarely well equipped and should at least be cognizant of the work that has been done in his own field. It is possibly due to an oversight that Mr. Turrell in his preface states that "no collection of modern Spanish plays exists" (in English, presumably), thus ignoring *Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama*, containing plays by Echegaray,

Galdós and Guimerá, translated and edited by Barrett H. Clark, and published in 1917. He takes cognizance, however, of that excellent translation *The Plays of Benavente*, by J. G. Underhill. These various volumes are an indication of the growing interest in modern Spanish drama.

Mr. Turrell's introductions consist of brief biographical and critical sketches of the dramatists represented, plus Benavente. He makes no attempt to provide any complete and consistent critical background, but gives some idea of the various types of Spanish plays and of the popular taste. (Boston: Richard G. Badger.)

SIX PLAYS OF THE YIDDISH THEATRE. SECOND SERIES: *Little Heroes*, and *The Stranger*, by David Pinski; *On the Threshold*, by Perez Hirschbein; *Poetry and Prose*, by Z. Levin; *The Black Sheep*, and *The Secret of Life*, by Leon Kobrin. (Translated by Isaac Goldberg.) The main point to be noted about the six one-act plays in this collection is that, with possibly two exceptions, they transcend racial limitations, and are simply human and universal. Of several distinct types, they show as a whole insight into fundamental human relations, ability to characterize and to write good dialogue, and a firm grasp of dramaturgic principles. Pinski's *Little Heroes* is dramatic only in Maeterlinck's favorite use of the word—the struggle is all within, as the little boys, trying so hard to be fighters, break down under a sense of their inability to defend the homes which their soldier fathers and brothers have perforce left unprotected. His *Stranger*, founded on a legend in the Talmud about the Wandering Jew, is exclusively Jewish in its significance and even in its appeal, and seems to the outsider rather tame and unconvincing. Hirschbein's *On the Threshold*, though fundamentally Jewish, is broadly human. Rosie Feinberg stands on the threshold of life, determined to marry the man of her own choice, defying racial tradition in the persons of her mother and of her dying grandfather, who demand that she marry an orthodox Jew. Unhappy, sullen, but firm, she makes, in the few moments of the play, the decision that determines her destiny. Not at all racial is Levin's comedy *Poetry and Prose*, a really amusing satire on the relations between the vain, selfish, conceited *poseur* of a young would-be poet and his inamorata, the wife of a commonplace but prosperous man of business, the plot of which presents a clever and original dénouement. What seems the best play in the volume, perhaps because it treats a characteristic New York social and racial problem, is Kobrin's *The Black Sheep*. Abe, known to the underworld as "Izzie the Baby," is the one bad child of hardworking and respectable Jewish parents, whose other children have grown up to be creditable to the family. Abe, led astray by the life of the streets, has fallen so low as to be a "cadet." When his full iniquity is revealed to his parents, their hearts are broken. *The Secret of Life*, a misconceived allegory, also by Kobrin, is commonplace and negligible. As a whole these plays, while not of the highest excellence, are virile and original; they are good enough to be read with pleasure, and at least three of them must have proved extremely effective on the stage. (Boston: John W. Luce and Company.)

LAFAYETTE, COLUMBUS, THE LONG KNIVES. Brief plays by Alice Johnstone Walker. Try to dramatize the life of an historical personage and you will usually get merely a series of disconnected scenes, without continuous dramatic interest. Picture the past in drama and novel, and your picture is only guesswork at best. This must be granted; and yet any attempt to stimulate interest in our American past and to use on the stage its vast and epic material is to be encouraged. There are few plays for young people to

act; the historical plays written for them recently have been especially poor, and have hardly been of a kind to arouse interest either in American history or in the drama. The plays that form the present volume are commendable in their intelligent use of the matter of history, their consistent characterization, their well-written dialogue, and their presentation of really dramatic scenes. If they lack continuity of interest, they yet contain several good dramatic situations. The first acts of *Columbus* and of *Lafayette* are especially effective. Of the three *The Long Knives* alone has a plot and firm structure. While certainly not great literature, they make good reading; and while not masterpieces of drama, they offer possibilities to young amateurs of patriotic inclination. (New York: Henry Holt and Company.)

GUIBOUR: A MIRACLE PLAY OF OUR LADY. Version from the Old French. By Anna Sprague Macdonald. Few people thought of the historical atmosphere clinging to the text of *Guibour*, when they saw the very remarkable production of it at the New York Neighborhood Playhouse, guided by the expert hand of Mme. Yvette Guilbert. They realized how successfully, in scenic spirit and in outward grouping, the mediæval French miracle was reproduced. But the text, in itself, has equally as colorful a record, and it is this which one recalls, on looking over the artistic "handbook of the play," with its Englished version by Anna Sprague Macdonald. *Les Miracles de Notre Dame* were probably composed between 1345 and 1380. Most authorities are agreed that the pieces were contemporary with their presentation, and that they were probably given by the *pays*, or societies of clerks. The bourgeois characterizations in the texts are rich and varied, and the dialogue gives ample indication of the fourteenth-century origin. The play in which Guibour appears is, in the Gaston Paris edition of the *Miracles de Notre Dame*, called *Miracle de Une Femme que Notre Dame Garde d'Estre Arse*. The sermon, which so distinguishes this play especially, is, in the original text, in Latin, with French explanations, illustrating the gradual secularization of the church service, coincident with the secularization of the religious drama in Germany, France and England. (Neighborhood Playhouse Plays, No. 2. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc.)

THE GENTILE WIFE. A play in four acts, by Rita Wellman. This is a "thesis play" that does not prove its thesis, which is that a Jew must not marry a Gentile. The whole thing might have happened had husband and wife both been Gentiles or both Jews, or the husband a Gentile and the wife a Jewess. Only the non-essentials of the play are racial. The story, stripped of its racial trappings, is ordinary. Naida, a singer, marries Doctor David Davies, a brilliant, dreamy, lovable bacteriologist, not knowing that he is a Jew, until he states the fact just before she meets his kindly but commonplace and irritating family. She loves her husband, but bored by her surroundings and irritated by his people, she gives herself in a moment of abandon to Dr. Mackenzie, his colleague, who regards the wife of a Jew as fair game. She confesses to her husband, who kills the other man, and is tried for his life. He has a chance to escape to South America with Naida, with whom he is reconciled, for they still love each other. He has only a few moments for his escape; his old dying aunt calls for him. Shall he leave his family forever, with Naida, or shall he stay and face the consequences? The call of the blood is strong, and even Naida pleads with him to stay with his people. She gives him up to his family, and leaves his life forever. Now what is strictly racial about all this? Naida might have been unfaithful to a Gentile husband; she might have found that husband's family intolerable.

Devotion to one's family, though a fine trait of the Jews, is not confined to them. Again, it is hard to believe that a self-respecting Jew would have failed to tell his wife that he was a Jew. Men like David Davies are not ashamed of their race. And so on. If we are to have "problem plays," let them stand for something. *The Gentile Wife* tells a good story with several strong theatrical situations, and excellent characterization in the cases of old Mr. and Mrs. Davies; but all this cannot conceal the fact that the play professes to be what it is not—the truthful setting forth of racial relations. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.)

THE BURGOMASTER OF STILEMONDE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. So far this is the one significant full-length play that the World War has given to the stage; or, rather, it is the only one that has come to America. The dramatist of *Pelléas and Mélisande*, of *Monna Vanna*, and of *The Blue Bird*, three brilliant plays of three utterly distinct kinds, has in *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* successfully written a play of a fourth kind—a realistic tragedy based upon current history. It is difficult to read the play calmly and critically; it is too real and convincing. It is not the argumentative, sermonic setting forth of a cause; it is neither an attack upon Germany and German militarism nor a defence of Belgium; it is simply a transcript of real life in terms of dramatic art. Art? Yes! Yet the scene, the time, the very subject-matter—these have become the familiar material of war melodrama, and have often been used for the cheapest theatricalism. Why is *The Burgomaster* literature? Partly because character dominates and determines the action; the great creation of the play is the quiet yet heroic and splendid figure of the Burgomaster himself, as real and convincing a person as any in recent drama; partly because the dialogue, aside from a certain stiffness in the beginning, which is perhaps due to the translator, is the distilled essence of dramatic speech. The craftsmanship of the play—the logical development of the action, the purgation of all superfluities, the significance of every situation, character, and line of dialogue—is above criticism. It is commonly asserted that creative art of whatever kind cannot or does not ever use the matter afforded by contemporary conflict; that only long after, when peace and quiet reflection have come, does art transform such matter into something significant and enduring. This may be. As has been said, it is difficult to judge *The Burgomaster* calmly; one is too near the tragedy which it depicts. Whether or not time will count it a great play, it must always remain at least a remarkable dramatic picture of one frightful phase of its contemporary events. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.)

THE SLAVE WITH TWO FACES. AN ALLEGORY IN ONE ACT. By Mary Carolyn Davies. The Flying Stag Plays No. 6. Allegory is apt to be tedious in the reading and on the stage especially boring. And Life as Master and Life as Slave is no new theme. But this well-written little play treats the old theme freshly, with a feeling for fundamental dramatic values. It is worth reading and should prove acceptable (as it has proved) on a program of one-act plays that aims at something above the commonplace. (New York: Egmont Arens. At The Washington Square Bookshop.)

HER BROTHER'S CODE. By Daniel Bror Sorlin. A melodrama on the familiar theme of the betrayed and innocent country girl, the city reprobate, and the avenging father and brother. A theatrical and unreal plot and remarkably poor dialogue. (Boston: The Cornhill Company.)

Reconstruction

I AM a Tory. That is to say, I believe in leadership by the class whose leisure and opportunities give them the best chance of thinking rightly.

Yet if it happens that this class, in spite of its opportunities, fail to lead rightly, I do not then believe in the continuance of their leadership merely for the sake of old romantic traditions.

Our age lives; live people must lead it.

To what depths animal life descends, and whether there be anything lower than the sponge, I do not know; but at the top of life the highest manifestation is the arts. We are not more powerful, nor harder, than many of the beasts, nor do we endure wounds as well; it is in our intellect that we are superior to the beasts, and of the intellect the arts are the supreme flower.

What of the arts in England? Especially what of the theatre?

A struggle upwards is taking place among the people of England for better homes, better wages, better conditions of life. Will the working man be content in his better conditions with no pictures upon his walls, no music in his house, and no thoughts in his head? I doubt it. Hence the revolution against the holy places, the autocratic playhouses of the West End.

A theatre is soon to be set up in Hampstead in which it will be possible to see plays that touch on the affairs of man without restricting their scope to the crudest emotion of all; for though we be cousins of the ape, we have also had dreams of the angels.

I have heard it said that they will not get people to go as far as Hampstead. But are there no people there already?

I have no bitterness against any community and no axe to grind; but I live in a great age, and when for the first time after four and a half years I enter what should be the temples of human thought, I come away depressed and sometimes disgusted. . . .

Of course, there are exceptions. But if reverent and decent services were exceptions in cathedrals religion would be in a bad way.

How will Hampstead take it? If they welcome and keep a better theatre than there is in the West End, they will have done more for the prosperity of their district than if they raided Bond Street and looted all the jewellery that was there and displayed it in windows of Hampstead. The West End of London has almost been a centre of civilisation. The situation goes begging!—*Dunsany, in Theatre-Craft, à propos of the new Everyman Theatre in Hampstead.*





Rollo Peters as Andrew in *John Ferguson*. As director of the New York Theatre Guild, Rollo Peters was the leader of last season's most successful experimental company. After producing *The Bonds of Interest* for a short run, the Theatre Guild presented *John Ferguson*, a tragedy which through sheer merit has enjoyed a five-months' run on Broadway. (Photo by Francis Brugière.)

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Peace Departs from Broadway

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

A REVIEW of the opening month of the New York season can be nothing more—and nothing less—than a review of the most remarkable event in the history of the American theatre, the actors' strike. And a review of the actors' strike must be a review of the whole American play-producing machine.

This coalition of brain-working professionals with the hand-workers of the American Federation of Labor has already raised and settled some very definite issues. Not the least of these is the fundamental fact that healthy economic organization is the key to healthy life—for men and for art. The old snobbism of the aristocratic æsthete and the old sophistry of the employer of the artist or the craftsman—that art and economics live in opposite worlds, one ruled by the æsthete and the other by the employer—is in the dust at last so far as the theatre goes. That is a new and a vital achievement.

Or an old achievement renewed—if you care to think back to the guilds and the days when Englishmen made their cloth and their wages together and laid the foundations of English cathedrals and the English theatre in common labor and joy.

Another very old-fashioned thing about the strike has been the fact that it is the only industrial conflict since November 11, 1918, in which newspapers or employers have not raised the cry of "Bolshevism!" How like a well-remembered voice came the plaint of the Producing Managers' Association against "professional agitators." How filled with the old-rose scent of ante-bellum days was the readiness of the manager to give up every point at issue except the recognition of the right of collective bargaining.

The growth of the strike was as rapid as the retreat of the managers from their original position—the claim that the question of the "eight-day week" in 1920-21 could not be arbitrated because it would mean bankruptcy. The Actors' Equity Association began the strike with a membership of about 4200. With-

in the first week it gained from 1800 to 5800 members (depending on the source of the statistics), it had almost the effect of the Great War on Broadway's illumination, and it enlisted the active aid of the A. F. of L. through sympathetic strikes by the stage hands and musicians. Stars picketted theatres side by side with chorus girls. Auto-loads of striking players passed and repassed the fronts of reopened playhouses while Equity members on the sidewalks pointed them out as the only original cast and warned prospective theatregoers against the blandishments of the box office. Stars of the magnitude of E. H. Sothern tried vainly to induce the managers to yield, and withdrew from the Equity upon the declaration of the strike. More numerous and just as notable players—the Barrymores *en famille*—spurred on the strikers. Marie Dressler, as president of the Chorus Actors' Equity Association, began organizing the "merry-merries" and banging shut the doors of summer shows. The new English actors' union—1000 of whose members are said to be playing in America—sent orders by cable to stand by the Equity. Helen Keller, billed to appear personally along with a film starring her at a theatre purged of spoken drama by the strike, announced that instead she would parade with the strikers and address their meetings. The musicians, stage hands and electricians of the American Federation of Labor stood loyally by the actors, closing down in the first three weeks all but one theatre not exempted by the Actors' Equity. The motion-picture operators forbade the reopening of the closed playhouses with "movies." Feeling ran so high that George M. Cohan, an actor and manager long and justly beloved in both capacities by all Broadway, resigned the presidency of an actors' club, the Friars, left the Lambs also, and announced his intention of running an elevator for a living before he would quit the fight. And soon a good-sized group of stars who objected to the alignment with labor, who resented the call to strike or who were already in somewhat the position of managers through the ownership of their plays or of a share in the profits, offered to Mr. Cohan the presidency of a new actors' organization, the Actors' Fidelity League. Thus the cleavage was sharp and the issue bitter, when the Equity forces, emboldened by the success of their benefit performances, announced that they would invade the managers' field with a National Coöperative Theatre.

The roots of the animosity and of the strike were deep. They went back to the vicious contracts under which almost all actors

worked before the coming of the Actors' Equity Association a few years ago. George Wickersham, former attorney-general, said of the common type of contract: "The only thing guaranteed the actor is the privilege of working a certain number of weeks for nothing." The actor rehearsed free of charge. If the play succeeded, he made money. If it failed, he shared in the manager's losses. In any case he was a partner in the costs of production. And there was—and is—nothing to prevent the actor from picking three or four failures in succession. That was the contractual relation of the actor's art to the producer's business—in addition to extra performances without pay, a certain amount of costuming to buy, and, above all, the injustice of a single individual of precarious fortune facing a producer or producing corporation backed by real estate interests or bankers and by managers' associations.

The Actors' Equity succeeded in remedying many abuses. Its contract forms—more and more reformatory—were adopted by the majority of managers. The extra pay for extra performances was never fully conceded, but a clause provided arbitration of differences by representatives of the Actors' Equity Association. So matters stood until this summer, when the Equity pressed for the extra pay for performances outside the eight a week, and a new organization of the same producers, formed under the name of the Producing Managers' Association, bonded its members in \$10,000 not to "violate the by-laws." The principal one of these by-laws appears to have been not to execute contracts—such as they had made individually in the past—providing for arbitration through the Actors' Equity Association. The actors proposed to put the question of extra pay to the decision of Messrs. Taft and Hughes. Further, they offered to defer the carrying out of the decision, if favorable to them, until the season of 1920-21. The managers refused. The Actors' Equity then joined the A. F. of L. and called the strike. Each side dilated on the contract-breaking of the other. The actors claimed that the managers had broken the clause in their individual contracts recognizing the Actors' Equity as representative of the actor. The managers claimed—*ex post facto*—that the players had broken their contracts by striking, and had thus proved the impossibility of collective bargaining with their organization.

The bitterness involved in such a history was much increased by the fact that the new season promised to be the most prosperous in our theatrical history. The summer found a majority of the

theatres open and the public eager for entertainment. Naturally the managers felt that they had lost heavily through the strike. One play, for example, had been taking in about \$15,000 a week—probably \$6,000 of this was profit—and it had an advance sale of \$74,000 in the box office.

Quite apart from the fight for collective bargaining, in the theatre as well as the foundry, there have been many admirable things about this curious strike which a Broadway policeman described to a reporter as: "Strike, is it? Who would know it, with ivery wan a perfect gentleman?" For once, the aristocrats of a trade fought for their smaller and weaker fellows. Thousand-dollar-a-week stars faced half-million-dollar Danbury hatters' suits to give security to fifty-dollar butlers and to assure a small amount of rehearsal-pay to the chorus. The actors organized thoroughly and effectively. They buried professional jealousy along with false pride of caste.

In many ways the most valuable thing about the strike must be the new perspective in which it has set the American theatre. The sympathetic public which the actors immediately won built its faith in the actors' cause largely at first on the unsavory reputation of the "commercial manager"—this in the face of the fact that through the leadership of Arthur Hopkins and George Cohan, the managers put their very best foot foremost. But unquestionably there grew a firmer foundation for popular sympathy as the strike went on. To the public at large came knowledge of the intricacies of the Broadway gaming table which is called the American theatre. Many sensed in the solidarity of the "producing" managers the effect of the club of "booking" which the real-estate-owning and theatre-leasing syndicates hold over the men who are content with the business of production. Many more found themselves very willing indeed to grant the actor the center of the stage once he had stepped down; they saw that creation lay with the actor not the manager; they comprehended the strange and significant fact that, though the physical theatre and the spiritual substance of the drama have altered beyond recognition through twenty centuries, the voice of the actor has continued ever the one constant and binding, determining and unalterable factor in the existence of the theatre.

The history of the public reaction to the strike has been to a considerable extent a recapitulation of the history of the American theatre in the past twenty-five years. First, a natural reaction against that bug-bear of early days, the "commercial manager."



Augustin Duncan in the title rôle of *John Ferguson*. Mr. Duncan has had long experience on the professional stage, but has been particularly interested in the more progressive types of production. He has won the greatest fame of his career as the producer of *John Ferguson* and one of its leading actors. (Photo by Francis Brugière.)



Helen Freeman as Silvia in *The Bonds of Interest*. Long before she became one of the organizers of the Theatre Guild, Miss Freeman had proved her talent and her interest in the worth-while things of the stage by establishing her Nine O'Clock Theatre in New York.



Helen Westley as Dona Sirena in *The Bonds of Interest*. Miss Westley brought to the Theatre Guild the benefit of long experience with New York's earlier cooperative group, the Washington Square Players. She is shown here in the beautiful costume designed by Rollo Peters.

Second, a fighting-over of the old battle against the booking powers—the fight of Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Belasco, and Francis Wilson against Klaw and Erlanger, Frohman, and Hayman; a the booking houses of Erlanger and the Shuberts, the practically conviction that in spite of the reawakened competition between complete vesting of the ownership of theatres, leases and booking rights in the hands of the big factors in the Producing Managers' Protective Association kept the "independent" producers—absolutely dependent on others for theatres—from meeting frankly the actors' terms; a belief that those who gamble in real estate, leases, plays and actors do not come into court with clean hands and that upon such men and such a booking control must rest the whole blame for the strike. But, third, there must have grown slowly some small knowledge that beyond the calibre of the "commercial manager," beyond the devious and dubious complexities of bookings and of theatre-ownership, lies a more fundamental reason for the low artistic level of our stage and the plight of the actor.

Unquestionably, the public has had every chance to see the absurdity of our American producing system. It has had a thorough lesson in this mad business of hiring special companies of actors who have never worked together, rehearsing them three to six weeks, without pay, and then turning them out of employment again in a fortnight if the play "fails" or keeping them in the same constricting parts for weeks on end if the piece is sufficiently great or sufficiently commonplace to suit the tastes of hundreds of thousands of playgoers. In such circumstances good art is hard to create, almost impossible to sustain. And the actor who must seek employment under such conditions must demand a salary when working which will be a practical insurance policy against unemployment. High cost of production means more than high cost to the consumer. It means limiting the theatrical output to the wares that can be sold most surely and most widely. It means putting a tremendous and necessary premium on wholesale popularity. In the American theatre it has meant the end of such brief New York runs and one-season tours as Mrs. Fiske could once make in Ibsen. It has meant the capitalization of mediocrity.

The absurdity of this producing system had a splendid demonstration over the matter of pay for rehearsal; perhaps if the strike had continued ten days longer and the Equity's program of one-act plays at the Lenox Theatre had been produced as well as rehearsed, the actors would have shown the public the

way in which a sane theatre should be organized, the way in which rehearsals *can* be paid for. At the present writing it is a little hard to know whether the Equity's plans for entering the producing field were more than high threats or enthusiasm. If they had gone beyond threats or empty enthusiasm they might have meant merely competition with the long-run managers at their own game (with rehearsals paid for outright and added to the cost of production). Or—as the title “National Coöperative Theatre” suggests—the actors might have created a true *theatre*, and organized a genuine, integral, unified producing company working in a single playhouse, producing play after play, whether for short runs or in repertory, and working in one play while rehearsing the next. The example had been staring them in the face. *John Ferguson*, second production of the Theatre Guild, had run on prosperously through the summer and the strike, with its actors sharing amicably and equitably in the profits.

As extraordinarily fortunate as this time of strike seemed for a deeper understanding of the theatre problem, it should have proved an even more propitious time for the solving of it. With actors rebellious at commercial management and imbued with idealism and the spirit of sacrifice, with the public understanding and sympathizing with the actor's fight, and with New York practically swept clear of theatrical entertainment, the genius independent manager or the actor of genuine producing (Reinhardt, remember, was a player) faced a rare opportunity. Unfortunately the end of the strike came before the opportunity was seized. It is hard to believe, however, that the gesture of the actors' strike can pass into theatric history without leaving thoughts and memories behind that will some day fulfil, in another way than the American manager's, that clear and priceless dictum of Matthew Arnold:

“The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre.”



The Theatre and War Memorials

By MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

WE WHO went to France as soldiers, if we happened to be interested in the theatre, found there one institution which meant so much to the community that we wondered why its counterpart had not appeared in American cities. Wherever we went, almost every city or town had its municipal theatre—a center where the best in dramatic art was made available to all the people at moderate prices. During our war-time stay, of course, most of these playhouses were closed, with the men at the front and the women in war work; but everywhere it was evident how much the public-owned theatre meant to the community. I am wondering whether there is not in this a suggestion for the solution of the problem of appropriate memorials which hundreds of American cities now face.

Without seeming over-critical of our own theatres, it is fair to say that we Americans have little to correspond to the offering of the best French playhouses. Our stage tends to amusement, too often of a somewhat crude sort, to the exclusion of what is educational. Considered as a whole, its offerings are distinctly light in character at best, and at worst even the legitimate playhouses fall to the standard of burlesque and ephemeral "shows."

Surely in addition to the theatres that house the light girl shows and Broadway plays, each city might have *one* theatre that stands for something more dignified, for entertainment in which there are certain educational and spiritual values. It seems particularly fitting that these theatres should be built and owned by the community as a whole.

The question of war memorials has not greatly interested the returned soldiers, as a class. It is more appropriate that the home communities lead in the matter of commemorating those who died and those who served. But the thinking men who went overseas will insist upon certain principles when memorials are proposed. First, of course, will be beauty and dignity. Beyond that I believe that the soldiers themselves would prefer as a memorial something living, possessing a soul, rather than something stony and dead. They would prefer something that would play a part in the life of their community, and this a municipal playhouse would do.

By erecting such theatres, with special memorial features, communities might serve the double purpose of forestalling types

of monument that would be less appropriate and less useful, and of providing something distinctly valuable in the recreational and cultural life of millions of people.

Perhaps "municipal" theatre does not convey exactly what I wish to suggest. Perhaps "community" theatre would be a better term. In any case, it must be a theatre owned by the people and operated on a basis which would make it as dignified and as democratic an institution as the public library or the public art gallery. It would be municipal in the sense that title would be vested in the city or town, and it would doubtless be built, like other public buildings, on city property.

As to the technical features of the building, the first plans would have to be prepared by a committee of experts in professional and community theatre matters, and the final plans would have to be made by architects with special knowledge and wide experience in this field. But never should the building be planned as other than distinctly a people's theatre.

Aside from the features that should go into the building to make it the finest possible place for dramatic productions, there should be incorporated somewhere special features to mark it as a *memorial* building. It is possible, of course, to employ certain types of architecture that are distinctly commemorative in character; but there should also be a room or hall in which are inscribed the names of the men who went to the war from that particular town. It is possible that the building might also include a complete war museum or war library. Special memorial details such as sculptured groups, stained-glass windows, mural decorations, etc., might well be included.

As a soldier, I do not pretend to know what would be the exact form of organization and administration that would be best for such an institution. I have merely seen these theatres in France, and recognizing the wholesome part they play in community life, I have felt that they could be well incorporated into our life over here.

In any case, however, the matter should be kept out of politics; and to that end the theatre should be under the guidance of a Board of Trustees more or less permanent in character, rather than under the direct control of municipal authorities. I think that such a Board of Trustees could best be made up of a certain number of city officers, an equal number of dramatic or educational authorities, together with representatives of the military groups. This last suggestion is important for two reasons. In the first place, it would seem right that in any liv-

ing memorial the returned soldiers should have a particular interest. In the second place, I know from experience that the men who were in France were wide-awake and intensely interested in dramatic matters. Beginning with the work of the Liberty Theatres, there has been throughout the army experience a wholesome tendency to recognize the theatre as a normal and worth-while part of every man's recreational life.

From experience in training camps in this country and behind the lines in France, I know that the army is interested in *good* shows. Many of these men, to be sure, do not want "high-brow stuff," but they do want good entertainment, and they are more interested in the things that count than in slap-stick foolery. These groups—graduates, if I may so name them, of the army's course in dramatic training—would form a backbone in each community for the support of a city-owned theatre.

Beyond this consideration of support as an audience, there is the point that the returned army and navy men offer a large amount of talent for community production. I take it for granted that the municipal theatres, besides offering professional entertainment for the people, would become the home of those little theatre groups and community producing companies which have grown up in so many American cities and towns during the last few years. The theatre would thus become doubly a community project. In this last connection I can testify that service men will bring much of value in the way of players, directors, designers of settings, etc. Even before I went to France the first time, I felt that there was much to be gained through each military organization having its dramatic units. After my first trip to France, where I saw the entertainment work of the English army, I became convinced that a recognized dramatic unit with no other regular duties than those of camp entertainers would be a good investment of man power from the strictly military point of view. When I returned to Spartanburg we organized a divisional group; and when the division went to France, we had our own dramatic company of about one hundred members.

The talent for this group was drawn from three sources. In the first place there were a few men with experience in the professional theatre. There were not enough of these, of course, to fill the producing companies. There were enough, however, to form an adequate corps of instructors in acting and the other arts necessary to stage production. The second source of talent was the amateur dramatic companies and semi-professional little

theatres that are now so numerous throughout America. These men knew enough about acting and production to fit in perfectly with our plans.

The third source of strength, and the most surprising one—and incidentally the largest—was the mass of dramatically-untrained men as a whole. It was surprising how much of real ability in stage work was developed from men who before had not had a passing interest in what takes place behind the foot-lights. The success in developing a presentable company out of this material indicates the future that lies before community drama groups, if they are afforded the two necessary elements of expert direction and places to experiment freely.

As indicating the way in which the work developed in this divisional company in France, and the seriousness with which the officers took the matter, I will add that we spent no less than \$2,500 on such incidental items as shoes for our chorus girls. Our chorus girls were of course men, but men thoroughly trained to do this very specialized work. Their proficiency in this highly technical art became one of the wonders of the army.

It is not to be imagined that because the members of the dramatic company were relieved from the regular line of military duty they had an easy time. Their work was quite as rigorously ordered as was that of the soldier in other divisional groups. Incidentally, the discipline was probably the best that has ever prevailed in a dramatic company. Our leading lady at one time, in accordance with traditional privileges of leading ladies, came late to a rehearsal. This was a breach of discipline that could not be overlooked. The officer in charge preferred charges and the Summary Court imposed a penalty of ten days at hard labor, an order which was approved by the commanding officer. The last time I saw that leading lady he was heaving coal at the back of the château in which we were billeted. I have not the temerity to suggest similar treatment for our Broadway favorites.

When I first made the suggestion of building theatres as memorials, however, I had particularly in mind the gap left in community life in this country through the absence of such popularly-owned playhouses. Such theatres would give us something that we have long needed for our own good—and something that would be peculiarly fitting as a memorial to those who fought in France.

Scotch Thrift in Fairyland

By STARK YOUNG

BARRIE'S main trick is the good time he gives us with ourselves. All drama does this of course. Great drama does it most greatly, but it is in a high, removed sense. That part of us that is universal walks with whatever immortal gait it can into the spaces of the eternal oneness; we are dilated from our usual estate, and so work our own perfection. And yet this high and eternal self frightens us a little; we are always avoiding it; either by the very sentimental, if the tragic side persists, or by looking for diversions, if the eternal broods too heavily in us. Great comedy, — Molière, Sheridan, Congreve, — has often the smiling, sweetly reasonable side that we might like to show to our friends, to our social universe. But Barrie alone brings into play all our darling nonsense, our sentiment, our home memories, our chestiness, our pet illusions, our evasions of passionate living, our shy tears, all the hidden, yearning, hoping, silly self that is our own. This is partly what we really mean by his elusive quality; — we mean that we will never breathe these things about ourselves to any living soul. Barrie, if you love him, is your literary secret angel.

And so for this reason, because Barrie concerns this half-hidden, ironical, tender, bungling, Christmas card, fairyland self, nearly all who write about him are tempted to write roundaboutly of themselves. They become autobiographical in a more oddly intimate sort of fashion than Oscar Wilde intended when he said that all criticism was autobiography. The usual way is to begin by remarking that of course Barrie is not a playwright at all. This leads to an observation about charm and a quality all Barrie's own. After this is established, the way is open for the critic's own style. Dear critic that he is, he says many things about a delightful person — which plainly Barrie is — and he finds occasion for fine distinctions, epithets, phrases, pokings under ribs. For example, I am tempted now to say that first of all you like Barrie for that best of all reasons, — because you do. I know that the kind of thing Barrie does is the kind of thing you can't do without being a genius and can't imitate without becoming a fool. I could say that his heroines have the charm of old flower paintings, tea on rainy afternoons, spinets, and knitting. I might say that Barrie in the theatre is only a case of the flight of wings to wings. And if I applied Balzac's remark that in every man of genius there is a child, — but I shall not.

For the trouble is that while we try our delightful points, this solid little Scot sits tight on his fairy throne. His plays get acted and enjoy runs that are altered only by the seasons' hand. One play of his makes its player too independent to slave through the hot summer, which is the sole reason for its end. His plays get over the footlights, provide good rôles for actors, trickle into the public understanding, furnish names for cloaks, collars and hats, and keep their author rich. And so I think it is foolish, or at least impractical for students of drama, to go on talking about elusive quality and indefinable somethings. Barrie is a master craftsman in his own way and it is nonsense to treat him as an artless creature. In every piece of art, in any field, that succeeds, I think it a great mistake not to assume that there is some good, fundamental framework of some sort or another that counts toward the success. In every successful thing there is a hard line discoverable that runs through it to the point of success. Every beauty has its cold proposition.

It would be so easy, for example, comparing Barrie with Pinero, to speak of Pinero's dramatic structure, of the exposition in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or the climax, or dramatic economy, and so on, as if Barrie were merely some evasive being of moonlight and Scotch mist. As a matter of fact, nobody is more soundly grounded than Barrie is. His dramatic structure is irregular, anyone can see that, and arbitrary, disproportionate, wayward. But it will be more profitable to study to find out how every one of his plays has its foundation. *A Kiss for Cinderella* trusts not to structure but to the traditional freezing child's dream, the Cinderella grandeur, and the policeman romance, that lurk somewhere in most of us. *The Will* and *Rosalind* too, more or less, remind us that one man in his time plays many parts, that we delight in seeing the same man pass from youth to middle age and a beard and long coat, to age and tricks with make-up and voice, that we grow harder also as years go by and harden our hearts to the generous and expensive enthusiasms of youth. *The New Word* and *A Well-Remembered Voice* rest on that everlasting unsaidness and strangeness across the love between a boy and his father, and so on, through *What Every Woman Knows*, *Dear Brutus*, and others. It is equally impossible to miss, confute, or quite to reproduce, the point in any Barrie play. His points stick out quite as far as the points of Pinero's technique, and for most people are more secure.

The trait that strikes me most of all in Barrie as a dramatic workman, I believe, is his canniness. The shrewdness with

which he knows what sort of Barrie thing goes is the canniest thing in the theatre of our day. Even in *Dear Brutus*, when I most disliked the stretch in taste he was making, I felt that Barrie—shrewd fairy that he is—knew perfectly what he was about. Every one of his characters, for all the delicate toning and loving touches, has a sharp outline nevertheless; they are all clear, easily caught by the player, actable, secure. Most of the plays, for all their obstinate whimsicality, have, when they are over and done, a pretty solid unity.

This Scotch canniness goes along with two other traits more or less Scotch. Thrift and a lack of the sense of formal beauty.

Nothing could be more thrifty than Barrie's housekeeping with the points in his plays. In every play, I have noticed, despite the effect of subtlety that so many people feel, the main point is never allowed to go uncertain. It is always stated, usually tagged. In *What Every Woman Knows*, for example, the point is made for everyone and all—after having been clear to nearly everyone for three acts—two minutes before the final curtain:

"It's nothing unusual I have done, John. Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and his wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that."

The same thrift appears in the way Barrie uses a point over and over again. Watch one of his plays in the theatre; *A Kiss for Cinderella* will do. You will see, for instance, one word getting a pet meaning that will be repeated the traditional three times necessary for an audience to get a point, and then again. Or some novel or quaint or effective character, or some emotional turn; they are all used over and over and used up, till the laughter or wistful delight in them has reached its climax, till the audience has been squeezed dry. And often enough the point is carried further till the response of the audience is no longer at the point itself but only to show that they are willing to play, are willing to humor a story, an atmosphere, an actress, a lovable world, whatever it is, they cannot just say, that they adore. The fairly empty stretches of *A Kiss for Cinderella* that were carried along by just such husbandry of points astonished me. It was a disconcerting spectacle of a canny thrift taking the place of formal devices.

When you come right down to business, I should say that it is this thrift, combined with the obvious lack of a sense of taste, of formal beauty, that leads to Barrie's worst faults. As art, the plays' main faults are in overdoing.

A very distinguished and well-trained English actor of the old school said to me once that Miss Maude Adams always forced. Miss Adams' lack of power, her passionless mind, have always been mentioned. But those who love her, the millions of them, have always felt that she made up for all that by her quaintness, her archness, exquisiteness, freshness, and so on. And certainly if you like her, Miss Adams is one of the most charming actresses in the world. But her critics have said little about the forcing.

I watch her in *Peter Pan* or in *A Kiss for Cinderella*. It is all a rest from Broadway, from the theatre, from everything, a pure delight; it is as good as being a child at Christmas, a grandfather at Christmas, a Christmas tree, a candy heart, a humorist, all rolled into one. And yet I suppose it is possible, even in ordinary life, to be in love with a lady and still be alive to her tricks and sly arts. At any rate I see plainly that Miss Maude Adams is forcing all the time; she is always self-conscious, never without a little affectation. Her laugh, her childish coquetry, her voice especially, are natural I daresay, but they are also forced. Everything is carried on till its delightfulness—though it is lessened thereby for some—carries home to every seat in the house. In sum, she is always forcing herself, she is always a little more Maude Adams than she is. I remember now, with the painful confusion that we feel when someone we love is going too far or is being rather silly, watching her as she stood down near the footlights beside the Venus de Milo that her artist loved. I remember how she looked up at her plaster rival and stamped her foot, and so on. It had an underlying prettiness, the idea, but not when carried so far. Miss Adams with her audience is like the coquetting that young girls carry on sometimes with their fathers. Both have their lovable side, but both are often too overdone and too knowing, and are embarrassingly obvious to some onlookers.

That is what I mean by Barrie's overdoing. He forces, he oversentimentalizes. Take that wood scene in *Dear Brutus* between father and daughter. It is wistful and tender and fine at bottom; but it is too long, too worked, too patent. And what an abandoned and busy little artist the actress was in the rôle, archly scoring point after point. How very hairlike was her dear hair and how like hands her dear little hands, and how she outdaddied Daddy. Or take some of the speeches of that excessive little-daughterness: the one will serve where she says that she thupposes her dimple or smiles or something or other is there to comfort the tears. Such a girl would rival the

effusions of Pollyanna herself if she took to periodicals. *Barbara's Wedding* goes even worse; and even the beautiful and sure idea of *A Well-Remembered Voice*—and *The New Word* almost, never quite—loses by the same fault. Still these things have gone in the theatre usually, and make me wonder if indeed it be true that nothing succeeds like excess. No, Barrie hurts his art in this way as Miss Adams hurts hers. He keeps on returning, like the pudding that keeps on returning with the leg of mutton in the thrifty little Scotch inn, however lovable and sweet we know the little place to be.

Just as Barrie himself knows what is going on, I fancy there are plenty of people in the audience who know the same thing. But they forgive him, as they forgive Miss Adams, because of the motive behind the forcing. They love this sweet wiliness. They know that the real region in which the plays move is all of whimsy and heart, humor, wit, tender-heartedness, fairies with their fingers crossed, cherubs with their tongues in their cheeks. Such people have their own way of putting it. They forgive him anything because he is Barrie.

Because he is Barrie, however, is just the point. Save for Bernard Shaw, no one has brought the novelist's method into English drama so well as Barrie has. No one ever got so much out of his own people's uncouthness and devotion and shrewdness and gruff softness and downrightness—the Scotch things. When the young realists like Stanley Houghton show us the middle-class shams, we see what is the illusion and what is the fact. But when we see Maggie's brother's house and the grand room that pretends to be the dining-room every day, the chair never to be sat in but to lend a superior air to the place, the books that are not read, we discount the actual illusion for the deeper reality, the love of decorous housekeeping and a fair life and the yearning for an education denied but ready in the bookcase for the next generation; those are the realities of the heart, and clear to us all. Because he is Barrie,—for all his lapses,—means delicate security and shrewd spirituality. I think of *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, with its fantasy and laughter and pity and sly goodness, and I almost lose heart to criticise at all the man who wrote that, but would merely leave him as the whimsical angel that he is.

Echoes of the War; Half Hours; What Every Woman Knows; Quality Street; The Admirable Crichton; and other Barrie plays. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Municipal Theatre in Northampton

By SAMUEL A. ELIOT, JR.

THE Northampton Players are no more. The only municipal theatre in America is once again abandoned to the road shows, and a promising experiment in resident repertory companies has suffered eclipse. Since many who think about the theatre believe that a multitude of local companies throughout the country is to be the ultimate solution of our theatrical problem,—the ultimate form of the theatre's business organization, from which artistic initiative can proceed to yet unknown heights,—the failure of Northampton's attempt cannot but be instructive.

The Academy of Music, as it is still called—quaint deference to New England Puritan prejudice!—was given to Northampton by the late E. H. R. Lyman in 1892. The deed of gift vested its control in a self-perpetuating board of five trustees: the mayor, the president of Smith College, an appointee of the donor or his heirs, and two other citizens. The municipality was to receive the profits and pay the deficits,—nothing more. Charges for upkeep, improvements, insurance,—all must be met by the trustees out of earnings. Thus, since 1892 the plumbing has been entirely replaced, an automatic sprinkler system and other fire-preventatives installed (reducing the cost of insurance by nearly two-thirds), a new heating apparatus has been provided, and the auditorium redecorated,—at a total cost of over \$9,000. The rather too commodious building—well situated between the shopping center and Smith College—must, it was stipulated, be used “solely and exclusively for the delivery of lectures, the production of concerts and operas, and the representation and delineation of the drama of the better character.” This has not prevented the booking of low-class musical comedies and even moving pictures, but it does render impossible any continuous running of cheap amusements and vaudeville. Except one ill-ventilated movie-house, Northampton has no other “place to go,” and lovers of music- and variety-shows are sometimes noisily restless under the disability of the citizens, nominally the theatre's owners, to see all kinds of entertainment therein. Many sincere democrats, also, resent the donor's method of safe-guarding his gift and believe the townsfolk should be more influentially represented in the management of the theater. “No taxation without representation” was one cry raised this spring when the 1918 deficit called for about 2% of each tax-

payer's taxes,—disregarding the fact that 20% of the directorate, the mayor namely, is immediately representative of the city. And the trustees have so far yielded to this feeling as to request that representatives of the people sit with them in an advisory capacity.

The first five years of the Academy's career resulted in steady deficits aggregating almost \$4,700, but from 1898 to 1911, inclusive, the theatre brought into the city in license fees and profits a net surplus of \$7,648. It was operated as an ordinary one-night stand, taking 20% or 25% of the gross receipts and spending (except the overhead noted above) only the salaries of manager and staff, for as municipal property it was free of rent and taxes. By 1912 the intelligent people among its patrons had become dissatisfied with road fare, as intelligent Americans everywhere are dissatisfied, and a stock company was installed under the management of Bonstelle & Harrison. Autumn has always been the most profitable season and in the last three months of 1912 (the accounts are reckoned according to calendar years, not theatrical seasons) this new policy "made" \$978 wherewith to offset a \$1,600 deficit incurred in the prior part of the year. The stock company's first season was a pronounced success: the system was new, the prices low, the actors liked, and the plays popular. The managers were not resident, but when they visited Northampton they dropped into every shop and inquired how the plays were pleasing and made themselves plainly servants of the common taste. The routine work of production was done by the actors themselves.

Five seasons this arrangement lasted. The years 1913 and 1914 showed deficits, which were met by private subscription because the stock company idea was on trial, the city government and average taxpayer was suspicious of it (they had that typical American notion that a theatre, unlike a school or a library or a playground or a Fourth of July celebration, must "pay" in money, because they never expect to get anything else out of it), and the "intellectuals" who were most interested in establishing the town's own troupe felt that they should support it themselves till it had a fair chance. The years 1915 and 1916 showed surpluses of \$1,782 and \$1,610 respectively, but the spring of 1917 was disastrous,—the deficit approaching \$3,000—and the management and company retired. Northampton was going to war, and was besides wearying of monotony in plays, actors, and policy, as it had before wearied of roadfare.

To maintain the resident repertory scheme, none the less, in the face of these difficulties, a new director, Melville Burke, was

engaged. In the previous season he had produced "drama of the better character" in the Artists' Guild Theatre at St. Louis with a small professional company. He was at once keen and business-like, and devoted to the theater and the intelligent drama. He assembled a company in that year of draft and depression not quite so good individually as the independent Bonstelle & Harrison players, but he gave them close personal attention, developed those who were malleable and dropped those who were not, and created an artistic ensemble. He did not cultivate the store-keepers, nor learn the preferences and calendars of the Smith College students: he made few personal friends, but he did give Northampton some good plays. Pinero's *His House in Order* was one of the most successful plays of his season, coming in amount of receipts only after *Quincy Adams Sawyer*. In a recent number of the THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE, Walter Prichard Eaton cast aspersions on Smith College because Q. A. S. drew the biggest crowds in the season of 1917-18; but the truth is that the Academy's experience taught Mr. Burke to do a "rural play" in Thanksgiving week and attract the farmers of the countryside. Their habit is to drive in to Northampton at that time and "see a show," and both in 1917 and again in 1918 with *Mother Carey's Chickens*, that week has been the season's record-breaker. Mr. Eaton also declared, probably on Mr. Burke's word, that the college students "fled" Strindberg's *Easter*. Not so; they fled Smith College; for *Easter* was given at the paschal season, right in the week of the College's Easter vacation! Mr. Burke nourished a grudge against Smith College because no students came to *Easter*, a play he loved; but he learned nothing of the true cause, for in the corresponding vacation-week of 1919 he put on Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*,—a play the girls would have thronged to see and were distressed that they couldn't see,—and lost \$500 on it! It's a good thing to be wrapped up in the theatre one is directing, but when a third of one's potential audience is subject to an academic calendar, an arrangement of repertory to match that calendar is advisable. Mr. Burke admitted that the college, with its 2,000 students, many officers, and teachers, supplied one third of his reliable public; but he never took account of the college examinations, social activities, or holidays.

Next after *His House in Order* in popularity, to return to the season of 1917-18, were *Charlie's Aunt* and *The Man Who Stayed at Home*,—old-style stock-company fare such as Northampton was used to. But farther down in the list appear *The*

Younger Generation, *A Woman of No Importance*, *Passers By*, *Kindling*, and *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, as well as *Easter*, the next to the last. This array, in a season of thirty weeks, is meager; but Mr. Burke was picking his way in a strange community, with a strange company, and in a frightfully difficult season. He chose stand-bys, sure-fire stock plays, and pulled through. The city government paid the 1917 deficit of \$3,351 without a murmur.

But worse was ahead—influenza. In October 1918 it closed Smith College, frightened the entire populace, and kept the Academy dark for six weeks and an object of fear till after Christmas. The players—an improvement in most respects over Mr. Burke's previous company—were laid off, but remained loyal. The season reopened in November with *The Thirteenth Chair* and *Nothing But the Truth*. Then came *Fanny's First Play*. Of all Shaw's canon, only *The Devil's Disciple* and *You Never Can Tell* had theretofore been given in Northampton. His style was odd, his satire of the critics unintelligible (wisdom would have dictated the omission of prologue and epilogue), and as one woman was heard to urge another in the street-car, "Don't go to that play: it's all talk." It lost the ill-fated year 1918 \$300. The final deficit was \$6,145. But with characteristic persistence in idealism, Mr. Burke followed it up with *The Philanderer* and *Arms and the Man*. *The Philanderer* comes eighth in amount of gross receipts of the season's twenty-four plays; *Arms and the Man* comes second, following *Mother Carey's Chickens*! So Shaw & Burke may be said to have won out. But it must be added that before the production of *Arms and the Man* the theater's prices were materially increased and the trustees issued an urgent plea for greater public support.

The third play on the list is another rural drama, *Way Down East*, given the week after *Hindle Wakes* when the college was still closed. The fourth is Ibsen's *Doll's House*; the fifth, *Cheating Cheaters*. This concatenation throws up vividly the problem in public taste that Northampton presents: the country-folk, the college, and the town make three distinct audiences supporting and demanding three different types of play. Bonstelle & Harrison had not catered much to the college, or raised its level of taste at all above the average. Mr. Burke, on the other hand, following his own sympathies, gave the college a little more of the "higher drama" than its fair share. The success of *A Doll's House* led to two special performances of *Ghosts*—tremendously successful performances that seduced Mr. Burke into running the play all next week, at serious loss.

Everybody who wished to see it *a priori*, saw it at the two performances; everybody who was made to wish to see it by their reports, saw it at the first two or three following performances; the rest of the week was empty, and many regular subscribers and patrons were disgusted with the play. This brings up in general the second insistent problem: that of numbers. The theater seats 1,040 persons. Its public is estimated at 5,000 in a city of some 20,000 people, many of them immigrants with no English, a thousand or so of them lunatics in the State Asylum. The stock company has never, of course, followed the old practice of giving eleven or twelve performances a week; but it does give eight, and thereby wastes its precious time. Even in populous Manchester, England, Miss Horniman's Company never gave over seven consecutive performances of a play unless it were an elaborate Shakespeare revival or a phenomenal local hit like *Hindle Wakes*. In the metropolis of the English Midlands, Birmingham, Mr. Drinkwater's Repertory Theatre, that seats only about 550, normally gives each play a shorter run than little Northampton (known to the Road as a one-night stand, mind you) got. A Continental repertory system would be more economical in both these English theatres, where frequent revivals of successful plays for short runs have to take their place at great cost of rehearsal-time and production-charges, and unsuccessful plays have likewise to keep on losing money till their allotted runs be over. How much more economical would it be in Northampton! *A Doll's House* and *Arms and the Man* that drew so well could have continued drawing, and *Ghosts* that had attraction for only three or four full houses could have been withdrawn at once, not given ten times!

In the latter part of the list of last season's plays in the order of their receipts, one notes *The Admirable Crichton*, *The Tragedy of Nan*, Fitch's *The Truth*, Bernstein's *The Thief*, and for classics *Everyman* and Robertson's *Caste*,—no Shakespeare. Half of the twenty-four plays given in 1918-19 would be classed by the present writer as distinctly "of the better character." The acting, too, was extraordinarily good, considering Mr. Burke's régime of but five rehearsals, two of them on the mornings of matinée days, for each production. Mr. Burke accuses the Smith students of caring more how the leading lady dresses and the leading man makes love than how the play is acted; and there is truth of course in the imputation. The leading man last season was not romantic—Bluntschli was his best part—and not adorably handsome; and this much lessened the potential sum of the student's

interest in the theatre. But all the "high-brows" among students, faculty, and citizens, congratulated themselves warmly on the players, the director, and the repertory; and the trustees determined to continue them.

Not so, however, the "unregenerate" townspeople. That 1918 deficit of \$6,145, however plainly caused by war conditions (including tax) and influenza, gave them an excellent purchase wherefrom to pry out the unpopular manager and overthrow the whole stock system they had tired of. The newspaper campaign they waged was well countered, but the pressure they exerted on the city councilmen resulted in resolute and repeated rejection of all motions to pay the deficit. So the trustees announced that they would not reëngage Mr. Burke and the players unless money for future deficits was guaranteed in advance. The Chamber of Commerce (for of course the business people wished to retain a system that brought money into the town, instead of taking it away as road-companies do) pledged several thousand dollars—a sufficient sum to pay any likely 1919 deficit, in view of the fact that the theatre was only \$1,200 short for 1919, the last month of the season cleared \$350, and the autumn, if normal, promised to be even more profitable. Ordinary expenses per week amount from \$1,500 to \$1,600—about \$760 for salaries, \$235 for the staff, \$85 for the stage-crew, \$65 for the orchestra, a variable sum for royalties, materials, etc. The theater's capacity in dollars, since the mid-season rise in prices (which included the war-tax in one lump sum), is about \$700 a performance.

Simple avoidance of mistakes like those mentioned in connection with *Hindle Wakes* and *Ghosts*, care in choosing plays with small royalties and production-costs, further experiment with special performances like the very successful two of *Ghosts*, leading perhaps to a true repertory system, and a reduction in number of each play's performances from eight to five, commencing Wednesday night, with road attractions or movies in the early part of each week and the time saved given to better preparation of each production, would—the writer is morally certain—have made the Academy profitable next year. But the trustees doubted the extent of the support which the Chamber of Commerce pledged, feared that the unpopularity of the stock system was widespread and would only increase, and so definitely abandoned Mr. Burke and the Northampton Players. Then, graciously, the city paid the 1918 deficit.

So now we are to go back to haphazard engagements of touring companies, and become again a common one-night

Students of acting would have profited had they seen Miss St. Denis approach her problem in rehearsal. There, rather than in performance, should they have seen the pure synthetic quality of her art, the fine relationship which she sustained between the drama and the dance, between dancing and acting. The part was wholly conceived and played in the light of dance technique. In long textual passages, brief moments of reflection or rapid utterance and sweeping movements across the stage, Miss St. Denis never acted but ever danced, showing always a rhythmic affection for the situation. Perhaps it was acting of a finer sort, yet it was acting silhouetted against a background of strong dance feeling. Her method was thoroughly sound and it kept the audience interested and attentive.

Since Miss St. Denis has not spoken a word on the stage in many years it is the obvious thing to record that her voice is unpractised and untrained. The principal and primary requirement, however, her voice fulfilled. It was natural and sincere, and it carried. Dismay, defiance, incredulity, horror, misery and rejoicing—all were conveyed in tones of honest reality. And, moreover, her delivery is devoid of long-nurtured faults.

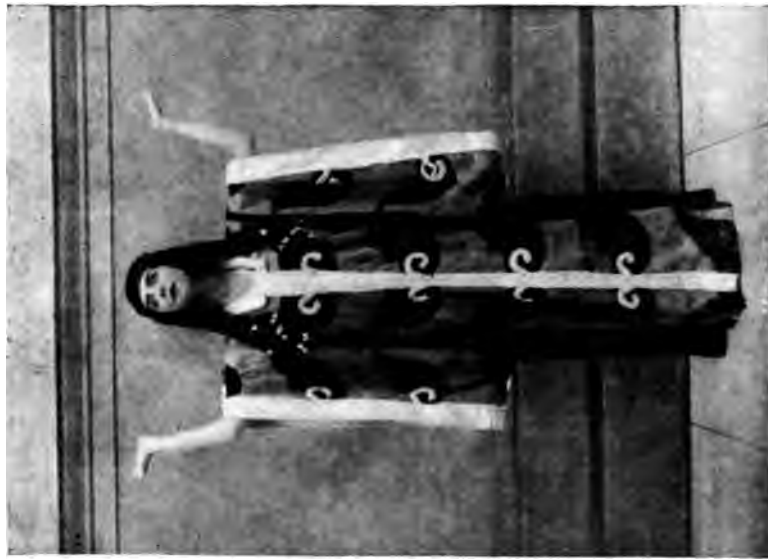
The general direction of the production was left with Samuel J. Hume, director of the Greek Theatre and assistant professor of dramatic literature and art in the University of California. To anything of this kind, Mr. Hume, of course, brings an experienced hand. The stage production was composed of the three elements of costume, group movement and light, and it included three different levels, the main stage of the theatre, the circular arena or orchestra below and the lofty parapet which crowns the theatre wall at the top. A provident amount of white light was showered upon the main stage from above which cast the grey steel walls of the theatre in a slight confusion of lovely shadow. Against this soft background the figures on the stage were played up by a skilful diffusion of lights from the front without at the same time creating a moving about of grotesque shadows on the rear wall. The costumes were done by Maxwell Armfield. They were a scholarly combination of elaborate color and appliquéd figures, hung straight from the shoulder without folds or unnecessary lavishment of material. They provided the single and proper decorative element in the production. Ted Shawn was on home ground in the handling of the ballet and processional movement and took full advantage with fine success of the possibilities for group movement which the theatre affords with its two elevations, its side runways and the impressive



A fragment of the Chorus from *Miriam*. The costumes here and those on the following two pages were designed by Maxwell Armfield. The choruses for the production were trained by Ted Shawn.



Joshua



Ruth St. Denis as Miriam

Abiram



17

Aaron



1



Scene from one of Ruth St. Denis' dance-dramas.
Setting designed by Maxwell Armfield.

portal in the centre. The opening and closing processional and the vivid and riotous Baal orgy in the second act were probably the best of their kind ever done in the Greek Theatre.

The most distinctive note in the production, outside of Miss St. Denis' performance, was the musical setting composed by E. G. Stricklen, assistant professor of music in the university. The production justified itself, if for no other reason than that it requisitioned him from his sequestration in a by-lane of one of the Bay cities, and gave to the public some musical composition of incomparable beauty. Orchestra and choir were conducted by Frederick Alexander, who during the summer session at the university was director of the department of music.

Mr. Shawn as Moses was clearly working in a milieu with which he had little familiarity. He was plaintive and dignified and a fine figure to behold, but his voice and manner gave slight suggestion of characterization. Mr. Gilmor Brown was the happiest among the cast of players, the rôle of Dathan permitting of certain comedy treatment which he expanded upon with delicious unction.

The *Miriam* production presages much for the Greek Theatre as a producing center. All of the elements in this production were contributed by people more or less connected with the University of California and the activities of the Greek Theatre. Mr. Hume is aroused to the advisability and necessity of encouraging and utilizing the great amount of creative work that is being done in the vicinity of Berkeley, and the results of last summer's experiment show clearly that with the proper sense of direction and coördination it is possible to fuse into a successful composition a number of artistic elements that in the beginning are only outstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Armfield and Mr. Alexander were attached to the university as members of the summer session faculty, Mr. Stricklen and Mr. Hume are permanent members of the university staff; the cast of volunteer players as well as the people for the processionals were recruited largely from students attending the summer session; the costumes were made by students in Mr. Armfield's class in stage decoration, and the choir was composed of singers in Mr. Alexander's chorus classes. The production, furthermore, both from the technical and business standpoint, was carried on by the producing staff of the Music and Drama Committee, which of course is permanently attached to the university. Mr. Shawn's school in Piedmont provided the material for the ballet. These were the elements that made up the production, and that

they were brought together in harmonious relationship is splendid indication of what the Greek Theatre may do in the future.

Plan, Order of Presentation and Color-Plot for *Miriam, Sister of Moses*. An extract from the Armfields' notes:

The Plan The first conception of *Miriam* was a poetic drama, atmospheric in character, divided into five scenic episodes: The crossing of the Red Sea by night under a heavy clouded sky, with the triumphal processional into the desert at the close; Miriam's failure in leadership and the consequent Feast to Baal beneath the shadow of Sinai, in a lurid thunder-storm; the waiting through the hot noon hours, while Miriam inspires Moses with fresh courage, sends him again to seek the Tables of the Law, and discovers the image of Baal in his tent; fourthly, the entrance to the Tabernacle, approached through the low golden rays of sunset which fade into the grey of twilight as Miriam denounces Moses and is struck with leprosy; and finally, the moonlight of the desert, where Miriam the outcast wanders, paling and flushing into the rose of dawn.

The Order of Presentation The spoken word: Bible texts explaining each set, said by two figures representing the Pillars of Fire and Cloud respectively, and remaining in a raised position as part of the background through the play.

The orchestral interludes: The music is scored for an orchestra of reeds exclusively.

The play is in blank verse, rising into lyric psalms in moments of supreme emotion.

Dances, after the Japanese tradition, when the speaker reaches a white-heat of emotion.

Psalms, Choruses and Processionals for the highest points of exaltation.

The movement throughout the play is of great importance.

Miriam is a drama of themes as well as of personalities: a drama of the unfoldment and revelation of ideas as well as a drama of human conflict. The authors trusted to clearly defined movement to express and develop the underlying symbolism of the play. They wrote it with three kinds of movement in mind: individual, group, and mass, each including static poses, continuous gesture, processionals, and dance. They left the story of generic Israel to the crowd. To the murmuring Israelites was given the group movement; to Moses, Miriam and Zipporah, individual movement and combinations.

The play opens with mass movement, a frieze of bowed and hurrying figures, proceeds into group movement as the crowds stop and retreat, and passes swiftly into individual movement with Miriam's wave-like entrance.

The crowd groups round the rock in radiating lines, illumined by her radiance and disperses with mass movement. Individual movement follows with the entrance of Moses and Aaron, passing into group action with the entrance of the Egyptian and the first incipient mutiny in Israel, and swelling up into the great concerted mass movement of the first Processional, the dance into the desert.

In the second act, group movement is mostly used, as rebellion disintegrates and reunites changing combinations of the Israelites, culminating in

disorderly mass movement through which scattered group movement is clearly distinguishable.

Individual movement is reserved for the scenes between Miriam and Moses and Zipporah, whose personal relations supply the human interest of the play.

The third and central act is therefore mainly carried out through individual movement, culminating in Miriam's dance of destruction where she breaks the image of Baal found in Moses' tent.

In the fourth act, impending disaster is foretold by the gradual stoppage of all movement, and the arrested action of the people on the stage, so that the dénouement of the rending of the clothes and discovery of the secret plague, is constructively led up to.

The last act repeats the three modes of movement, as does the first, beginning with individual, passing into group, and culminating in mass. Mass movement rises at its highest point to the orderly and formal ritual of dance.

The Color-Plot The color-plot was originally intended to be a question of light and atmosphere, but the exigencies of the Greek Theatre precluded this for the present, and an entirely different scheme was evolved.

The rabble stream in across the scene at the opening in dark greys and reds with flickers of paler grey, the dawn being indicated by gradual introduction of smoky orange and golden dresses which constantly lighten and intensify until the final flame of Miriam and her maidens in flame-color and spark-like metallic gold.

Moses seemed necessarily white throughout; Joshua introduced a blue note and the rebels characterized by purple, dark grey with lush greens as a border, and dark-speckled green. The sick Egyptian's hard, stony turquoise in a brown-speckled pale grey prefigures the sulphurous and electric color of the Golden Calf episode.

This, the second act, is overcast and lurid, with snake-like colors winding back into blackness.

The third act, in Moses' tent, is hot, sullen and heavy. Zipporah's tawny orange and brown set the color-scale, which is varied by her pale yellow handmaid and orange Phinehas when he rushes in with Miriam's message. In this act, Miriam's blue and purple give the necessary contrast to the earth colors which are predominant.

Act four, gorgeous at first with the embroidered temple-tent and Aaron's robes, gradually sinks back into greyness as Miriam, shrouded in sackcloth, finally tears open her clothes to disclose the horrible whiteness of the plague.

Act five is moonlit, with little color. Against the bleached skeleton of a camel, a little smouldering fire indicates the presence of the Egyptian, and the dawn is once more painted by the procession from the camp of the Israelites, the maidens now in white, rose and scarlet, bringing Miriam's scarlet and purple robe of purification.

Grey has been used to some extent in the crowds in the attempt to link up the color of the actors with the grey of the theatre, which has the reputation of drinking up all the color one cares to put near it.

As the persons themselves were important as characterizing the scenes and action of the play, a good deal of pattern has been employed on the costumes, which would not have been the case if the atmospheric method had been carried through, and the effects obtained by this means.

Bernice

A Play in Three Acts

By SUSAN GLASPELL

Characters:

MR. ALLEN, Bernice's father.
ABBIE.
CRAIG NORRIS, Bernice's husband.
LAURA, Mrs. Kirby, Craig's sister.
MARGARET PIERCE, Bernice's friend.

ACT I.

SCENE: *The living-room of Bernice's house in the country. You feel yourself in the house of a woman you would like to know, a woman of sure and beautiful instincts, who lives simply. At the spectator's right, stairs go up from the living-room; back of this—right, rear, a door; to the front of the stairs is a narrowed passage as of a hall leading to the kitchen. On the other side of the room is a tea-table before the fireplace, and before it is a low rounded chair, as if awaiting the one who will come to serve tea. Toward the rear of this left wall is a door. This door is closed. From the back of the room French windows lead directly out of doors. On both sides of the door are windows, thus opening almost the entire wall to the October woods. There are comfortable seats under the windows, books about. It is late afternoon and the sun glows through the red and gold trees. As the curtain is drawn the father is seen sitting at a long table at the side of the stairway, playing solitaire. At the back of the cards, open books are propped against the wall, and papers on which he has been writing. Abbie, a middle-aged servant, is attending to the open fire.*

THE FATHER. [*Holding up a card he is about to place.*] Ten minutes since the train whistled. They'll be here in five minutes now.

ABBIE. Yes, sir.

FATHER. It will be hard for Craig to come in this house, Abbie.

ABBIE. Oh, yes.

FATHER. Bernice made this house. [*Looking around.*] Every-

thing is Bernice. [*A pause.*] Change something, Abbie! [*With growing excitement.*] Put something in a different place. [*He takes a pillow from the seat under the window, holds it irresolutely a moment, puts it on the floor at the side of the fireplace. On the other side he moves a high vase from the window. Then, helplessly.*] Well, I don't know. You can't get Bernice out of this room. The tea-table! Come, Abbie, quick! We will take this out of the room. [*Together, Abbie reluctant, they move it to the passage-way leading out from the living-room. The father comes back and sees the chair, now without its table. He goes as if to move it, but cannot do this; looks old and broken as he faces the closed door.*] I wish they'd left Bernice upstairs, Abbie, in her own room. Now *there*—so near the living-room—right off the living-room. [*Hastily goes back to his cards, but in an instant he brushes them together and pulls the open book toward him, and papers; but he only rests his hand on the book.*] There'll be only Craig and his sister on this train, Abbie.

ABBIE. That's all I know of.

FATHER. But Margaret Pierce will be here soon. As soon as she can get here, Margaret will come. Within an hour, probably.

ABBIE. [*Apprehensive.*] You think so, sir?

FATHER. I think so. That train from the West got to the Junction at three. I have a feeling Margaret won't wait for the five o'clock train to get here. She'll get a car. [*Abbie goes to the door and looks out.*] It would save a little time, and—she doesn't know that Bernice—. Yes, Margaret will get here the quickest way. She always came to Bernice when Bernice needed her.

ABBIE. She doesn't need anyone now.

FATHER. No. But yes—in a way, she does. She needs someone to be here to do what she can't go on doing. Margaret will see that—when she knows. Margaret sees everything.

ABBIE. [*Frightened now.*] You think so, sir?

FATHER. Oh, yes, she does. Bernice knew that. "Margaret sees things," I've heard Bernice say. [*Abbie turns from him.*] Now Mrs. Kirby, Craig's sister Laura, she's a sensible woman, she'll be a help to you, Abbie, in—arranging things. But see, things? No. How different people are. They're all different, Abbie. I don't think Bernice cared much for Laura—though she didn't mind her. She'd just laugh about Laura—about her being so sure of everything. It was nice, Abbie, the way Bernice would just laugh about things. She had no malice.

ABBIE. [*Strangely intense.*] No. She didn't have, did she?

FATHER. Oh, no, Abbie. Malice wasn't in her. It was just that a good many things—well, the things that are important to most people weren't so important to Bernice. It was another set of things were important. People called her detached. But—I don't know. Maybe *they're* detached, Abbie. Maybe it's Laura Kirby, the sensible woman, who's detached,—Bernice would have laughed at that—the practical person who's detached, and Bernice . . . You know what I mean, Abbie?

ABBIE. I think I do—knowing her.

FATHER. To you—did she seem detached?

ABBIE. [*Tenderly thinking it out.*] She was loving, and thoughtful, and gay. But always a little of what she is now—[*faces the closed door*—off by herself. [*With an intensity the present moment does not account for.*] You can't expect to understand a person who is "off by herself." Now, can you?

FATHER. I understood Bernice. Except, there were things—outside what I understood.

ABBIE. [*Eagerly.*] That's it. And we should take what *we* had, shouldn't we, and not try to reach into—to where we didn't go?

FATHER. I suppose that's true, Abbie. [*Buries his face.*] I wish my little girl hadn't died. What am I going to do, Abbie? How can I stay here? And how can I go away? We should die in our proper order; I should have gone before my daughter. Anything else makes confusion. There's not going to be anybody to laugh at me now, Abbie. I'll miss the way Bernice laughed at me, a laugh that took me in and—yes, took me in. She laughed at my spending the whole time of the war studying Sanscrit. Well, why shouldn't I? What can the old do about war? I had my vision of life. If that had been followed there'd have been no war. But in a world that won't have visions—why not study Sanscrit while such a world is being made over—into another such world? [*Listening.*] You hear someone, Abbie?

ABBIE. [*After listening.*] It didn't turn in.

FATHER. And you, Abbie. [*With wonder.*] Why, you were with us when Bernice was born!

ABBIE. Yes, I was—in the room the night she was born. The night she died I thought of the night she was born.

FATHER. That was—how long ago, Abbie?

ABBIE. Thirty-five years ago.

FATHER. Was Bernice thirty-five years old? She *was*, Abbie—my little girl? Well, life moves by—and we hardly know it's moving. Why, Abbie, your whole life has been lived around Bernice. [*Abbie nods.*] It will be now as if things had—fallen apart. And it was the main thing in your life—doing things for her.

ABBIE. [*With excitement.*] Yes, it was the *main* thing in my life—doing what she wanted. I couldn't do anything else now, could I?

FATHER. [*A little surprised at her agitation, but not thinking about it.*] Why, no. Now someone is coming, Abbie. You hear them coming?

ABBIE. I think so. [*She goes to the door.*] Yes.

[*Abbie opens the door, and Laura and Craig come in. Craig holds back as if to enter this house is something he can scarcely make himself do; he does not look around the room.*]

LAURA. [*To the father, taking his hand.*] This is so hard for you, Mr. Allen. I cannot tell you—. [*Turning to Abbie.*] Abbie.

FATHER. [*Going to Craig, who is still at the door.*] Well, Craig. [*The father holds out his hand. Craig takes it.*] Well, I don't know what we're going to do without her.

LAURA. [*Coming to the rescue with the practical.*] And where are you going to put us, Abbie?

ABBIE. I have the rooms ready upstairs.

CRAIG. [*As if he cannot do this.*] Upstairs?

ABBIE. [*In a low voice.*] She is down here, sir. [*She indicates the closed door. Then takes Laura's bag, and they start upstairs. Craig does not move.*]

LAURA. [*On the stairway.*] Aren't you coming up, Craig, to get clean and rest a little?

CRAIG. In a minute or two. [*He sits down—on the edge of a chair near the door. The father and husband sit there silent.*] Bernice—hadn't been sick long, had she?

FATHER. No, it was very sudden. You know she had had trouble occasionally in the past year; Dr. Willis had said she might have to go to the hospital. At first this seemed like that—so Abbie and I weren't really alarmed. Of course we sent for Willis, but he was in Boston. Young Stuart had the grip. So there was no doctor here—till afterwards.

CRAIG. And—how long was Bernice sick? [*He speaks with difficulty.*]

FATHER. She spoke of feeling bad on Tuesday. She was lying down most of that day. Wednesday—she didn't get up at all Wednesday. And she died late Wednesday night. [*Emotion breaking through.*] Abbie and I were here all alone!

CRAIG. Did she say— Did she leave— Well, we can talk of that later.

FATHER. [*Changing to something not so hard to speak of.*] You landed last week?

CRAIG. Yes, I was held in New York by things to do. [*A glance at the father.*] Of course, if I had had any idea—.

FATHER. Of course.

CRAIG. But Bernice wrote me she was fine.

FATHER. She seemed so. She was well and—seemed very happy here this fall. You know how she loved to tramp the woods in the fall. She was counting on your coming home. She had done over your room upstairs. And hers, too. They both look so nice and fresh. And she was just starting to do some things to Margaret's room. Margaret was coming next month for a rest. She's been working very hard.

CRAIG. Are you expecting Margaret now?

FATHER. Yes. Wednesday evening Bernice seemed to want Margaret to come. She thought maybe Margaret could get away now, and that it would do her good, too. She had been worrying about her—thinking she was working too hard. Margaret's been in Chicago, you know, working on some labor things—I never know just what it is she is doing. Bernice seemed to want to see her. I wonder if Bernice herself felt it was more than we knew. Anyway, she wanted us to send for Margaret.

CRAIG. But you didn't send for me until—until it was over.

FATHER. No. You see we didn't know—Abbie and I didn't have any idea—I spoke of sending for you when we sent the telegram for Margaret, but Bernice said you'd be here soon anyway, and she didn't want to hurry you away from New York. [*As if not understanding it himself, and trying to find an explanation.*] I suppose you were doing something that she knew about, and didn't want to interrupt. [*Craig half looks at him.*]

CRAIG. And Margaret answered that she was coming?

FATHER. Yes, we heard from her Thursday morning that she had started. She could get here today. We didn't know where to reach her telling her it was too late now for—for the visit with Bernice. [*Breaking.*] I just can't believe it! Think of what you

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and I are talking about! Bernice *out* of life. She was so—of it. Didn't you feel that, Craig—about Bernice?

CRAIG. Yes. She seemed so—secured. It never seemed anything could—destroy Bernice.

FATHER. When I think she won't come down those stairs again!

CRAIG. I can't—think of things that way now.

FATHER. No. No, of course not. [*He does not know what to say, so gathers together his cards, then books.*] I'll just—I was just going in my room—[*pause*—I've been getting on fine with my Sanscrit, Craig.

CRAIG. That's good.

FATHER. And now the war is over, and some of the people who fussed around about it influenced it as little as I, and I—have my Sanscrit. You know, Bernice used to laugh at me, Craig. She—the way she used to laugh at us—lovingly. Seems to me I'll miss that most of all. [*He goes into his room—through the door to the rear of the stairway.*]

[*Alone in the room, Craig tries to look around. He cannot. He has taken a step toward the closed door when he hears Abbie's step on the stairs.*]

CRAIG. [*Impetuously going to her, his hands out.*] Abbie, you were good to her. [*Takes her hands, holds them tight. Then changing.*] Why didn't you telegraph me when she was taken sick? [*Violently.*] Do you think there was anything in New York I wouldn't have left? Bernice *knew* that if she needed me— She never seemed to need me. I never felt she—couldn't get along without me. [*Taking a few stumbling steps toward the room where Bernice is.*] Oh, I *wish* I could have a talk with her.

ABBIE. Mr. Norris! [*Her tone halts him.*] There's something I must tell you.

CRAIG. A—message she left?

ABBIE. Message? No. Yes—perhaps. Before you go in there I must tell you— [*They are arrested by the sound of a stopping car; neither moves; in a moment Margaret Pierce hurries in.*]

MARGARET. [*After looking at them.*] She's worse? [*Growing more and more alarmed by them.*] Where is she? [*Starts toward the stairs.*]

ABBIE. No—there. [*Pointing.*]

CRAIG. [*Stepping between Margaret and the closed door.*] She's dead, Margaret.

MARGARET. Dead? Oh, no. Not Bernice. [*Waits imploringly.*] But that couldn't be. That couldn't be.

CRAIG. I know. I know what you mean, Margaret.

[*It seems Margaret is about to fall; Craig brings a chair; without taking a step she sinks to it, facing the closed door. Abbie turns and goes out, toward the kitchen.*]

MARGARET. [*A slight quick turn of her head to him.*] I don't believe it!

CRAIG. It's true, Margaret.

MARGARET. [*Like blood from her heart.*] But Bernice—she was life.

CRAIG. I know—what you mean.

MARGARET. [*After much has gone on in her.*] And I wasn't here!

CRAIG. No. Nor I.

MARGARET. [*A moment later, having just taken this in.*] Why weren't you here?

CRAIG. I didn't know she was sick.

MARGARET. Your boat got in a week ago.

CRAIG. Yes. I was detained in New York.

MARGARET. Detained by May Fredericks?

CRAIG. Margaret! Bernice wouldn't want you to talk that way to me—now.

MARGARET. No.

CRAIG. Why, she knew it. Bernice knew I was staying out on Long Island with them while I was attending to some things about my work. I had a beautiful letter from Bernice. She was perfectly all right—about everything. And I was anxious now to get home to her. I was getting ready to start the very day I got the telegram that—that it was like this. You mean—you think I didn't make Bernice happy, Margaret?

MARGARET. Oh, I don't think you had the power to make her very unhappy.

CRAIG. That's a cruel thing to say, Margaret. Bernice wouldn't say that to me.

MARGARET. [*Who is all the while looking straight ahead at the closed door.*] No.

CRAIG. She understood me.

MARGARET. And was indulgent.

CRAIG. [*After a pause.*] Margaret, did you ever feel you didn't really get to Bernice?

MARGARET. Get to her? So far as I had power. *She* never held me back. Life broke through her—a life deeper than anything that could happen to her.

CRAIG. Yes, that's it. Something you couldn't destroy. A life in her deeper than anything that could be done to her. That—that makes a difference, Margaret. I never *had* Bernice.

MARGARET. Oh, wasn't it wonderful to you that beneath what you "had" was a life too full, too rich to be *had*? I should think that would flow over your life and give it beauty.

CRAIG. I suppose a man's feeling is different. He has to feel that he moves—completely moves—yes, could destroy—not that he would, but has the power to reshape the—.

MARGARET. Craig! "Reshape" Bernice! [*In anguish.*] Oh, I came to see *her*. Not to sit here talking to you.

CRAIG. I loved her, Margaret. I valued her—even though her life wasn't made by my life. And she loved me. You think she didn't?

MARGARET. No, Craig, I don't think she didn't. I know she did. I was thinking of those things in her—even greater than loving. Those things in her even loving never—caught.

CRAIG. Yes. I know, Margaret.

MARGARET. I want to see Bernice! [*Crying, she goes blindly toward the closed door, and to Bernice.*]

[*A second time left alone in the room, Craig now looks at those various things with which he and Bernice have lived. When he can no longer do this he goes to the passage-way at the front of the staircase.*]

CRAIG. Abbie! [*After a moment's wait Abbie comes slowly in.*] When Miss Margaret came, you were about to tell me something. My wife—left a message for me?

ABBIE. Yes. No—I don't know. [*Wildly.*] She killed herself!

CRAIG. [*Falling back.*] What—are—you—saying?

ABBIE. She—did it herself. Took her life. Now I've told you! You know now!

CRAIG. [*Roughly taking hold of her.*] What's this you're saying? What's this *lie* you're trying to—[*Letting go of her—in horror, imploringly.*] Abbie! *Tell me it isn't true.*

ABBIE. It's true. I'm telling you. It's true. She—didn't want to live any longer—so she took something—ended her life. That's all. That's all I can tell you. Nobody knows. Not her father—nobody. I thought I ought to tell you. Now I've told you! Let

me go. I've told you—I— [*She breaks from him and rushes out. Craig does not move. Margaret comes from Bernice, without looking at Craig, opens the door to go outside.*]

CRAIG. [*Scarcely able to call to her.*] Margaret.

MARGARET. [*Not turning.*] I'll be back soon.

CRAIG. [*Wildly.*] You can't go away leaving me alone with this! I tell you I can't *stand* it. You're going to the woods to think of Bernice! Well I'll tell you one thing. You never *knew* Bernice. You thought she didn't love me. You think I didn't matter. But Bernice *killed* herself because she loved me so!

MARGARET. What—are—you—saying?

CRAIG. Abbie just told me. No one knows. Not her father—only Abbie.

MARGARET. It is *not* true.

CRAIG. Yes. Abbie was with her. Oh, Margaret, she loved me like *that*.

MARGARET. And you killed her!

CRAIG. No—Oh, don't say that! I didn't *know*.

MARGARET. [*After trying to take it in.*] I knew Bernice. She was life. She came from the whole of life. You are asking me to believe that because of—some little thing in her own life—.

CRAIG. But it wasn't a little thing. *That's* what we didn't know. I was *everything* to Bernice. More than all that life we felt— [*Someone is heard above.*] I think Laura's coming down. Laura mustn't know. I had to have you know. Nobody else. Not Laura.

LAURA. [*On the stairs.*] Oh, Margaret, you have come?

MARGARET. I was just going out. [*As Laura comes nearer.*] I'm going to take a walk! [*She goes out.*]

LAURA. [*Looking after her.*] Take a walk. She always does some strange thing. [*Craig has sunk to a chair, his back to Laura.*] Why should she rush away like this, as if it were so much harder for her to stay in this house than for anyone else? [*Craig, bowed, covers his face with his hands.*] Has she been trying to make you feel bad, Craig? [*She goes up to him and puts a hand on his bent shoulder.*] Don't let her do that. It isn't true. It isn't as if Bernice were—like most women. There was something—aloof in Bernice. You saw it in her eyes; even in her smile. Oh, I thought she was wonderful, too. Only, it isn't as if Bernice—

CRAIG. If you think she didn't love me, you're wrong!

LAURA. Oh—Craig! Love you, of course. Only—things that might have hurt another woman——

CRAIG. How do we know who's hurt? Who isn't? Who loves—who doesn't love? Don't talk, Laura. [*She stands there beside him; the father, coming in, at first sees only Laura.*]

FATHER. I must have dropped the ten of diamonds. [*Seeing Craig.*] Of course. Of course. I try not to think of it. My little girl. She loved life so. Always. From the time she was a baby she did rejoice so in the world. [*He stands looking at the closed door. Abbie comes in; looks at Craig, hesitates, then slowly crosses the room and takes the traveling bag he brought in when he came; another look at his bowed head, then, herself bowed, starts up the stairs.*]

CURTAIN.

—
ACT II.

SCENE: *As in Act I, save that it is evening now; the reading lamp is lighted, and candles. Laura is sitting before the fire, knitting. Abbie is standing at the foot of the stairs, as if Laura had called to her as she came down.*

LAURA. But he took the tray, did he, Abbie?

ABBIE. He let me leave it.

LAURA. And how did he seem?

ABBIE. I didn't see his face. And he didn't say anything.

LAURA. He wasn't like that until Margaret Pierce came. How long was Mrs. Norris sick, Abbie? [*As she asks this the outer door opens and Margaret comes in.*] Been out looking at the stars, Margaret? Aren't they bright up here in the hills?

MARGARET. I—I didn't see them. [*She looks at Abbie, who is looking at her. Abbie turns away from Margaret's look.*]

LAURA. I was asking you—how long was Mrs. Norris sick, Abbie?

ABBIE. Two days.

LAURA. And just what did the doctor say was the matter?

ABBIE. The doctor wasn't here. [*She steals a glance at Margaret, who is all the while looking at her.*]

LAURA. I know. But afterwards—what was his opinion?

ABBIE. Attacks like she had had before—only worse. Ulcers in the stomach, he thought it was.

LAURA. It's a great pity you couldn't get a doctor. That's the worst of living way up here by one's self. Mrs. Norris had seemed well, hadn't she?

ABBIE. Yes, except once in a while; the doctor had said that she ought to go to the hospital to find out.

MARGARET. [*To Laura.*] Too 'bad Craig wasn't here.

LAURA. Yes. He was detained in New York.

MARGARET. Yes. I know.

LAURA. Abbie, I wish you would go up and ask Mr. Norris if he would like some more coffee and—see how he seems. [*To Margaret, resentfully.*] I don't understand why Craig should be quite like this. [*Abbie does not move until Laura looks at her in surprise, then she turns to go.*] No; I'll go myself, Abbie. I want to see how he is. [*She goes up, and Abbie comes back. Without looking at Margaret she is turning toward the kitchen.*]

MARGARET. Abbie! [*Reluctantly Abbie comes back, at first not looking up. Then she raises her eyes.*] Yes, he told me. [*Abbie does not speak or move.*] Had she seemed unhappy, Abbie?

ABBIE. No. No, I hadn't noticed anything.

MARGARET. Abbie! Don't shut me out like this! *She* wouldn't shut me out. Bernice loved me.

ABBIE. I know. I know she did. But there's nothing for me to tell you, Miss Margaret, and it's hard for me to talk about. I loved her, too. I lived with her her whole life long. First the baby I took care of and played with—then all the changing with the different years—then *this*—[*a move of her hands toward the closed door.*]

MARGARET. Yes—then this. [*Gently.*] That's it, Abbie. "This"—takes away from all that. Abbie, do you understand it? If you do, won't you help me?

ABBIE. I don't understand it.

MARGARET. It's something so—outside all the rest. That's why I can't accept it. Something in me just won't take it in—because it isn't *right*. I knew her. I *know* I knew her! And this— Why, then, I didn't know her. Can't you help me?

ABBIE. I don't see how, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET. But if you would tell me things you know—little things—even though they meant nothing to you they might mean something to me. Abbie! Because you loved her don't you want what she was to go on living in our hearts?

ABBIE. Oh, I do! I do! But she'll go on living in my heart without my understanding what she did.

MARGARET. But differently. I'll tell you what I mean. Everything about her has always been—herself. That was one of the rare things about her. And herself—oh, it's something you don't want to lose! It's been the beauty in my life. In my busy practical life, Bernice—what she was—like a breath that blew over my life and—made it something.

ABBIE. I know—just what you mean, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET. It's inconceivable that she should—cut off her own life. In her lived all the life that was behind her. You felt that in her—so wonderfully. She felt it in herself—or her eyes couldn't have been like that. *Could they? Could they, Abbie?*

ABBIE. It—wouldn't seem so.

MARGARET. She wouldn't destroy so *much*. Why, she never destroyed anything—a flower—a caterpillar. Don't you see what I mean, Abbie? This denies so *much*. And then is it true that all this time she wasn't happy? Why she seemed happy—as trees grow. Did Mr. Norris make her unhappy? Oh, don't think you shouldn't talk about it. Don't act as if I shouldn't ask. It's too big for those little scruples. Abbie! I can't let Bernice's life go out in darkness! So tell me—just what happened—each little thing. [*Margaret has taken hold of Abbie; Abbie has turned away.*] When did you first know she had—taken something? Just what did she say to you about it? I want to know each little thing! I have a *right* to know. [*A step is heard above.*]

ABBIE. [*As if saved.*] Mrs. Kirby's coming down now.

MARGARET. I want to talk to you, Abbie, after the others have gone to bed. [*Laura comes down, Abbie passes her at the foot of the stairs, and goes through to the kitchen.*]

LAURA. Margaret, what is to be gained in making people feel worse than they need? Craig upstairs—he's so broken—strange. And even Abbie as she passed me now. You seem to do this to them. And why?

MARGARET. I don't do it to them. I'm not very happy myself.

LAURA. Of course not. None of us can be that. But I believe we should try to bear things with courage.

MARGARET. That comes easily from the person who's bearing little!

LAURA. You think it means nothing to me that my brother has lost his wife?

MARGARET. Your brother has lost his wife! That's all *you* see in it!

LAURA. I don't see why you seem so wild—so resentful, Mar-

garet. Death should soften us. [*She takes her old place before the fire.*]

MARGARET. Well, I can tell you this doesn't soften me!

LAURA. I see that you feel hard toward Craig. But Bernice didn't. You think he should have come right home. But you must be just enough to admit he didn't have any idea Bernice was going to be taken suddenly sick. He had been out of the country for three months, naturally there were things connected with his writing to see about.

MARGARET. Connected with his writing! Laura! Don't *lie* about life with death in the next room. If you want to talk at a time like this, have the decency to be honest! Try to see the *truth* about living. Craig stayed in New York with May Fredericks—and he doesn't pretend anything else. Stayed there with May Fredericks, continuing an affair that has been going on for the past year. And before it was May Fredericks it was this one and that one. Well, all right. That may be all right. I'm not condemning Craig for his affairs. I'm condemning you for the front you're trying to put up!

LAURA. I certainly am not trying to put up any front. It's merely that there seems nothing to be gained in speaking of certain things. If Craig was—really unfaithful I do condemn him for that. I haven't your liberal ideas. [*Slight pause, she takes up her knitting.*] It's unfortunate Bernice hadn't the power to hold Craig.

MARGARET. Hadn't the power to hold Craig!

LAURA. She didn't want to—I suppose your scoffing means. Well, she should have wanted to. It's what a wife should want to do.

MARGARET. Oh, Laura, Bernice will never say one more word for herself! In there. Alone. Still. She will not do one new thing to—throw a light back on other things. That's death. A leaving of one's life. Leaving it—with us. I cannot talk to you about what Bernice "should have been." What she was came true and deep from—[*throwing out her hands as if giving up saying it. Taking it up again.*] It's true there was something in her Craig did not control. Something he couldn't *mess up*. There was something in her he might have drawn from and become bigger than he was. But he's vain. He has to be bowling someone over all the time—to show that he has *power*.

LAURA. I don't agree with you that Craig is especially vain. He's a man. He does want to affect—yes, dominate the woman he loves. And if Bernice didn't give him that feeling of—



Four designs by Joseph Urban for *Parsifal*, as it will be revived at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this winter. These designs are frankly built upon the mass of experiment and reform which the Wagner opera called forth on its first presentations outside Baireuth in 1905. The forest scene is an adaptation of Adolph Appia's design (also freely used by Georg Hartmann in Berlin), with the straight trunks of Appia's trees bent into Gothic arches. Above is a design for a curtain to replace the Metropolitan's customary golden one during this production. It represents the vision of Titurel, the first knight to see the Holy Grail.



The opening scene in *Parifal*.



Klin gaur's Castle



The Temple of the Holy Grail.

MARGARET. Supremacy.

LAURA. There's no use trying to talk with you of personal things. Certainly I don't want to quarrel tonight. That would not be the thing. [*In a new tone.*] How is your work going? I don't quite know what you are doing now, but trying to get someone out of prison, I suppose?

MARGARET. Yes; I am trying to get out of prison all those people who are imprisoned for ideas.

LAURA. I see.

MARGARET. I doubt if you see, Laura.

LAURA. Well I don't say I sympathize. But I see.

MARGARET. No; for if you did see, you would have to sympathize. If you did see, you would be ashamed; you would have to—hang your head for this thing of locking any man up because of what his mind sees. If thinking is not to become—whatever thinking may become!—then why are we here at all? [*She stops and thinks of it.*] Why does Bernice—her death—make that so simple tonight? Because she was herself. She had the gift for being herself. And she wanted each one to have the chance to be himself. Anything else hurt her—as it hurt her to see a dog tied, or a child at a narrow window.

LAURA. I don't think Bernice was a very good wife for a writer.

MARGARET. She would have been a wonderful wife for a real writer.

LAURA. Oh, I know she didn't value Craig's work. And that's another thing. And I suppose you don't value it, either. [*She looks at Margaret, who does not speak.*] Fortunately, there are many thousands of people in this country who do value it. And I suppose you think what I do of little value, too. I suppose you scoff at those things we do to put cripples back in life.

MARGARET. No, Laura, I don't scoff at anything that can be done for cripples. Since men have been crippled, cripples must be helped. I only say—Don't cripple minds!—strong free minds that might go—we know not where! Might go into places where the light of a mind has never been. [*Rising.*] Think of it! Think if that chance of making life ever greater than death. [*With passion.*] If you have any respect for life—any reverence—you have to leave the mind free. I do not scoff at you, but you are not a serious person. You have no faith—no hope—no self-respect!

LAURA. [*Rising.*] You tell me I have no self-respect! You who have not cared what people thought of you—who have not

had the sense of fitness—the taste—to hold the place you were born to—you tell me, against whom no word was ever spoken, that I have no self-respect?

MARGARET. You have a blameless reputation, Laura. You have no self-respect. If you had any respect for your own mind you could not be willing to limit the mind of any other. If you had any respect for your own spiritual life you could not be willing to push *your* self into the spiritual life of any other. [*Roughly.*] No! You could not. [*As one seeing far.*] I see it as I never saw it. Oh, I wish I could talk to Bernice! Something is *down*. I could see things as I never saw them.

LAURA. [*Gathering up the things she had been working with.*] I will go before I am insulted further.

MARGARET. There's nothing insulting in trying to find the truth. [*Impulsively reaching out her hands to Laura, as she is indignantly going.*] Oh, Laura, we die so soon! We live so in the dark. We never become what we might be. I should think we could help each other more.

LAURA. [*After being a moment held.*] It would have to be done more sympathetically.

MARGARET. I didn't mean to be unsympathetic. [*Watching Laura go up the stairs.*] I suppose that's the trouble with me, [*She stands a moment thinking of this. Then there is something she wants to say. She knows then that she is alone—and in this room. Slowly she turns and faces the closed door. Stands so, quite still, realizing. Suddenly turns to the stairway, goes up a few steps.*] Craig! [*Listens, then goes up another step and calls a little louder.*] Craig!

LAURA. [*From above.*] Please don't disturb Craig, Margaret. [*Margaret hesitates, turns to go down. A door opens above.*]

CRAIG. Did someone call me?

MARGARET. I did, Craig. I'm down here alone—lonely.

CRAIG. [*As if glad to do so.*] I'll come down. [*After coming.*] I wanted to come down. I thought Laura was down here. I can't pretend—not tonight.

MARGARET. No. I can't. I wanted so to talk to Bernice, and when I couldn't I—called to you.

CRAIG. I was glad to hear my name. It's too much alone. [*He and Margaret stand there hesitatingly, as if they are not able to do it—settle down in this room and talk. Craig takes out his cigarette case. In the subdued voice of one whose feeling is somewhere else.*] You want a cigarette, Margaret?

MARGARET. No. I don't believe so.

CRAIG. Oh, I remember, you don't like these. Bernice must have some of the— [*He opens a chest on the mantel, takes from it a beautiful little box.*]

MARGARET. [*As she sees the box.*] Oh— [*Turning away.*] Thank you, Craig, but—

CRAIG. Of course. [*Holds the box for a moment, then slowly replaces it. He looks around the room. Then, helplessly.*] I don't know what I'm going to do. [*He sits down before the fire. Margaret also sits. The door at the other side of the room opens and the father comes in from his room.*]

FATHER. I was going to bed now. I thought I'd go in here first. [*Slowly goes in where Bernice is. A little while Craig and Margaret sit there silent.*]

CRAIG. And I don't know what he's going to do. Poor old man. Bernice was certainly good to him—keeping him happy in that life he made for himself away from life. It's queer about him, Margaret. Somehow he just didn't go on, did he? Made a fight in his youth, and stopped there. He's one of the wrecks of the Darwinian theory. Spent himself fighting for it, and—let it go at that. [*Running his hand through his hair.*] Oh, well, I suppose we're all wrecks of something. [*With a nervous laugh.*] What are you a wreck of, Margaret? You're a wreck of free speech. [*Impatiently.*] I'm talking like a fool. I'm nervous. I'll be glad when he goes to bed. [*Looking up stairs.*] I guess Laura's gone to bed. [*After looking into the fire.*] Well, Bernice isn't leaving any children to—be without her. I suppose now it's just as well we lost our boy before we ever had him. But she would have made a wonderful mother, wouldn't she, Margaret?

MARGARET. Oh, yes!

CRAIG. You ever wish you had children, Margaret?

MARGARET. Yes.

CRAIG. [*Roughly.*] Well, why don't you have?

MARGARET. [*Slowly.*] Why, I don't just know, Craig. Life—seems to get filled up so quickly.

CRAIG. Yes. And before we know it it's all over—or as good as over. Funny—how your mind jumps around. Just then I thought of my mother. How she used to say: "Now eat your bread, Craig." [*His voice breaks, he buries his face in his hands. Margaret reaches over and puts a hand on his shoulder. The door opens and the father comes out. He stands looking at them.*]

FATHER. [*Gently.*] Yes. Of course. I'm glad you're here,

Margaret. But my little girl looks very peaceful, Craig. [*Pause.*] She had a happy life. [*Craig moves, turning a little away. Margaret makes a move as if to shield him, but does not do this.*]

FATHER. Yes; she had a happy life. Didn't she, Margaret?

MARGARET. I always thought so.

FATHER. Oh, yes. She did. In her own way. A calm way. But very full of her own kind of happiness. [*After reflection.*] Bernice was good to me. I suppose she might have liked me to have done more things, but—she wanted me to do what—came naturally to me. I suppose that's why we always felt so—comfortable with her. She was never trying to make us some—outside thing. Well—you know, Margaret, I can see her now as a baby. She was such a nice baby. She used to—reach out her hands. [*Doing this himself.*] Well, I suppose they all do. I'm going to bed. [*After starting.*] I'm glad you're here with Craig, Margaret. Bernice would like this. You two who know all about her—well, no, nobody knew *all* about Bernice—but you two who were closest to her, here now as—close as you can be. I'm going to bed. Good-night.

MARGARET. [*Crying.*] Good-night.

CRAIG. [*After the father has closed his door. With violence.*] "Reached out her hands!" And what did she *get*? [*Roughly grasping Margaret's wrists.*] I killed Bernice. There's no use in your saying I didn't. I did. Only—[*letting go of her*]—don't flay me tonight, Margaret. I couldn't stand it tonight. [*With another abrupt change.*] Am I a fool? Why did I never know Bernice loved me like this? [*In anguish.*] Why wouldn't I *know* it? [*Pause.*] We don't know *anything* about each other. Do we, Margaret. Nothing. We never—get anywhere. [*Shivering.*] I'm cold. I wonder if there's anything to drink in the house. There must be something. [*He goes out into the kitchen; after a moment there is the sound of running water; he comes in with a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water.*] I don't see the glasses. Things seem to have been moved. [*Looks at Margaret as if expecting she will go and get them; she does not; he goes out again. From the kitchen.*] Margaret, have you any idea where the glasses are?

MARGARET. No, Craig. I don't know. [*After hearing him move things around.*] Isn't Abbie somewhere there?

CRAIG. No; she isn't here. She seems to have gone outdoors. She's left the door open, too. No wonder it was cold. [*Calling at an outer door.*] Abbie! [*Sound of the door closing. Again the*

sound of dishes being moved.] Well, I don't know where they can have put——

MARGARET. [*Covering her face.*] Don't look for things. [*More quietly.*] Bring anything, Craig, there must be something there.

CRAIG. [*Coming in with cups.*] Things have been moved around. I stumbled over things that didn't use to be there. You'll have a little, Margaret? It—we need something.

MARGARET. I don't—oh, I don't care.

[*He pours the drinks and drinks his.*]

CRAIG. [*Abruptly shoving his cup away.*] Margaret, I loved Bernice. I suppose you don't believe that! And I thought Bernice knew I loved her, in spite of—other things. What do you think it is is the matter with me, Margaret, that I—[*saying it as if raw*—miss things. You can tell me. I'd be glad to feel someone knew. Only—don't leave me alone while you're telling me!

MARGARET. I'm afraid I have nothing to tell you, Craig. I thought I knew Bernice. And now—I *did* know Bernice! [*Gropingly.*] I feel something we don't get to.

CRAIG. And Bernice can't help us.

MARGARET. I think she would expect us to—find our way. She could always find her way. She had not meant to leave us *here*. Bernice was so kind.

CRAIG. She was kind.

MARGARET. Such a sensitive kindness. The kindness that divined feeling and was there ahead—to meet it. This is the very thing she would *not* do.

CRAIG. [*Slowly, as if feeling his way.*] Margaret, I wish I could tell you about me and Bernice. I loved her. She loved me. But there was something in her that had almost nothing to do with our love.

MARGARET. Yes.

CRAIG. Well, that isn't right, Margaret. You want to feel that you *have* the woman you love. Yes—completely. Yes, every bit of her!

MARGARET. So you turned to women whom you could have.

CRAIG. Yes.

MARGARET. But you "had" all of them simply because there was less to have. You want no baffling sense of something beyond you. [*He looks at her reproachfully.*] You wanted me to help you find the truth. I don't believe you can stand truth, Craig.

CRAIG. It's hard tonight.

You know, Craig, what living makes of us—it's a rim—a bounded circle—and yet we know—have our times of suspecting—that if we could break through *that*. [*Seeing.*] O—h! It's like living in the mountains—those high vast places of Colorado—in a little house with shaded windows. You'd *suspect* what was there! A little sunshine through the cracks—mountain smells—and at times the house would shake—and you'd wonder—and be fretted in your little room. And if some day you could put up the shade and—*see where you were*. Life would never be so small a thing again. Bernice could do that. Her own life did not bound her.

CRAIG. No. That was what—

MARGARET. Hurt your vanity?

CRAIG. I don't know. I'm trying to be honest. I honestly don't know.

MARGARET. No. We don't know. That's why—oh, Craig, it would be so wonderful to be a writer—something that gets a little farther than others can get—gets at least the edge of the shadow. [*After her own moment on the edge of the shadow.*] If you ever felt the shock of reality, and *got* that back in you—you wouldn't be thinking of whom it would "interest!" But, Craig—*this*. [*A movement toward the closed room.*] Doesn't *this* give you that shock of reality?

CRAIG. What of *you*? Doesn't it give it to you? You're speaking as if this hadn't happened! You leave it out—what Bernice did because of me. You're talking of my having no power. What of *this*? Had I no power? [*After her look at him.*] Oh, yes—I know I used it terribly—plenty of years for my heart to break over that. But can you say I didn't *have* it?

MARGARET. I do leave it out. It isn't right there should be anything in Bernice not Bernice. And she had a great rightness—rightness without effort—that rare, rare thing.

CRAIG. You say it isn't right—and so you leave it out? And then *you* talk about the shock of reality.

MARGARET. I don't say it isn't fact. I say it isn't—in the rightness.

CRAIG. "In the rightness!" Is that for you to say? Is rightness what you think? What you can see? No. You didn't know Bernice. You didn't know she loved me—*that way*. And I didn't know. But she did! How *could* I have had that—and not *known*? But I *did* have it! I did *have* it! You say life broke through her—the whole of life. But Bernice didn't want—the whole of life. She wanted *me*. [*He goes to the door, bows*

against it, all sorrow and need.] I want to talk to her—not you. I want her now—knowing. [*He opens that door and goes in to Bernice.*]

[*Margaret stands motionless, searching, and as if something is coming to her from the rightness. When she speaks it is a denial from that inner affirmation.*]

MARGARET. No! I say—No! [*Feeling someone behind her, swiftly turning she sees Abbie outside, looking through the not quite drawn curtains of the door. She goes to the door and draws Abbie in.*] Yes, I am here—and I say no. [*She has hold of her, drawing her in as she says it.*] You understand—I say no. I don't believe it. What you told me—I don't believe it.

ABBIE. [*At first it is horror—then strange relief, as if nothing could be so bad as this has been.*] Well, I'm glad you know.

MARGARET. [*Very slowly, knowing now it is fact she has come to.*] Glad I know what?

ABBIE. That it isn't true. That she didn't do it.

MARGARET. Didn't do it? Did *not* take her own life?

ABBIE. No. Of course she didn't.

MARGARET. [*Still very slowly, as if much more is coming than she can take in.*] Then *why*—did you say she did?

ABBIE. Because she said I must. Oh—look at me! Look at me! But you knew her. You know the strength of her. If she'd told you the way she told me—you'd *have done it, too*. You would!

MARGARET. [*Saying each word by itself.*] I can not understand one word you're saying. Something is wrong with you. [*Changing, and roughly taking hold of Abbie.*] Tell me. Quick, the truth.

ABBIE. Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, about an hour after she told me to telegraph you, she said, "Why, Abbie, I believe I'm going to die." I said, no, but she said, "I think so." I said we'd send for Mr. Norris. She said no, and not to frighten her father. I—I didn't think she was going to die. All the time I was trying to get the doctor. There were two hours when she was—quiet. Quiet—not like any quiet I ever knew. Thinking. You could see thinking in her eyes—stronger than sickness. Then, after ten, she called me to her. She took my hands. She said, "Abbie, you've lived with me all my life." "Yes," I said. "You love me." "Oh, yes," I said. "Will you do something for me?" "You know I will," I told her. "Abbie," she said, looking right at me, *all of her looking right at me*, "if I die, I want you to tell

ful. She—[*putting out his hand impatiently.*] Oh, no, Laura. There's so much else to think of now. [*He steps out of the door and stands there, his back to the room.*]

FATHER. [*In a low voice.*] I wonder—could we go somewhere else? Into my room, perhaps. I'm afraid we are keeping Craig out of here. And I think he wants to be here—near Bernice. We will be undisturbed in my room. [*He gets up and goes to the door of his room; Laura turns to follow. Outside Craig passes from sight.*]

LAURA. I think it's too bad things have to be made so—complicated.

FATHER. [*After opening the door.*] Oh, Margaret is in here.

MARGARET. [*From the other room.*] I was just going out. I just came in here to—[*enters*—I just went in there—I didn't think about it being your room.

FATHER. Why, that was quite all right, Margaret. I'm only sorry to disturb you.

MARGARET. No. That doesn't matter. I—I wasn't doing anything.

LAURA. There is a great deal to do. [*She follows the father into his room.*]

[*Margaret walks across the room, walks back, stands still, head bent, hands pressing her temples. Abbie comes part way down the stairs, sees Margaret, stands still as if not to be heard, turns to go back up stairs.*]

MARGARET. [*Hearing her, looking up.*] Abbie! [*Abbie comes slowly down.*] Where is he, Mr. Norris? Where is he?

ABBIE. I don't know. He was here a little while ago. Perhaps he went out. [*Indicating the open door.*]

MARGARET. I have to tell him!

ABBIE. [*After an incredulous moment.*] Tell him what you made me tell you?

MARGARET. Of course I have to tell him! You think I can leave that on him? And the things I said to him—they were not just.

ABBIE. And you'd rather be "just" than leave it as she wanted it?

MARGARET. Oh, but Abbie—what she wanted— [*Holds up her hand as if to shut something from her eyes.*] No. You can't put that on anyone. I couldn't live—feeling I had left on him what shouldn't be there.

ABBIE. But you wouldn't tell him now?

MARGARET. I must tell him now. Or I won't tell him. And I must go away. I can't stay. I can't stay here.

ABBIE. But what will they think—your leaving? You mean—before we've taken *her* away?

MARGARET. Oh, I don't know. How can I—plan it out? I'm going as soon as I can tell him. All night—all day—I've been trying to tell him—and when I get near him—I run away. *Why did you tell me?*

ABBIE. [*Harshly.*] Why did you *know*—what you weren't to know? But if you have some way of knowing what you aren't told—you think you have the right to do *your* thing with that? Undo what she did? What *I* did? Do you know what it took *out* of me to do this? There's nothing left of me.

MARGARET. [*With a laugh. Right on the verge of being not herself.*] No. You're a wreck. Another wreck. It's your Darwinian theory. Your free speech.

ABBIE. Oh, I was afraid of you. I didn't want you to come. I knew you'd—get *to* things.

[*Abbie goes to the door and looks out.*]

MARGARET. He is out there?

ABBIE. Yes. [*Margaret tries to go; moves just a little.*] And you'd go to him and—what *for*?

MARGARET. Because I can't *live*—leaving that on him—having him think—when I know he didn't. I can't leave that on him one more hour.

ABBIE. [*Standing in the door to block her going.*] And when you take that from him—*what do you give to him?* [*They stare at one another; Margaret falls back.*]

MARGARET. Don't ask me to see so many things, Abbie. I can only see this thing. I've grown afraid of seeing.

ABBIE. [*After looking at her, seeing something of her suffering.*] Miss Margaret, why did you do what you did last night? How did you know?

MARGARET. I don't know.

ABBIE. But you knew.

MARGARET. No. I didn't *know*. I didn't know. It didn't come from me. It came—from the rightness. [*A laugh.*]

ABBIE. If you could get that without being told—why don't you get more without being told? [*Margaret gives her a startled look.*] For you will never be told.

MARGARET. You know *more*?

ABBIE. No. My knowing stops with what you got from me last night. But I knew her. I thought maybe, as you have some way of knowing what you aren't told, you could—see into this. *See.*

MARGARET. I've lost my seeing. It was through her I saw. It was through Bernice I could see. And now it's dark. [*Slowly turning toward the closed room.*] Oh, how still death is.

[*The two women are as if caught into this stillness.*]

ABBIE. [*Looking from the door.*] He turned this way. [*Swiftly turning back to Margaret.*] But you *couldn't* tell him.

MARGARET. No, I can't. Yes, I must! I tell you there's something in me can't *stand* it to see anyone go down under a thing he shouldn't have to bear. Why that feeling has made my life! Do you think I've *wanted* to do the kind of work I do? Don't you think I'd like to be doing—happier things? But there's something in my blood *drives* me to—what's right.

ABBIE. And something in *my* blood drives me to what's right! And I went against it—went against my whole life—so she could rest. I did it because I loved her. But you didn't love her.

MARGARET. Oh—Abbie!

ABBIE. Not as you love—what's right. If you loved her, don't you want to protect her—now that she lies dead in there? [*Her voice breaking.*] Oh, Miss Margaret, it was right at the very *end* of her life. Maybe, when we're going to die, things we've borne all our lives are things we can't bear any longer. Just—don't count that last hour.

MARGARET. [*After a moment of being swayed by this.*] Yet you counted it, Abbie. You did what she said—because of the strength of her. You told me last night—her mind was there. Terrible the way it was right *there*. She hadn't left her life.

ABBIE. Well, and if she hadn't left her life! If all those years with him there was something she hid, and if she seemed to feel—what she didn't feel. She did it well, didn't she?—and almost to the last. Shan't we hide it now? For her? You and me, who loved her—isn't she *safe*—with us? [*Going nearer Margaret.*] Perhaps if you would go in there now—

MARGARET. Oh, no—no!

ABBIE. [*In a last deeply emotional appeal.*] Miss Margaret, didn't she do a good deal for you?

MARGARET. *Do* a good deal for me? Yes. Yes!

ABBIE. Yes. She did for me. I—I'm something *more* on account of her. Aren't you?

MARGARET. Yes.

ABBIE. Yes, I think you are, too. I can see myself as I'd have been if my life hadn't been lived round her. [*Thinks, shakes her head.*] It would be left you—what feels and knows it feels. And you said it was through Bernice you could see. Well, let's forget what we don't want to know! On account of what we are that we wouldn't have been—let's put it out of our minds! One ugly thing in a whole beautiful life! Let it go! And let all the rest live! [*They can see Craig outside.*] Oh—do this for her. Make yourself do it. Let that be what's dead—and let all the rest live! You were her friend, not his. [*Craig turns to the house, but when about to come in, turns away, covering his face.*]

MARGARET. [*Taking hold of Abbie.*] You see? He thinks she loved him and he killed her. He might do what he thinks she did!

ABBIE. [*Falling back.*] O—h!

[*Craig comes in, stands by the door; Margaret has drawn Abbie over near the stairway. He sees them, but gives no heed to them, immersed in what he is living through. While he stands there Margaret does not move. He turns toward the room where Bernice is; when he moves, Margaret goes a little toward him—his back is to her; Abbie moves to step between Craig and Margaret; Margaret puts her aside. But when Craig comes to the closed door, and stands there an instant before it, not opening it, Margaret too stops, as if she cannot come nearer him. It is only after he has opened the door and closed it behind him that she goes to it. She puts out her hands, but she does not even touch the door, and when she cannot do this she covers her face and, head bent, stands there before the closed door. Laura and the father come out from the room where they have been. As they enter, Abbie slowly goes out, toward the kitchen.*]

LAURA. [*After looking at Margaret, who has not moved.*] We are going in an hour, Margaret.

MARGARET. Going?

LAURA. Taking Bernice to the cemetery.

MARGARET. Oh! Are we?

[*After a look which shows her disapproval, Laura goes out, following Abbie.*]

FATHER. [*Sitting.*] I can't believe that, Margaret.

MARGARET. No. [*Margaret sits in the window-seat, by which she has been standing. As if she is just realizing what they have said.*] You say—we are taking Bernice away from here—in an hour?

FATHER. Yes. Think of it, Margaret. I just can't—take it in.

MARGARET. No.

FATHER. There is something I want to tell you, Margaret. [*Margaret gives him a quick look, then turns away, as if afraid.*] I've been wanting to tell you—but it's hard to talk of such things. But before we—take Bernice away, before you—see her the last time—I want you to know. That night—the night Bernice died—at the very last, Abbie was afraid then—and had called to me. Abbie and I were in there and—Abbie went out, about the telephone call we had in for the doctor. I was all alone in there a few minutes—right at the last. Bernice said one last word, Margaret. Your name.

MARGARET. She called to me?

FATHER. No, I wouldn't say she called to you. Just said your name. The way we say things to ourselves—say them without knowing we were going to say them. She didn't really say it. She breathed it. It seemed to come from her whole life.

MARGARET. O—h! Then it wasn't as if she had left me? It wasn't as if anything was in between—

FATHER. Why no, Margaret. What an idea! Why, I don't think you ever were as close to Bernice as when she said your name and died.

[*Margaret's head goes down; she is crying. Craig comes out, carefully closing the door behind him. Partly crosses the room, looks uncertainly at the outer door as if to go outside again.*]

FATHER. Sit down, Craig. [*Craig does this.*] Let's not try to keep away from each other now. We're all going through the same thing—in our—our different ways. [*A pause. Margaret raises her head; she is turned a little away from the other two.*] I was so glad when you came, Margaret. I don't want Bernice to slip away from us. In an hour we—take her away from here—out of this house she loved. I don't want her to slip away from us. She loved you so, Margaret. Didn't she, Craig?

CRAIG. Yes. She did love Margaret.

FATHER. Oh, yes. "Margaret sees things," she'd say. [*Wistfully.*] She had great beauty—didn't she, Margaret?

MARGARET. I always thought so.

FATHER. Oh, yes. I was thinking last night—malice was not in Bernice. I never knew her to do a—really unfriendly thing to anyone. [*Again in that wistful way.*] You know, Margaret, I had thought you would say things like this—and better than I can say

them to—to keep my little girl for us all. I suppose I'm a foolish old man, but I seem to want them said. [*Pause; Margaret seems to try to speak, but does not.*] I think it was gentle of Bernice to be amused by things she—perhaps couldn't admire in us she loved. Me. I suppose she might have liked a father who amounted to more—but she always seemed to take pleasure in me. Affectionate amusement. Didn't you feel that in Bernice, Craig?

CRAIG. Yes—that was one thing. A surface for other things. [*He speaks out of pain, but out of pain which wants, if it can, to speak.*] But only a surface. [*With passion.*] All of Bernice went into her love for me. Those big impersonal things—they were not apart. All of Bernice—loved me. [*His voice breaks, he goes to the door, starts out. Suddenly steps back—with a quick, rough turn to her.*] Isn't that so, Margaret?

MARGARET. I can see—what you mean, Craig.

FATHER. Why, of course Bernice loved you. I know that. [*Craig goes outside. Looking after him.*] I hope I didn't send Craig away. You and he would rather not talk. Perhaps that is better. I seem to want to—gather up things that will keep Bernice. It's so easy for the dead to slip from us. But I mustn't bother you.

MARGARET. Oh, you aren't! I—I'm sorry I'm not—doing more. I'm pulled down.

FATHER. I know, Margaret. I can see that. Another time you and I will talk of Bernice. I didn't mean she didn't love Craig. Of course not. Only [*hesitatingly*] I did feel that much as went into her loving—there was more than went into her loving.

MARGARET. Yes.

FATHER. I think it wasn't that she—wanted it that way. You know, Margaret, I felt something—very wistful in Bernice. [*Margaret looks at him, nods.*] In this calm now—I feel the wistfulness there was in her other calm.

MARGARET. Yes.

FATHER. As if she wanted to give us more. Oh—she gave more than anyone else could have given. But not *all* she was. And she would like to have given us—all she was. She wanted to give—what couldn't be given. [*Pause.*] You know what I mean, Margaret.

MARGARET. Yes, I do know.

FATHER. And so—wistfulness. I see it now. [*After thinking.*] I think Bernice feared she was not a very good wife for

Craig. [*Margaret gives him a startled look.*] Little things she'd say. I don't know—perhaps I'm wrong. [*After a move of Margaret's.*] You were going to say something, Margaret.

MARGARET. No. I was just thinking of what you said.

FATHER. Craig didn't dominate Bernice. I don't know whose fault it was. I don't know that it was anyone's fault. Just the way things were. He—I say it in all kindness—he just didn't—have it in him. [*Slowly.*] As I haven't had certain things in me.

[*Abbie comes in.*]

ABBIE. People are coming. The Aldrichs—other neighbors.

FATHER. Oh—they are coming? [*With pain.*] Already? Oh! They are to wait in the south room—till a little later. I'll speak to them.

[*They go out; Margaret has a moment alone. Then Craig comes in from outside.*]

CRAIG. People are beginning to come. I suppose they'll come in here soon. I—I don't want them to. [*Laura enters with boxes of flowers.*] Oh—Laura, please. Bernice loved flowers.

LAURA. Well—Craig.

CRAIG. Would you take them around the other way? Or keep them till later—or something. I don't want them here!

[*Laura goes out.*]

CRAIG. I don't want things to be different. Not now—in the last hour. It's still Bernice's house. [*After watching her a moment.*] Margaret, I'm afraid I shouldn't have told you. It's doing too much to you. Surely—no matter what you feel about me—this—what I told you—isn't going to keep you away from Bernice?

MARGARET. No, Craig. What you told me—isn't going to do that.

CRAIG. I shouldn't have told you. But there are things—too much to be alone with. And yet—we are alone with them. [*He is seated, looking out toward the woods. Very slowly—with deep feeling.*] It is a different world. Life will never be—that old thing again.

MARGARET. [*Rising.*] Craig! [*He looks at her.*] Craig, I must tell you— [*She does not go on.*]

CRAIG. [*After waiting an instant, looks away.*] I know. We can't say things. When we get right to life—we can't say things.

MARGARET. But I must say them. I have to tell you—life need not be a different thing.

CRAIG. Need not? You think I want that old thing back?

Pretending. Fumbling. Always trying to seem something—to feel myself something. No. That's a strange thing for you to say, Margaret—that I can go back to my make-believe, now that I've got to life. *This—[as if he cannot speak of it]—this—even more than it makes me want to die it makes me want to—* Oh, Margaret, if I could have Bernice now—*knowing*. And yet—I never had her until now. This—has given Bernice to me.

MARGARET. *[As if his words are a light she is almost afraid to use.]* This—has given Bernice to you?

CRAIG. I was thinking—walking out there I was thinking, if I knew only—what I knew when I came here—that Bernice was dead—I wonder if I could have—got past that failure.

MARGARET. Failure, Craig?

CRAIG. Of never having had her. That she had lived, and loved me—loved me, you see—lived and loved me and died without my ever having had her. What would there have been to go on living for? Why should such a person go on living? Now—of course it is another world. This comes crashing through my make-believe—and Bernice's world gets to me. Don't you *see*, Margaret?

MARGARET. Perhaps—I do. *[She looks at the closed door; looks back to him. Waits.]* O—h! *[Waits again, and it grows in her.]* Perhaps I do. *[Turns and very slowly goes to the closed door, opens it, goes in.]*

[Abbie comes in with a floral piece.]

CRAIG. No, Abbie. I just told my sister—I don't want this room to be different. *[Looking around.]* It is different. What have you done to it? *[He sees the pillow crowded in at the side of the fireplace. Restores it to its place in the window.]*

ABBIE. And this was here. *[She returns the vase to its place.]*

CRAIG. Of course it was. But it isn't right yet. Why—the tea table! *[Abbie turns toward the kitchen.]* What did you put it out there for? I remember now—I stumbled against it last night. *[They bring it in.]* Why, yes, Abbie, the tea-table was always here—before the fire.

ABBIE. And— *[She hesitates, but Craig follows her eyes to the chair.]*

CRAIG. Yes. *[He, too, hesitates; then gives the chair its old place before the table, as if awaiting the one who will come and pour tea. A moment they stand looking at it. Then Craig looks around the room.]* And what is it is still wrong, Abbie?

ABBIE. In the fall there were always branches in that vase.

[*Indicating the one she has returned to its place.*] The red and yellow branches from the outside.

CRAIG. Yes.

[*He goes out. With feeling which she cannot quite control, Abbie does a few little things at the tea-table, relating one thing to another until it is as it used to be.*]

[*Margaret comes out from the room where she has been with Bernice, leaving the door wide open behind her. With the quiet of profound wonder; in a feeling that creates great stillness, she goes to Abbie.*]

MARGARET. Oh—Abbie! Yes—I know now. I want you to know. Only—there are things not for words. Feeling—not for words. As a throbbing thing that flies and sings—not for the hand. [*She starts to close her hand, uncloses it.*] But, Abbie—there is nothing to hide. There is no shameful thing. What you saw in her eyes as she brooded over life in leaving it—what made you afraid—was *her seeing*—her seeing into the shadowed places of the life she was leaving. And then—a gift to the spirit. A gift sent back through the dark. Preposterous. Profound. Oh—Love her, Abbie! She's worth more love than we have power to give! [*Craig has come back with some branches from the trees; he stands outside the door a moment, taking out a few he does not want. Margaret hears him and turns. Then turns back.*] Power. Oh, how *strange*.

[*Craig comes in, and Margaret and Abbie watch him as he puts the red and gold leaves in the vase.*]

[*The father comes in.*]

FATHER. The man who is in charge says we will have to be ready now to— [*Seeing what has been done to the room.*] Oh, you have given the room back to Bernice!

MARGARET. Given everything back to Bernice. Bernice. Insight. The tenderness of insight. And the courage. [*To the father, and suddenly with tears in her voice.*] She was wistful. And held out her hands [*doing this*] with gifts she was not afraid to send back. [*Very simply.*] She loved you, Craig.

CRAIG. I know that, Margaret. I know now how much.

MARGARET. [*Low.*] And more than that. [*Her voice electric.*] Oh, in all the world—since first life *moved*—has there been any beauty like the beauty of perceiving love? . . . No. Not for words. [*She closes her hand, uncloses it in a slight gesture of freeing what she would not harm.*]

CURTAIN.



The Riverdale Summer Session

Among the summer activities holding beauty and promise was the third summer session at Riverdale, New York City, of the school of synthetic dramatic training directed by Mary Porter Beegle. At a final performance on the portable stage designed by Joseph Urban for the Riverdale Country School (whose buildings Miss Beegle's classes utilized) the eighteen pupils gave a beautiful and finished program of movement-dances, scenes from play and pantomime and music-drama against settings devised by themselves from simple units of cubes, steps and walls, with a backdrop or cyclorama added. Besides Miss Beegle's work in movement, each student took Mr. Urban's course in scenic design, and worked with Clifford Brooke and Richard Ordynski on dramatic expression and with Professor Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera House on voice, chorus and music drama. The object of the school has been the development of rounded group abilities and appreciation of the widest dramatic interests in the theatre, rather than individual perfection in any one field. Above is a scene from a dance presented by the pupils of Mary Porter Beegle. (Photo by Edward R. Dickson.)



The Angelus episode from *Grain* as presented at the Riverdale Summer Session under the direction of Mary Porter Beegle. (Photo by Edward R. Dickson.)

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS

KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

BELIEVING, as we do, in the theatre's practical as well as idealistic value to a community, we subscribe enthusiastically to the suggestion made in this issue by Major-General O'Ryan, Commanding Officer of the famous Twenty-Seventh ("New York's Own") Division: that no war memorial could be more appropriate than a municipal theatre. If we gained for America only half a dozen "people's theatres," it would be a wondrous thing for those who so long have fought for independent playhouses in this country; and if the article should lead to the building of only one memorial municipal theatre, it still would justify all the effort that Major-General O'Ryan and others have given to the matter.

The suggestion, moreover, has a direct bearing on the entire question of war memorials and theatre reconstruction. It was recently announced by the Bureau of Memorial Buildings of W. C. C. S. that 285 cities and towns had definitely decided upon the building type of memorial as against the usual sort of shaft or sculptured monument. More than two-thirds of these will be of the community-house or community-auditorium type.

Such community houses could do more than any existing agency to bring the arts into American life. Each building could have its theatre, which would be the center for local experiment in community drama and pageantry, and which ultimately would become one station on a national circuit of independent theatres. It could contain one or more rooms particularly designed for musical rehearsals and recitals, to the end that music may grow in community life, through the development of mass "sings," community choruses and community orchestras, as well as through provision of sympathetic surroundings for visiting musicians. And finally, each building could provide wall space specially designed and lighted for exhibition purposes, so that such national organizations as The Art Alliance and The American Federation of Arts could route annually to hundreds of communities half a dozen exhibitions of the best in the fine and industrial arts. Since the buildings will largely be in the small cities and towns, this would serve to decentralize the art of the country—now too seldom emerging from a few large cities—and it would bring the arts into places where they would become an integral part of the leisure-time activities of great masses of people.

General O'Ryan's thoughtful proposal should, we believe, have the fullest support of those progressive dramatic groups throughout the country for which this magazine is in a special sense the spokesman. In those cities where it would be absolutely futile to advocate municipal theatres a building serving as a community arts center would be the finest memorial, and failing that, we are enthusiastic for social and recreational centers that give a proportionate emphasis to facilities for the arts. We do not jump to the conclusion that the existence of stages and auditoriums would mean the immediate existence of a string of producing art theatres; but at least drama, along with the other arts, would have everywhere its laboratories for experiment and its showrooms—and much sooner than otherwise America would develop resident repertory producing companies, and a chain of independent playhouses open to the types of drama that the purely commercial manager is too hampered to accept.

Theatre Arts Chronicle ²²

THE ABBEY, ISLE OF CALDEY,
TENBY, SOUTH WALES.

THE EDITOR, THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE,

**Sam Hume and the
Caldey Passion Play**

DEAR SIR:—I am enclosing a cutting from the *London Universe* of May 9 concerning a Passion Play acted by the Benedictine monks of Caldey this year.

My reason for doing this is that we feel the artistic success of the performance was due, almost entirely, to the use we made of Mr. Sam Hume's system of adaptable settings, described in your admirable *Theatre Arts Magazine*, to which we are regular subscribers. This is, I think, the first Passion Play to be acted in England since the sixteenth century. We did not make any attempt to copy any of the mediæval dramas but tried to produce something that represented the spirit and emotions of our own day—making use of every modern stage invention that we could adapt to the very limited conditions imposed upon us by the size, etc., of our little Village Hall.

Later on, when funds permit, we look forward to building a theatre specially designed for these performances which we hope to give annually.

Wishing your magazine every success in the good work it is doing, believe me,
Yours truly,
BR. RICHARD ANSON, O. S. B.

**Prize Production
Competition**

THE St. Louis Artist's Guild, of which Clark McAdams is president, has developed a new and interesting form of prize competition. The Guild offers a prize of \$100.00 to the director making the best production of the season. Five directors, chosen from the Guild membership, are entered for the prize. They are Miss Mary E. Bulkley, Mrs. William Flewellyn Saunders, Mrs. Thomas P. Barnett, Ethan Allen Taussig and Gustavus Tuckerman. The directors are given full power to produce what they will as they will, and to select their own casts. A jury of awards will compare all the productions, and decide which was the best, taking into account the choice of plays and the manner in which they were staged and performed.

**A Plan of
Organization**

AFTER a series of unsuccessful experiments in maintaining Little Theatres in New Jersey, a number of organizations have united to form the Little Theatre Guild of New Jersey. The organizations together form the holding group. Through their representatives they have appointed a Control Committee, Dr. Charles R. Austin of Newark, chairman, who engage the director and act as a board of managers. The Control Committee has engaged Wm. A. Kraibuehler, Jr., as director in full charge of all productions and with power to organize a production group of players, playwrights, directors, costume and scenery designers, electricians and stage mechanics. Recital Hall has been engaged for the season's productions, which are scheduled to begin after the middle of October.

**Alice Barnsdall to
Have Little Theatre**

ALICE BARNSDALL, former director of the Los Angeles Little Theatre, announces that she is going to build a playhouse to cost \$200,000 on Olive Hill, between Los Angeles and Hollywood.

At the Little and Experimental Theatres

The Ypsilanti Players, Daniel L. Quirk, Jr., director, have secured the American rights to *The Book of Job*, written by the Honorable Sybil Amherst, and intend to produce it this season. The play was originally produced by Nugent Monck with the Norwich Players, and has on two occasions been performed at Stratford-on-Avon. All of the music is adapted from old Hebrew Chants.

The Provincetown Players, George Cram Cook, director, will open their fourth New York season in their Macdougall Street playhouse on October 31. With the hope and expectation of an increased subscription list as a reward for the interesting programs of other years, the Provincetown Players will this year carry each bill two weeks instead of one.

The tenth annual production of the Forest Theatre Society of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, included *Robin Hood and the Three Kings*, by Alfred Noyes, and *Prince Happyheart*, adapted from the play by Alice Chase. The productions were made under the direction of Garnet Holme, and the designs were made by Daniel W. Willard who has, for many years, assisted in the productions of the Forest Theatre Society.

The Building Bureau closed Duncan Macdougall's Barn during the run of the summer bill, but that calamity opened the Cohan and Harris Theatre to a special performance of the bill, which included *Crainquebille*, *The Gollywog's Control*, and *The Tinker's Wedding*. Mr. Macdougall does not know just where the home of the players will be this season but his plans are made for several programs of folk comedies and farces of international scope.

For the 1919 commencement program the Carnegie Institute of Technology presented a *Carnegie Commemorative Pageant* in memory of the Carnegie men who lost their lives in the war. The pageant was written by Thomas Wood Stevens, with music by Harvey B. Gaul, and was produced by B. Iden Payne. On the same day, June 26, the School of Drama presented three new plays written in the Dramatic Composition Class—*The Helmet*, a New England Episode, by Howard Forman Smith; *The Portrait of a Policeman*, a Night Fantasy, by Sara Evelyn Bennett, and *Doubledyed*, by Kenneth Thomson and Owen S. White, after a story by O. Henry.

An elaborate performance of *Hamlet*, with William S. Rainey as Hamlet and Emilie Melville as the Queen, is to be the opening production of the San Francisco Little Theatre in their new home. The little theatre on Clay Street having been outgrown the Players have moved on to more commodious quarters in a quaint old church on Bush Street. After a month of *Hamlet* there will be a bill of one-act plays, including *Behind a Watteau Picture*, *The Drums of Oude*, and a play to feature William H. Crane, who will be the guest of the Players. During the season there will also be revivals of light operas in line with the policy of the organization, which has achieved an amateur record with fifty performances of *The Mikado*.

The Exhibition of American Stage Design, held recently at the Bourgeois Galleries, New York, will go to the University of California in October. This is the first exhibition of the kind to be held on the Coast.

The Vagabond Theatre of Baltimore is also on the list for a move to larger and better quarters. The new theatre is to have a seating capacity

of 200 as against the present 62, and will afford opportunity for larger and better production, as well as for experiments in plays for children, etc. The season's programs include plays by Eugene O'Neill, Dunsany, Gordon Bottomley, some original translations and several manuscript plays.

The Lanai Players of Honolulu, Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham, director, have given forty-six performances in the last two seasons of six months each. Mrs. Burnham has no regular players' organization but draws both her actors and her audience from about one thousand of the ten thousand Whites, or 'Haolies,' of the city. As an experiment Mrs. Burnham last season produced an American play with a complete oriental cast. The experiment was so successful that a large outdoor auditorium was specially constructed to make room for the thousands who came to see the play. Mrs. Burnham also found *Mr. Tister's Experiment* (played by Cyril Maude as *The Superior Miss Pellender*) a production well worth while.

The Community Drama League of Waterloo, Iowa, Carl Glick, director, found itself homeless after the war, the theatre having been rented to a mission. But the performances have gone on just the same in rented theatres, and the weight of the League has been thrown into the movement for a municipal building which will include a little theatre.

Remo Bufano began a summer session of out-door performances of the Marionette Theatre on August 8. Plays by Molière and Gordon Craig made up the opening bill.

The Community Playhouse of Pasadena presented Percy Mackaye's *Scarecrow* for their summer bill.

Two groups of Community Plays and a special performance of Maeterlinck's *La Mort de Tintagiles* are announced as the summer program of the Playhouse on the Moors, at East Gloucester. The Gallery on the Moors, which has always housed the plays, is overcrowded by its double burden, and an attempt is being made to build up a large enough dramatic organization to support a playhouse of its own, entirely devoted to plays, community music, folk dancing, etc.

The Beechwood Players of Scarborough-on-Hudson are one branch of the Association of Beechwood Clubs, of which the others are the Chorus, Recreation Club, French Club, and Poetry Club. Together the Beechwood Clubs held a Spring Festival in the Open-Air Theatre in June.

The Riverbank Theatre of San Antonio, Texas, gave Percy Mackaye's *Jeanne D'Arc* as its initial production under the auspices of the Seniors of the Brackenridge High School.

The Caravan Theatre has a name, but no local habitation, being a group of travelling players, under the direction of Holland Hudson, who are ready to play in any available place within five hours of New York City. They have ready for immediate production *Mrs. Margaret Calhoun*, by Bodenheimer and Hecht, *The Magnanimous Lover*, by St. John Ervine, and *Suppressed Desires*, by Cook and Glaspell.



The Newly Published Plays

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A play in six scenes by John Drinkwater. In *Abraham Lincoln* an Englishman has done the thing we have waited long for an American to do. It is not alone to make a great dramatic study of the greatest American president. It is to make a great drama on the most uncompromising modern last—and to make a popular play at the same time. *Abraham Lincoln* meets more successfully, perhaps, than any one modern English play certain essential qualities of the modern dramaturgy which will yet create a theatre apart from the old realism, the old naturalism, and the old romanticism. Its dialogue is in the finest natural prose, lit by just as natural poetry of phrase, idea, and picture. Its people are moved by the common motives of life—and common motives are invariably embedded in a matrix of imagination, philosophy, mysticism, large emotional conceptions, which the drama of naturalism has ignored. The dramatic structure forswears the Scribe-cum-Ibsen models; it goes straight back to Shakespeare and develops its story and its characters scene by scene, running finally to what may be called six short acts instead of the usual three or four. The play is confidently and vigorously ready for experiment.—Mr. Drinkwater links the scenes and emphasizes certain conceptions by a sort of Greek chorus of two "chroniclers" speaking between the scenes. And throughout all this, the playwright sets himself no task of creating any of those arbitrary "honey pots" of popularity, such as heart-interest. The theme of Lincoln might, of course, seem safeguard enough against sex appeal, yet one would be rash who relied on this in the case of some of our American playwrights. One might be rash, too, to prophesy the success for *Abraham Lincoln* in America that it won in England through the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and the Hammersmith Playhouse, both institutions that have developed definite clienteles of playgoers trained to the best and relying confidently and rightly on the standards of these two theatres. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.)

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. VOLUME II. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. Re-reading the two plays in this volume, *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Iris*, offers ample confirmation of the contention set up by Clayton Hamilton that Pinero should be called "the playwrights' playwright." In the mechanics of playmaking Pinero has seldom had an equal in the history of the theatre; and these two compositions particularly are masterly examples of the marshalling of characters and the attainment of dramatic effect. But if fellow-dramatists will long stop to wonder at the display of sheer craftsmanship, it is less clear that they will find in Pinero's work those other qualities that go to make up lasting drama: truth to life or something higher, honesty of purpose, and—in some sense or other—the pursuit of beauty. Clayton Hamilton, indeed, weakens rather than strengthens the case for including Pinero among the immortals, by the very earnestness of his pleading. The reader would feel surer if the prefaces contained more of analysis for criticism's sake and less of propaganda for the editor's favorite writer. Our own analysis, summed up, is that *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Iris* are uncommonly entertaining plays, for both reading and playing, cleverly constructed for sure-fire "effect," but a bit commonplace, and lacking in those virtues of nobility and imagination which characterize all lastingly great drama. It is a pleasure to have them, however, in the attractive format of this collected edition, with generous prefaces in Clayton Hamilton's beautifully phrased English. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.)

PLAYS OF THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB. SECOND SERIES. In his introduction to this volume Professor Baker indicates that its publication is due to the favorable reception accorded to the First Series, published in 1918, and states that the four one-act plays included in it were so chosen as to give

the volume "variety and balance." *The Harbor of Lost Ships*, by Louise Whitefield Bray, "adapted from a short story by Ellen Payne Huling," has the distinction given by a novel and pathetic situation. *Garafelia's Husband*, by Esther Willard Bates, is a grim little New England tragedy that presents in Garafelia herself an incisive characterization of a wife gray and worn by long trials yet unflinching and devoted to the end. *The Scales and the Sword*, by Farnham Bishop, a social melodrama, is too obviously manufactured to satisfy "poetic justice," but might prove theatrically effective. *The Four Flushers*, by Cleves Kinkead, a satirical farce, has little to recommend it. All four plays show the neat technique and careful style characteristic of the products of the 47 Workshop. (New York: Brentano's.)

EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND. By Gilbert Cannan. This one-act play embodies a domestic truth old as the hills yet perennially young, and presents that truth so delicately and delightfully, so lightly and freshly, that one is too well entertained to be aware that he is being taught. Says the great-grandmother to the girl in a dream on the eve of her wedding: "In the heart of every lover lurks the husband, and one husband is as like another as two buttons on one coat. You can't escape"; and mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother in their very different ways show her the horrible deterioration of romance into reality after marriage. But the girl wakes, forgetting her ugly dream, and waits for her lover, expecting romance for ever and ever. It's certainly very pretty, and it's true enough, perhaps. (New York: B. W. Huebsch.)

THE BETROTHAL. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. This "fairy play" is a sequel to *The Blue Bird*. Sequels are proverbially inferior, and in this case the great Belgian dramatist has not disproved the proverb. *The Blue Bird*, not an inspired work, had its passages of poetry, high imagination, and charm. Its homely truth, its fundamental humanity, its very feline cat and its very delightful dog, counterbalanced the allegory and didacticism which otherwise might have weighted it too heavily. In *The Betrothal* poetry, charm, imagination, and humanity are sadly to seek. Instead of these qualities one is presented with a sermon on heredity, eugenics, anthropology, under the too-thin disguise of a fairy play. The play is tedious, without continuous dramatic interest, and is hardly redeemed from insipidity by one or two passages that remotely approach the truly human, such as the scene between the unborn children and their mother-to-be. From the stage directions in the text, one is led to suspect that the dramatist relied upon splendor of setting and frequent change of scene to carry his play. *The Betrothal* is poor work for the genius who created *Pelléas and Mélisande*, *Monna Vanna*, and *The Burgomaster of Stillemonde*. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.)

SWORDS DRAWN. By J. M. Edgar Hart.—**THE TEST.** By Peter Hagboldt.—**THE NATURAL INCENTIVE.** By Elise West Quaipe.—**A MODERN PHENIX.** By Gervé Baronti.—**PASSION PLAYLETS. FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS.** By John Jex.—**THE INFERNAL MASCULINE AND OTHER COMEDIES. THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS.** By Alfred Brand.—**ROBERT BURNS.** By Edward Winslow Gilliam.—**HER BROTHER'S CODE.** By Daniel Bror Sorlin. (Boston: The Cornhill Company.)

BITS OF BACKGROUND. By Emma Beatrice Brunner. The four plays in the volume are written with an assurance of theatrical convention and would probably act very well. If the characterization were as true as the form, they would be more worth playing. (New York: Alfred Knoff.)

BLIND. A COMEDY IN ONE ACT. By Seumas O'Brien. The Flying Stag Plays No. 7. A deft little piece of extravagance of the school of Lady Gregory, with a clever plot. Well written, amusing to read, and doubtless still more amusing to witness. (New York: Egmont Arens. At The Washington Square Bookshop.)

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE



VOLUME III ⅈ NUMBER 1
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SHELDON CHENEY, *Editor*

Contributing Editors:

WINTHROP AMES

MAURICE BROWNE

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

CLAYTON HAMILTON

FRANK CHENEY HERSEY

ARTHUR HOPKINS

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

KENNETH MACGOWAN

PERCY MACKAYE

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

RUTH ST. DENIS

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

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January 1919

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Announcement

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE enters upon the Reconstruction period with this transitional number, which marks a pending change of editorial control and ownership, and the beginning of an expansion program.

The enlarged Magazine will continue to print authoritative articles on the progress of stage decoration and production, and each issue will contain, as heretofore, sixteen pages of illustrations, chiefly of settings and costumes. But a large amount of material relating purely to the drama will be added, as well as every sort of article that reflects a figure, a movement or an event of moment to the American theatre, whether in the experimental stage groups or the commercial playhouses. Plays, short and long, classic and contemporary, will appear in the Magazine pages. There will be reviews of the season in New York by authoritative writers, and the work of the art theatres—whether in Detroit or Moscow—will be chronicled with as much timeliness as a quarterly permits. The issues will begin to appear monthly instead of quarterly in the near future.

The yearly subscription price is now \$2.00, single copies 50¢.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE,
7 East 42 Street, New York.

Back Numbers of *Theatre Arts Magazine*

A FEW complete sets of volumes I and II can still be supplied. The price is now \$2.00 per volume, unbound, post paid. All issues except those for May 1917 and May 1918 can still be had singly at fifty cents each.

These early volumes of **THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE** are indispensable to students of the modern theatre, and will become increasingly valuable as the "new movement" develops. Pictorially they offer the finest display of the new stagecraft yet brought together, and the text includes an authoritative record of two of the most critical years in the history of the American stage.

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By Philip Moeller. Plays, four of which have been produced by the Washington Square Players, by the author of *Madame Sand*, and with the same delightful feeling for dramatic irony for which Mr. Moeller has become so well known. Containing *Helena's Husband*, *A Roadhouse in Arden*, *Sisters of Susannah*, *The Little Supper*, and *Pokey*. **\$1.50**

THE ART THEATRE

By Sheldon Cheney. Mr. Cheney describes the work of the Arts and Crafts Theatre at Detroit, the Chicago Little Theatre, The Washington Square Players, and other insurgent playhouses in this country and in Europe, and appraises these as steps toward a native art theatre. He discusses the vital matters of acting and actors, stage settings, plays, organization and management, buildings and equipment. Sixteen illustrations. **\$2.00 net**

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THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE



STAGECRAFT EXHIBITION NUMBER

VOLUME III ♣ NUMBER 2

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EDITORS

SHELDON CHENEY
Editorial Editor

KENNETH MARGOWAN
Managing Editor

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VOLUME III & NUMBER 3
JULY 1919

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

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EDITORS

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS

KENNETH MAGGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

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Number 3

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STATE OF NEW YORK }
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OCTOBER 1919

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